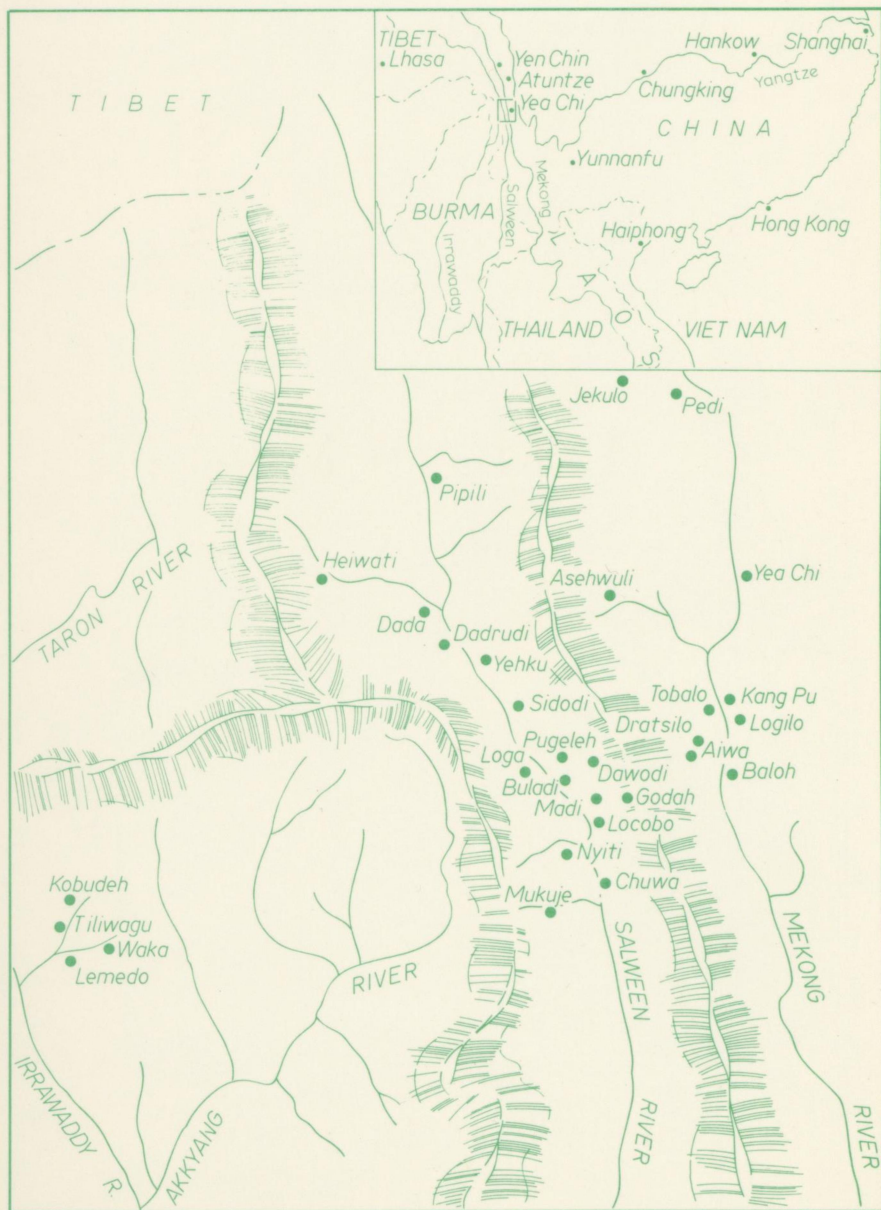


HE LEADETH ME

FORTY YEARS IN ASIA



ISABEL MAXEY DITTEMORE



Cover Photo by
H. Armstrong Roberts

HE
LEADETH ME—
FORTY YEARS
IN ASIA

BY
ISABEL MAXEY DITTEMORE

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*Mrs. Isabel Maxey Dittmore – in 1951,
on the furlough between leaving China
and going to Japan.*

**Mrs. Isabel Maxey Dittmore
406 North Pearl Avenue
Joplin, Missouri 64801**

FRONTISPIECE

ISABEL (Maxey) Dittmore is the oldest child of the Maxey family — a family somewhat well-known in the brotherhood of Christian churches at this writing.

Sailing to West China in February 1937, with the J. Russell Morse family, she spent her first term in the Himalayan mountains, along the border of Burma and Tibet in China and arrived back for furlough in 1941 before we entered the war with Japan. During the four years before it was possible to return to China, she fell in love with and married Warren Dittmore, planning and preparing for this same field of service for the Lord.

Mr. Dittmore left in June of 1945 for China in a blacked-out freighter, going via Australia and India. Mrs. Dittmore and their baby daughter, Janet, left from Boston in October and joined him in Kunming in November, 1945.

In August, 1946, after they had been on the field and involved in the work for eight months, Warren died of a very virulent case of typhoid fever and is buried in the Lisu village of Pugeleh, Yunnan, West China, high in the mountains.

Three years later, in September of 1949 — six months after the Communist take-over, they and all the other missionaries up-country walked out over even higher mountains (The Hump) and into the Burma jungle — only to be refused a visa to remain longer than six months. They left Burma in February 1950.

On January 2, 1952, Mrs. Dittmore, her mother Mrs. Maude Maxey, and Janet arrived in Tokyo, beginning the first of two terms of work in Japan — five years in Kagoshima City, of Kyushu island — working with her brother's family, the Mark Maxeys, and more than four years in Kobe producing radio programs for Japan.

Then, in 1964, just after the marriage of Janet to Alan Douglas Bemo, a fellow-student at Ozark Bible College, Mrs. Dittmore went to open up a new field in Taiwan (Formosa), the seat of government for the Republic of China (Free China).

There she continues to work, especially in the field of radio. Mrs. Dittmore's program *Bible Story Time* is on the air six days of every week. She has been joined in the work, however, by five missionary couples including her own family, the Alan Bemos whose five children were all "Made in Taiwan."

This, then, is her story — just hitting a few highspots out of 40 years in and for Asia as a servant of the Most High God and His Son, Jesus Christ.

CONTENTS

PREFACE

6

HE LEADETH ME

1 INTO FAITH	11
2 INTO CHINA	22
3 THROUGH A YEAR OF WAITING	28
4 BY CARAVAN	39
5 INTO LIFE IN YEA CHI, YUNNAN, WEST CHINA	46
6 INTO THE WORK UP-COUNTRY	56
7 TO THE SALWEEN VALLEY	65
8 IN CHOOSING NEW RECRUITS	73
9 INTO MARRIAGE	79
10 BACK INTO CHINA AFTER THE WAR	93
11 A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS HAS FALLEN	103
12 IN TRYING TO FILL THE GAP	117
13 THROUGH THE MEKONG VALLEY YEARS	125
14 THROUGH THE COMMUNIST TAKE-OVER	138
15 FOR SIX MONTHS IN BURMA	149
16 TO KYUSHU, JAPAN	165
17 TO KOBE, JAPAN	181
18 THROUGH TWO BUSY YEARS IN AMERICA	197
19 TO TAIWAN	212
20 BACK TO TAIWAN	228
21 INTO THE FUTURE	241

PREFACE

Eight years ago Meredith Williams, Wilbur Fields, Tom Tucker and myself landed on the island of Formosa to conduct an evangelistic meeting in the city of Taipei. We were met at the airport by the missionaries who labor there for our Lord. Among those who met us was Isabel Maxey Dittemore. What a well-planned time of evangelism was to be our experience on Formosa. Before accepting the invitation to be a small part of the grand work on Formosa, I had heard Isabel speak of the need and the open door. I was moved to tears. Our evangelistic team had nothing but praise and admiration for the work Isabel was doing in this part of the world.

Every once and a while someone appears on the scene of life who holds out a torch of example for others to follow. Such a person is the subject of this book. Her unswerving commitment to world evangelism has moved untold numbers to consider their own need for better service for our Lord.

It has been a pleasure to assist editorially in the publication of this book. The reader will find a story easy to follow and one with which he can immediately identify. We can all hope that when forty-two years of our lives have come and gone they will have been as well spent as those of Isabel Maxey Dittemore.

Don DeWelt, Editor



Isabel Bryan Maxey, 1909, with her lovely mother, Maude Bryan Maxey.



R. Tibbs Maxey (Sr.) 1909, an evangelist among Christian churches.



A shy little girl, age three.



A not so shy girl of eight.



One of the graduates of Boise, Idaho High School in 1927.



Miss Isabel B. Maxey as a graduate of Cincinnati Bible Seminary, 1930.

HE
LEADETH ME —
INTO
FAITH

USUALLY, when someone is introducing me before I am to speak, I pay little attention to what is being said for I know myself to be unworthy of all the commendations people are apt to make at such a time. But when, on one of my furloughs, Bro. T.K. Smith, minister of the First Christian Church at Columbus, Indiana, began to introduce me, I sat up and took notice. For he was saying something like this:

“One day, back in the fall of 1936, a young lady I had known at Cincinnati Bible Seminary, stopped to speak to a group of interested people here, on her way to become a missionary on the Tibetan border of West China. She stayed in our home and we invited people in to hear of her hopes and dreams and to help her on her way.

“The next day, however, before she left for Indianapolis, I asked her how much of her funds for going to this far away place she had on hand. Her reply was, ‘Forty dollars.’ I was simply stunned at her faith in the Father.

“Yet here she is, after all these years, hale and hearty and ready to tell you about it.”

Well, it may sound astonishing and even foolhardy to those who read these words. But actually it was neither. For I had been very sure, before I began my journey, of three things I needed to know.

I am the oldest child of a large family — the family of R. Tibbs and Maude Bryan Maxey. At the time, my father was a home missionary, establishing a new church in Circleville, Ohio. And I was helping to support the family while Tibbs Jr., John McGarvey, and Mark were away earning their way through college. I had a good government job and enjoyed my work. But at the same time I was not happy. For many years I had wanted to be a missionary and I had trained myself for that. I had an A.B. from Cincinnati Bible Seminary and an additional year in journalism at Ohio State University, and I felt my old fervor for serving the Lord slipping away from me as I became more and more ambitious in the business world. My six year engagement to a fine young man who was getting a Ph.D. in Europe had finally died a natural death of old age. Actually, it had only been a Mutual Admiration Society. He had lost his vision of the mission field, too (and this was the thing that had originally brought us together). Now I was afraid I would also lose my vision. And I began to talk to the Lord about this.

First of all, I wanted to know if it had been just a persistent idea with me — of my own — that had made me say, all my life long, even as a child, that I wanted to be a missionary to Tibet. Or was the idea implanted from God? Did *He* want me there? Now I was willing to listen to my Lord and let Him direct my path either way. And so I prayed that He would show me by the doors He opened and closed what His desire for me was. And I began to knock on other doors, especially to the mountain areas of this United States (for I have always loved mountains). It was during the depression and no doors were open. People were drawing in their belts, not expanding their staff, anywhere. But within a month of my first petition to God, my father received a card from Russell Morse

asking, "Does Isabel still want to go to Tibet?" God had answered my prayer and let me know that my long-held dream was from Him. That was the first thing I had to know.

The second thing that I had to know was whether the family could manage without my financial help. Again, I talked to the Lord about this and then I went to speak to Father and Mother. My father's reply was, "Isabel, the Lord always *has* taken care of us. Do you think He is going to stop, if we give Him our daughter?" And what answer could I give to that? He was right.

Then came the third question I needed to have answered by the Lord. The place I was going was as far away as possible from mid-Ohio. It is so far interior, and therefore so expensive to get to, that no mission board would attempt to finance it. This is a work of faith and demands complete trust that the Lord will supply. So I asked for a sign from Him. I had been asked to speak at Sebring, Ohio (the first church to take on a monthly commitment to me and the only one which has had me on their monthly budget for these more than forty years). I needed a new suitcase for the trip and I had priced them downtown. The one I needed cost \$5.25. So I asked Jesus for \$5.25 by Friday before I was to leave on Saturday. Friday morning, in the mail, a check came for \$5.25. And now I knew. God was going to provide all my needs and I need not worry about it at all.

That, then, was the reason why I had set off for China with \$40 in my purse and all the confidence in the world. And when I arrived at my next stop, Indianapolis, letters containing more than two hundred dollars were awaiting me — with which to purchase my ticket on to Tulsa, Oklahoma, to meet the Morse family.

And so it has always been, throughout these many years of serving Him. It has been a walk of faith — faith in the faithfulness of God in heaven and His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ.

But if my faith in God's promises and in the signs that He gave me were the reason for my confidence in going out on faith, the reason for that faith must lie with my father, R. Tibbs Maxey, Sr., who instilled it. My mother's faith was true and strong also. But let

there be no mistake about it, Father was the founder of the faith in God and His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, with which our whole family became imbued. He was not only the best man I have ever known, he was the best preacher. He challenged me every time I heard him preach. (Of course, I admit to being prejudiced.)

Life was never easy for Father. He was born on a small tobacco farm in a tiny village near Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, called "Stepstone", and grew up in a poor but Christian home. His hero was his grandfather, Asa Maxey, who started the first Christian church in Kentucky, at Owingsville. And when Asa Maxey died and they wrote on his tombstone: "Minister of the gospel for fifty-one years," it became the height of Father's ambition to preach the gospel that many years as well. (And God gave him his wish, for that is exactly how long Father preached before he had a cerebral hemorrhage while preaching, at age sixty-six.) You will know from that that Father began preaching when he was fifteen, preaching in all the little towns nearby and aided in his sermon preparations by his older but less articulate brothers, John and Lee. His father, grandfather Henry Maxey, taught school during the seasons of the year when children could get there to study and were not too busy in the tobacco fields. (How my father hated tobacco! He always felt that working with it had stunted his growth.)

At age twenty, with a loan from his teacher sister, Eliza, Tibbs Sr. set off to study for the ministry at the College of the Bible in Lexington, Kentucky. He had to complete grammar school, high school, and college there and he spent ten years doing it, earning his way in numerous ways. But he studied under John W. McGarvey, one of the greatest scholars of the Bible who ever lived and Prof. McGarvey imbued Father with a passionate love for his Lord and God's Word.

But all this time, Father was preaching. In fact, for the ten years between ages twenty-six and thirty-five, Father averaged preaching a sermon a day as an ardent evangelist. People said also that he put the fear of God and eternal punishment into people as his fiery spirit flashed from his black eyes.

For all of these years, Father was a bachelor and planned to be one — like Paul. But in 1907, when he was thirty-five, Father met Mother and their truly romantic love story you may have read in Mother's memoirs, *Taking the Woe Out of Worry*. He was then a student at Drake University (where he received his Master's Degree in 1909), when he and Mother were married on March 5, 1908, and the next year I came into the world — the first of nine children. I was born in Fulton, Missouri, in my mother's old home, but all the rest of the Maxey children were born on the West coast where Father went, in 1910, to become city evangelist for Seattle, Washington. Tibbs Jr. was born there.

So all my years before college were spent in Oregon, Washington, or Idaho, with three years in California, where Father had to go in 1912 to recover from TB of the throat and where Leigh Angela (named for Los Angeles) was born. (She died 3½ years later in Portland, Oregon, with spinal meningitis.) And meantime, John McGarvey was two years old, and a month after "Angel's" death Prudence Ann came to take her place. John and Prudy are both gone now, too. But Mark Gregory — born in Pomeroy, Washington; and Mary Ellen (Mrs. Alvin Giese); Victor Lee and Wyn Bryan — all born in Portland — are still living, and active in the Lord's service.

And here is the secret of our faith, that Father and Mother dedicated each one of us to the service of Jesus Christ when we were born and he often told us we had been brought into the world for that purpose. He did not say we had to become ministers for the Lord, but he put everything in our way to train us for that task. In between settled pastorates — where Father would allow none of us children to hold any office or teach a class, lest he seem to be trying to "take over" the church with his big family — he went out and started a new church and we could do all the calling, teaching, and leading that our abilities were capable of. He wanted us to be trained for future service.

More than this, Father insisted that in our college training (and all of us always took for granted that we would go to college — and earn our way through) we had to give God the first chance at our

lives. The first year of study had to be in Bible College. After that, we could change if we wished — and one of us, John McGarvey did. Mark also entered the University of Minnesota for pre-med study while attending M.B.C. across the street. But before the year was out he had decided in favor of the ministry instead.

You see, we had been given to God and God takes what is given to Him. All of us have tried being satisfied with less but none of us found peace of heart anywhere else. Our faith, matured through the years by the family altar service in our home when we brought the burdens and the bills to our Father in heaven and watched Him relieve and provide, and encouraged by the great men and women who passed through our poor but hospitable and happy home, became the most driving force of our lives.

Father was a rigid disciplinarian, yet he was always willing to listen to Mother whom he loved ardently, and didn't care who knew it. And Mother was the sweetness in our household. Her bubbling sense of humor weathered and tempered every storm. In a household as big as ours, this was vitally important. In the midst of the most heated argument Mother would say something funny that took the house down. We would double up with laughter and forget completely what we were so heated up about.

So I think, really, Mother made our home so happy that Father's rules and regulations did not really seem odious. (And actually they were excellent rules which have stood us in good stead through all the years.)

Father enjoyed Mother's humor as much as we did and used to say he heard a new joke from her every day. So we were a merry bunch. And most of the children (myself exempted, unfortunately) inherited Mother's sense of humor.

We all also inherited her musical talent and all of us learned early to harmonize. No one could start to sing without us all chiming in, in one part or the other — which was a joy of harmony in the house. And my sister Mary Ellen and I also learned early to play the piano, both by ear and by note — to our great satisfaction through life.

Yes, ours was really a happy, healthy and heaven-directed home.

And that, my friends, is where my faith came from. It comes from believing in and utterly learning to trust God, the Father, and Christ, our Elder Brother. But even though we may learn this from our parents' words and actions, we must put our faith to the test ourselves. We must step out into the unknown with our hands in His and let Jesus *prove* to us His power over this world by the way He answers our prayers and leads and guides our lives. Thus, the gold of our faith becomes "refined by fire" and sparkles for all to see.



Picture taken the day before I began having all my teeth extracted in preparation for going to China, where snow and distance would make dental treatments impossible.

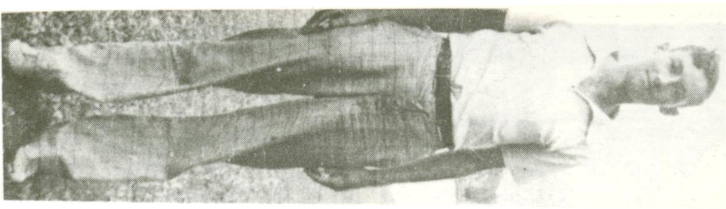


The Masey Family in August, 1936, just before I left for China. Mother had just told a joke and we were all trying to keep a

straight face. Standing: Isabel, Mark, Tibbs, John and Mary Ellen (now Mrs.

Alvin Giese). Seated: Victor, Mother Maude, Father Tibbs and Bryan.

INTO FAITH



Victor – whose picture was cut off of the one on the right.



Mother's family, after the death of my father in May of 1938.



Isabel in China – with Miss Su, a fellow-teacher in a Christian girls' school in Kunming. Father told Mother to say he couldn't be happier if I were anywhere else.



Missing from this 1967 picture of the Maxey clan, or added to the family by 1978 - 54 more souls.



*The next generation of my own family:
Alan and Janet (Dittemore) Bemo,
missionaries in Taiwan and Thailand.*

*and their children: Elizabeth, Rebecca,
Jonathan, Nathan Warren and Sarah.*

CHAPTER TWO

HE LEADETH ME — INTO CHINA

AS LONG as I live, I will never forget the day I accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior. I was only five years old and Father — ministering at Kern Park Christian Church in Portland, Oregon — had preached a sermon that impelled me out of my seat and down the aisle. (There have been a hundred times since when I'd have done it, if I hadn't before.) But Father was at a loss what to do about this. By all standards, he felt I was too young to understand what I was doing. But to all his questions I produced satisfactory answers. And I can tell you here and now, I knew what I was doing — though I admit I *still* have a lot more growing up to do. So I was baptized and had the same joy of “rising to walk in newness of life” that any older person has.

It must have been about that time — I do not know, really — when Mother took me over to East Side Christian Church, Portland, to hear Dr. Albert Shelton, recently returned from Tibet, tell of his sojourns in that far away place. And I remember meeting a lady missionary from China in our home who gave me a

pair of chopsticks and told us that the hardest thing she had to get used to in China were the smells. Somehow, these missionaries caught my heart even more than the dear missionary nurse from Persia (who nursed Mother when Mark was born and taught me, at age seven, a Persian hymn to sing for Children's Day and had me dress in costume and serve Persian refreshments by walking in my stocking feet on the tablecloth spread on the floor); or the precious couple from India, parents of Victor Rambo, and missionaries on furlough, who invited me to English tea at their house.

Why, I have never really known, except that from the time I was very small I have always said I wanted to be a missionary to China and Tibet and I had never really stopped wanting that.

As a freshman at Cincinnati Bible Seminary I had heard Russell Morse speak and show slides of the Tibetan border and such was my enthusiastic response, wanting to quit school and go then, that he and the faculty had conferred about it together. But then, Bro. Morse frankly told me I was still too young and, in any case, I should not go so far away unless I were either married or perfectly satisfied not to be. (Imagine that possibility! I can't.)

And now, my dream was coming true. I was headed for the border of Tibet in China. It was with no sense of sacrifice that I left. Or was there a little bit? I guess there must have been, because — very foolishly — I prayed a private prayer before I left home and asked the Lord please to give me one more romance before I left for the wilderness. I had begun to feel so disappointed about going out single. And the Lord heard my foolish prayer and used it to break my heart and make me more pliable in my Master's hands.

I met another recruit for the Tibetan border in Tulsa and promptly lost my heart to him. It was a case of mutual attraction, but both of us knew it was foolish — because he had a heart condition which could prove fatal in that altitude. Hope sees rosy clouds, however, and we listened to the doctor, who said, "if" he was careful not to become emotionally upset (that should have quelled our hope right there), kept strictly to a healthy regimen,

and had no anxieties, his heart could be enough better in a year for him to go out.

And so, after the Morse party got to the coast ready to sail and found that a dockworkers' strike would keep us from sailing pro tem, he joined us out there and entered Bible College. (He was already a college graduate.) Our mutual love was music and he spent endless hours with me at the piano with his beautiful tenor voice singing. We often sang together. In fact, as singers we were much in demand in the churches during those many weeks which turned into months. For three months the strike continued and we shopped for everything we would need (and could take) for a home in the "outback". And finally, in February the strike ended and the Morse team of missionaries sailed. My former fiancé had come out to see me off also, not knowing that I was wearing another's ring. So both young men waved goodbye — one with tears — as we sailed away. I looked back at the crowds who came to see us off amid strangling tears. I never saw either of them again — though I'm sure I still have their good will. Both of them were married when I returned.

It was good that I didn't know that, then, for my hopes and dreams buoyed me up, during those first weeks of separation. In Japan, I visited an old schoolmate, Ruth Schoonover, and stayed with her in her little Japanese house. It seemed to me it was made of paper and, being unheated, was very cold. That night, as we prepared for bed I stood and laughed at the number of layers of clothing Ruth was taking off. But she said, "Just wait and see. This time next year write and tell me how many layers you are wearing." And she was right. But, having learned from her, I prepared in Hongkong for the cold by buying soft English woolen undergarments that helped wonderfully in facing the cold in unheated — even open-air houses in China.

Hongkong has always been a beautiful harbor. It has the reputation of being the *most* beautiful, unless it is the one in Sydney, Australia. And I think it was even more beautiful in the spring of 1937, before it had become the jungle of cement skyscrapers it has since become. For before its lovely harbor

sheltered dozens of warships, as it has ever since Japan took over Hongkong in 1941, it used to be picturesque with Chinese sampans and junks — the sailboats which are houses to the “water people” who live by the millions in the waters around these lovely islands.

Coming in by ship is also the best possible way to appreciate and enjoy the view which comes suddenly before you, after you have maneuvered through the many outer islands. It was just breathtaking to see the great bay, dotted with the sails of junks and sampans which also surrounded every sea-going vessel in the bay, loading and unloading cargo. The swift-moving Star ferries (one every three minutes) also ploughed back and forth between Victoria Island and Kowloon, the city tipping the peninsula of the mainland. Here the first building one saw (and still the most noteworthy in Kowloon) was the great Peninsula Hotel, a bit of old-world England where tea is still served in the lobby every day and which, every time I go to Hongkong, I still try to enjoy at least once.

To really appreciate this Crown Colony of England, however, you need to hike around Victoria island — as a group of fifteen young people from our ship did — and have tea on the porch of the lovely old Repulse Bay Hotel and then take a bus to the top of the mountains and the cable car down on the bay side. Then you’ve seen Hongkong.

In Hongkong I was seeing the Chinese of the eastern side of the country — very slim, delicate and beautiful women and slim to fat men, depending a lot upon their occupation. But all seemed to be going around in their nightwear, since they wore light cotton pajamas — often with black pants and light tops. It was very warm in Hongkong — for it is in the tropics — and I enjoyed the stay there of over a month. Gertrude (Mrs. Russell) Morse, however, was discovered to be desperately anemic. (She had not been up to par for a long time.) So she had to spend several weeks in the hospital and I became the baby-sitter for the children, in the Mission Hostel where we were staying. Ruth Margaret — who had had her second birthday on the ship — was my main

responsibility and she was going through that stage of untying, and losing, her shoestrings on an average of at least one every hour. The boys were older, LaVerne about eight and Eugene and Robert about fourteen and twelve. They had met old friends — neighbor missionaries from Yunnan, here in Hongkong, and their daughters were the same age as the boys, so they had much fun bicycling and climbing among the hills in Hongkong (all now covered with high-rise apartment buildings). Bro. Russell had brought out 65 varieties of American fruit trees and he had to plant them temporarily in the ground to keep them alive and to tend them carefully. He also had much shopping to do here, as did we all. He and the boys took Harold Taylor under their wings and Gertrude, when she was able, took me.

In Hongkong I met my first Waterloo when we all had to go to the hospital for typhoid shots. I had never had a shot before and just the thought of it scared me stiff. When we got to the hospital we had to take turns. So we drew straws and I drew the straw to go first. Well! I almost panicked, but I didn't want anyone to know how frightened I was. So I went through the door.

As the nurse prepared the syringe, however, my nerves got the best of me and a tear trickled down my cheek. At once the nurse — about to jab me — stopped and asked, "Is something the matter?" And when I told her it was my first shot and I was frightened, she mocked me. "And you a missionary? Why, I thought you must be a widow who had just lost her husband — not a missionary who is supposed to be able to take *anything*."

Well, I needed that bracer and have remembered it many times since — even when I *was* a widow who had just lost her husband. For it is true, of course. A missionary needs to be a person who "through Christ who strengthens him (or her) can do all things," if Christ asks it of us. But it takes time to get used to thinking that way and acting as if you believe it.

And finally, we sailed on a French boat to Haiphong, with all our luggage (and Bro. Morse's fruit trees). On that ship, I enjoyed using the French I had spent three years learning in school, especially since none of the Morses spoke it. Already I was

beginning to feel deflated at my inability to talk intelligibly to people who spoke Chinese. So for five days and then for two weeks in Haiphong, I was the interpreter and felt very important about it.

On the ship we had had a Sunday service and Communion and had read and discussed Philippians 4. Gertrude had pointed out that we were admonished to make our *requests* “with thanksgiving” — thanking the Lord beforehand for His answer to our prayers. And so we did, that day and for all the days before our luggage and the trees went through customs in Haiphong, thanking God for letting the trees go through Indo-China into Yunnan and for a very low customs bill. And, of course, God heard our request and our thanksgiving and answered in the affirmative. Thereafter we were immediately on our way, over the truly marvelous French bridges and through the innumerable mountain tunnels on a narrow-gauge train, with absolutely no comforts about it, except a bench to sit on — to the city of Kunming, Yunnan — three days’ journey interior. Each night we stopped off in a town and slept in a “hotel” and we were always careful to boil any water we drank. But we ate local fruit, especially little short, fat bananas and we believe they were the culprits. Because, one by one, beginning with the baby, we all came down with dysentery on that trip and it was a sick bunch of missionaries who arrived in Kunming and were taken to a Mission hostel to stay.

But now, at least, we were in China. And this is as far in as I would be going for another year, during which I would be learning Chinese. After which I hoped to be married before going up-country.

HE
LEADETH ME —
THROUGH A
YEAR OF WAITING

KUN'MING (pronounced Kwen Ming) is the capital city of the Chinese province of Yunnan (meaning Southern Cloud). It is situated in the center of a vast and verdant plain and, being seven thousand feet high, this area is considered to be the healthiest and loveliest in China.

Of course, it was not so sophisticated (no beautiful stores or convenient transportation facilities and with none of the modern paraphernalia we associate with big cities) as the big cities of the east in China. Not at all. It was still *very* provincial. True, the main streets of the city were made of cobblestone and cars could travel over them, but most of the roads were narrow dirt roads and most of the travel was by walking or by rickshaw. For long distances one rode a horse or a sedan chair (which was a rope seat slung between two poles, covered with bedding and carried by two men on their shoulders). And for long journeys there was usually a bus.

We had rented a big, empty Chinese house with a large compound where Bro. Morse could replant his trees again. A

teacher was found for Harold Taylor and myself to begin language study. The whole Morse family, however, were engaged most of the time in preparing for the long caravan journey up to Yea Chi (pronounced Ieh Jer). For this journey all the boxes which had been packed for the ship for carrying as much weight as possible in as small a cubic space as possible had now to be repacked for light weight. A horse can only carry at the most one hundred eighty pounds in two equal boxes or baskets of ninety pounds each. The size must not be too big or it will brush the wall on the narrow mountain trails and both the horse and his loads would be lost.

Carpenters were busy building more boxes in the courtyard. The family was busy buying horseloads of soap, flour, sugar, candles, kerosene, and so on — enough for five years. Then there was glass for windows (which is very heavy) and, I insisted, paint and wallpaper for their house. Gertrude had admitted that hers had always been a man's world and she had longed for a house with paint and paper and some feminine frivolities in it. She anticipated having another woman there so it might be possible. Bro. Morse demurred at the expense until I offered to pay for it myself and so he gave in, gracefully. Some years later we were all glad I had insisted.

Eventually the caravan was all ready to start, even including the silver Chinese dollars which had had to be wrapped individually and carefully concealed among the several loads, lest if only in one and it would disappear these would all be lost. Chinese silver dollars supposedly were outlawed, yet all the people up-country had to pay taxes with these silver coins and nothing else would do.

At last came the day of parting for me, in real earnest. I was being left in this huge house alone, with only a serving woman to keep me company. It was not that I was afraid, for actually I wasn't at all. It was just that it became so very lonely, with all my happy busy fellow-missionaries leaving. And so again I parted with loved ones through strangling tears.

One of the things that made it harder for me was that I had only had one letter from my sweetheart since arriving in Yunnan. We

only got mail every four days from overseas, and then very spasmodically, but when two months had gone by I knew something was very wrong. Then one night when the mail came and still no letter, I broke down and sobbed the night through. I knew it was all over.

At such times God has His own ways of comforting. And the next day a fellow-missionary came to ask me if I could take in an old missionary lady from up-country who had come to Kunming for supplies and had fallen and broken her leg. She was hard-pressed financially and had a dark tiny room. I was glad to have her come and it turned out she was an independent missionary of our church. Having been turned down by the China Inland Mission, she had come out on her own, with some money she had inherited. And she had been working for many years in Yunnan. What a joy to have her and how it comforted my heart.

The American Consul came several times to see what he could do for her. He was a young bachelor and I enjoyed fixing him "tea" — which, English-style, is served all over China too. But he thought we two women shouldn't be living there alone, and when my dear sister in Christ, Miss Alice Hunter of Memphis, Tennessee, left to go back to her station, he had made suggestions about me to other Americans. Mrs. Vercia Cox, another independent missionary (of the Friends faith) was the one who called and invited me to come live with her and teach music in her girls' school, while I studied Chinese.

And so began a new and warm relationship with a very capable and loving woman. Mrs. Cox, a missionary widow, had worked for many years with her husband in Nanking where he had been a builder. From him she had learned how to teach carpenters to build furniture for homes and churches on the American style. As a result, her home was the most comfortable and sociable and beautiful of any I ever saw in China. Her teachers were all from the east and their food was so good that at first I wanted to eat it three times a day. But Chinese food is very rich and fat. And after a few months I had to beg off breakfast and prepare a Western

style meal. A few months later I had to also beg off lunch, and a new-found friend, secretary to the American Consul, invited me to be her boarder for the noon meal. That was also delicious food for she had a gourmet cook, but it was U.S. style. And so I managed very well, physically.

Socially, also, it was delightful to live with Mrs. Cox. So many missionaries came there to relax and read and visit, and I became very well acquainted with all the C.I.M. (China Inland Mission) missionaries as well as nearly all the other missionaries in Kunming. My morning hours were spent with a language teacher and the evening ones in study, generally. But I taught the girls and shopped and visited in the afternoons. And, as the time for my own trek to the north drew nearer, I prevailed upon my hostess to let her carpenters build my "furniture" for my home up-country also. And she consented.

But spiritually there were real problems for me. We had our evening prayers together and they were inspiring times. But she did not believe in baptism or the Lord's Supper and she was upset because I got up early Sunday and went to the early communion service at the Anglican Church (the Church of England), because it was the only church where I could have the Lord's Supper every Lord's Day. And when I told students or teachers who came to talk to me about becoming Christians that they must believe in Christ, repent of their sins and be baptized, she was very upset. She was sure they would never have thought of baptism if I had not suggested it, and she thought it absolutely unnecessary of me. To which I replied that the Bible never said what Philip said to the Eunuch, except to say, "He preached unto him Jesus." But when they came to a body of water the Eunuch said, "See, here is water. What hinders me to be baptized?"

So we certainly had our differences, but we loved each other and Aunt Vercia did go so far as to say one day, that if she ever was baptized, it would be by immersion.

There was another group — a Chinese Church which everyone called "The Little Flock" — which baptized as we do and had the Lord's Supper every Sunday and the Morses and I had

worshipped with them for some weeks. But they had asked us to stop coming because this was a Chinese indigenous church and they did not want anyone (especially the Chinese) to think they were connected with any foreign mission. This group which was going strong all over China was started by a man called Watchman Nee. I call him the Alexander Campbell of China — a profound scholar and a godly man — of whom you can now read in English, both his biography called *Against the Tide* and many other books of his transcribed lectures — though he died some years ago in a Communist prison. “The Little Flock” (which calls itself, simply, “The Church”) became by far the largest body of Christians in mainland China; and, in Taiwan, is likewise the largest and most active church, by far. We rejoice in their victories.

And so the year sped by, full of activity of many kinds. I enjoyed training the girls to sing and, with my portable organ and the new American Consul’s wife at the school organ, we not only gave a Christmas concert, but took the girls carolling. I was particularly pleased when Bro. Frazier, the head of the C.I.M. forces in Yunnan and an outstanding concert pianist, said that my choir was the first he had heard in China that could sing sharps and flats. It is true that the five tone scale of Chinese music has no half-tones and it used to be impossible for the Chinese to even hear them. But I think the secret was in the fact that these were second-generation Christians who had heard American and English hymns all their lives. In any case, I did enjoy teaching them, and they responded beautifully.

As the time for my dreamed-of wedding drew near and the ticking pillows, pleated box-covers, curtains and frilled dressing table skirt — all made by me (and by hand) during the long winter months, and the drawered boxes, as well as the hinged ones, the bamboo chairs, deep and square as Mrs. Cox had taught the bamboo men to make them, the three-sided corner China-cabinet boxes and the gateleg table, all began to take shape, I knew deep in my heart, that there would be no wedding — that the long, long silence was his way of letting me know that his heart was in worse

condition than ever, rather than better. But when one of our mutual friends wrote me to say he was engaged to marry someone else, my dreams struck bottom and it was some days before I could even raise my head off its pillow.

It was during this time of heart-searching distress that I heard Bro. Frazier preach a sermon at the English service one Sunday afternoon. His text was the fifteenth chapter of Genesis where God made the covenant with Abraham. God told him to put various parts of several animals and birds upon the altar which, at a given time he was to burn before the Lord. But two things happened during that waiting period. First, "the birds of prey came down upon the sacrifice and Abraham drove them away." And secondly, "a horror of great darkness" descended upon Abraham out of which God spoke to him.

And the application our brother made was that we had "presented ourselves a living sacrifice" to God, but we also would have to drive off the birds of prey, which would try to devour the sacrifice. He also told us we could expect a time of a "horror of great darkness" before God made a pact with us for our future service to Himself.

That day I mentioned to several dear friends that I thought Bro. Frazier preached that sermon especially for me. But to my surprise, each of them said, "Oh, did you think so? I thought he was speaking especially to me." And as I became familiar with the heartaches of the various missionaries I realized what I have since found to be a fact — that God does give our faith a testing as by fire before He entrusts us with the souls of those who are to be brought to Himself in any place. And every new missionary can expect this time of testing — which proves to himself and to God that his faith is pure gold or a tinsel that melts in the fire and gives up.

For many months I had been convicted by the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. "Whom the Lord loves, He chastens and scourges every son whom He receives." I felt I had never really been scourged, or even chastened. And if the Lord loved me and was going to use me I needed a "scourging". I had been praying to be

“chastened of the Lord” as a sign that He loved me. Mrs. Cox begged me to stop praying that prayer, because she knew the Lord would answer it and it would nearly kill me. And now it had come and it did nearly kill me. I could not cry but it seemed as if a ton weight had settled on my chest and I could not move. Still I thanked the Lord for showing me that He loved me and would use me.

Until then I had been torn between my duty as a missionary (for I could not turn back, having put my hand to the plough) and as a future wife. And even now, I was not able to throw off this debate in my mind and heart until I knew he had married a nurse who would take care of him — and that was many months later, after I was up-country. Then I could, with the Lord’s help, put him entirely out of my mind and, immediately, the plague of hives — which had broken out the day I “struck bottom” — was over and I was free again.

The only reason I am speaking of this is because so many people have heartaches to get over and my experience might help someone else to find the way out.

Really, of course, I had come to China to tell those I could reach the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ, God’s Son. And the fact that this thought was behind all the personal decisions and plans I had made, and still make, may best be expressed through a poem I wrote while in Kunming.

SOLILOQUY IN KUNMING

I watched the sun go down to rest, last night.
Its glory filled my meager soul with light.
I rode a rickshaw down the street,
Filled full of heathen Chinese feet.
Their eyes did not look up to meet that sight.
Be-dazzling clouds — like pearly gates — were there;
And golden gleams like heavens streets, most fair.
I knew, could they but read with me,
Descriptions of eternity,
They, too, with happy eyes could see God there.



Typical site for overnight camping, where the horses can graze.



Typical "inn" for an overnight stop with a caravan.



Muleteers enjoying their supper.



Ruth Margaret Morse's second birthday party aboard ship en route to China.

My YMCA English class in Kunming. I taught journalism and helped them publish a small newsheet.



A main street in Kunming.



Miss Alice Hunter of the Linden Ave. Christian Church, Memphis, Tennessee, who stayed with me until her broken leg was well. She supported herself from an inheritance, for many years, as a missionary in Pao Shan, Yunnan, West China.



Me and my Great Dane puppy, "Wooden Legs." Later she was stolen from me on the caravan route.

The big house where we lived in Kunming.



HE
LEADETH ME —
BY
CARAVAN

ONE of the most exciting and challenging ways of traveling in the world is traveling by caravan. And to the beginner, it is all pure anticipation. For me, traveling with two well-seasoned missionaries — Robert Morse, about fourteen, and our nearest neighbor, Leonard Bolton, a middle-aged Englishman — was going to be hard and grueling, because they were in a hurry to get home. But I didn't know that yet.

Preparation for the first part of the journey was relatively easy because it was by truck up the Burma Road to Tali (pronounced DaLee). I had spent months planning and packing. All breakables were packed in kapok (a very inexpensive substance like cotton balls in China, at that time) which I would use to fill the couch and chair cushions when we reached Yea Chi. I had paint and varnish and glass packed, and my bedding (which was light in weight but bulky) filled the four big boxes which would be my corner China cabinets. The big boxes which contained my sheet-iron heater and my saddle were just the same size and, together were the right

height and depth to make a couch up-country. And when we started out, it was supposed to be only a two-day journey by truck up the Burma Road to Tali.

Not only did the two-day journey become nine days because of the heavy rains, but I found myself baby-sitting with half-a-dozen missionary children whom I had promised to escort to school in Tali. Even now, the remembrance of my first big journey in China is a nightmare recollection of dirty inns, leaky roofs, cooking over an open fire and coralling restless children in out of the pouring rain. But eventually we *did* arrive.

And then there were days of more shopping. Baskets of tea (in packages of seven cakes) which are used for money in China; baskets of brown cakes of sugar; boxes of bolts of cloth; tins of kerosene, soap, matches, candles, flour, — in fact, everything needed for five years and which we had not already bought in Kunming was now prepared for the “long-haul” of sixteen days on horseback. That was also the reason Mr. Bolton had come down — to both bring his children to school in Tali and to buy fresh supplies.

During these days, to my joy, John Sung — nicknamed the Billy Sunday of China — was holding a revival in Tali and I was asked to play for the meetings (as I had done for his meetings in Kunming). Thus I heard some of the most thrilling sermons I have ever heard and learned a lot about what kind of message the Chinese people respond to.

One sermon, in particular, left an indelible impression on my mind, and I have used it many times in talking to Chinese people who worship their ancestors.

Using the parable of the rich man and Lazarus — and graphic illustrations which he drew with chalk on a blackboard — he described life in a rich Chinese house and the life of the beggar Lazarus, whose only friend was a dog who came and licked his sores.

Then the death of both men and the lavish funeral for the rich man — one where everything he would need on the other side was made out of paper and carried in the funeral procession.

That funeral procession with its band and its large group of paid mourners and long lines of weeping kinsmen wearing white sackcloth was described in detail and the burning of all the paper figures — his house, his horse, his sword — which they try to send to the spirit world for him to use by burning them on his grave.

Lazarus, of course, had no formal burial at all. His body was only carried out and put into the ground somewhere. He was just nobody.

But on the other side, what a difference! Lazarus, the beggar, was comforted in Abraham's bosom. But the rich man had become the beggar. And what an humble petition he made. Lazarus had begged him for crumbs from his table, but — in the agony of the lake of fire — the rich man only wanted a wet finger to be placed on his tongue. As John Sung put it, "How can you become poorer than that?"

At least the rich man was concerned about his family, not wanting *them* to come to this place of torment. And he begged Abraham to send Lazarus to warn them not to come there — to repent and turn to God while they were alive and able. But Abraham assured him that God had sent His prophets and His book to tell them. The rich man knew they wouldn't read God's book or heed His prophets. "But if someone came back from the dead, they would listen," he cried. "No," replied Abraham, "even if someone came back from the dead, they would not listen." For Abraham knew that even after Christ, God's Son, returned from the dead, most people still wouldn't believe Him. And Christ, who told this parable Himself, knew it too.

Then John Sung became passionate in his appeal to the ancestor worshippers in his audience, saying, "People, I am here on behalf of your ancestors who would like to be able to come themselves but can't. They would like to say, '*Don't* come here where we are! Listen to Jesus and repent! He can save you from this torment! But don't follow us here!' "

And I am glad to say that many who heard *did* listen and repent and turned to Jesus.

When the day for our caravan journey came, I was keen for it.

While I was a senior in high school in Boise, Idaho, there was a cavalry unit of the U.S. Army there and two fellow-students who belonged to it used to take turns taking me horseback riding every Saturday when weather permitted. So I not only still had my old jodhpurs ten years later but was unafraid of my mule. It took some time to load the mules (about one hundred of them) for the first time, because the loads had to be carefully tied onto wooden saddles that would, each evening, be lifted off the wooden frame on the horse's saddle and set down until morning. But finally, we started north along Tali Lake. By afternoon a light rain began and as it penetrated my clothes, my old sciatic rheumatism began to pain me, excruciatingly, and I began to beg the men to stop, each time we came to a village. But they were adamant that we had to cover thirty miles (ninety "li") that day (which is actually the longest day a horseman will take his animals). You can believe that I was disillusioned completely about the thrill of a caravan journey by the time, just before dark, we finally stopped.

But the same pace continued for all of the sixteen days except one, when the men went galloping ahead to visit the Oscar Seiring family (German missionaries) and have a swim in the Yangtze River near their house, leaving me behind with the slow-moving caravan which promptly ground to a halt as soon as the men disappeared, while the muleteers let their animals graze and took out their opium pipes. It was a long time before I arrived to have supper at the scrupulously clean and warmly welcome home, and I had the real sympathy of the Sierings who thought I had been treated badly. I thought so, too, and years later both men admitted it and apologized.

The nights on the journey were just as hard to bear as the days. Do you have any picture in your mind of the king of "inns" we stayed in each night — except for the nights we pitched our cots in the open fields where the horses grazed? Inside we were nearly always in a second floor loft — sometimes quite large — with the animals below. And from the rafters hung sheaves of grain, heads down, drying. Of course, inevitably some dropped on me and got down into my bedroll. I slept in most of my clothes and if a shuck

of grain or a tiny flea — with which these places are infested — got to me (and it always did) it started my hives off and my whole night became a nightmare. So my big adventure was a lesson in endurance.

One compensation for the physical hardship of the journey (and later caravan journeys never seemed to be so strenuous as that one had been) was the enjoyment of the beauties of God's creation all around us. Here were unlimited scenes of exquisite beauty, for surely nothing in the world is more beautiful than these rugged but verdant mountains and the swift, deep rivers in the valleys.

We traveled along Tali Lake one whole day, then overland for three more to join the Yangtze River and travel along its fruitful shore for five more days. After leaving the Seiring's home we went west to cross the range of mountains between the Yangtze and Mekong River valleys and on the way across, came to a mid-river valley called Wei Hsi, where we enjoyed the hospitality of the Bolton family. Here, also, for the first time I spoke at their Sunday morning service with an interpreter to translate. And that gave me boldness to try to tell a Bible story in Chinese when we came to our first outstation in the Mekong Valley at Kang Pu, four days later and one short day's journey before we reached Yea Chi.

These last five days were more interesting to me than the days before because, now that Robert no longer had Bro. Bolton to talk to, he began to talk to me of the flora and fauna (the flowers and animals) in these valleys and to point out various landmarks — pagodas, temples and shrines — and tell me stories about them.

One has time, on a journey like this, to let the mind stretch and ponder and to think deeply about the Creator and His creations. And as I thought of the myriads of plants on one hillside — so many that one human being in an entire lifetime could not learn to know all of them; of the insects without number and the rodents, the birds and the animals; of the kinds of rock and dirt atop and deep within that same hill, defying the lifetime of any one man to fathom; and still the unseen world — of things

observable only through a microscope, plus the farther world too tiny even to be microscopic, it staggers the imagination to think of the whole world of hidden hills and valleys — yes, even the vast universe of worlds. And I thought how much fun it must have been for Jesus (who made everything in this world) to have created it all — to make each created thing fit and dovetail and become essential, each to another. “Wouldn’t it be fun to be able to create like that?” I thought, “How the Lord must enjoy that tremendous power in his hands!”

But then in my mind I began to put myself into His place and I realized suddenly, what a terrible responsibility creation involves. When God created a human being, especially — and He needed a human being “to have dominion over” all His animate and inanimate creatures — He had to decide what kind of being this would be. Should it be a creature who *must* obey His Lord — a sort of robot? Or should it be a being with a mind of his own, a being who could think or refuse to think; who could be God’s friend or His enemy? And God decided to make man “in His own image,” with a mind and heart and soul.

And so God made man, but in doing so He also took upon Himself the responsibility for man’s rebellion against Himself. And before He even began the foundation for the world, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit had made out the Master Plan for the redemption of the world. And it would have to be through the life on earth and terrible death of the Creator Himself, God’s Son.

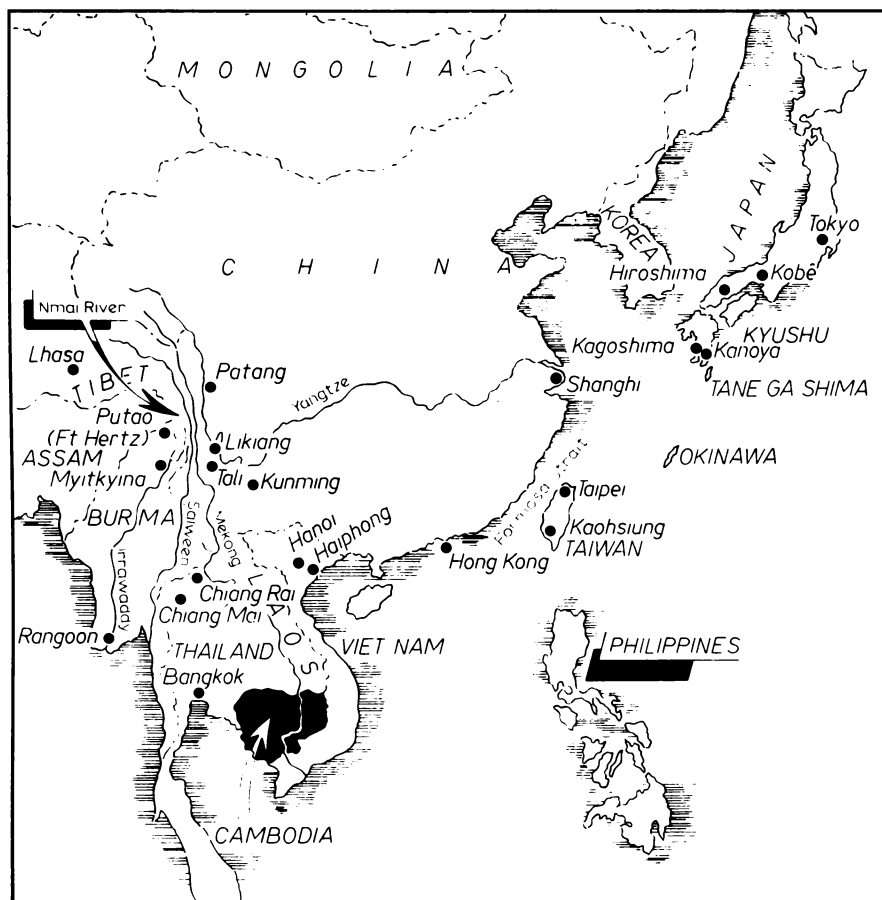
Thinking about this dampened my enthusiasm for wanting to have that power to create. Thinking about the costly sacrifice of Himself that it had involved, made me positive that none of the other planets have been peopled as ours has. Because God the Father — Who must have suffered as much (or more) watching His only begotten Son being tortured and killed by His own creatures — must have found it just as hard not to break out and destroy them as they performed their evil deed as it was for Christ to endure it in silence. And I’m quite sure God couldn’t go through that ordeal again, nor allow His Son to do so.

No. We are, as VanDyke so beautifully states it, “the visited

planet." We are God's especially-made creation. And how truly we need to let the whole world discover this wonderful fact.

For, as surely as Jesus said it, He meant that He has gone to prepare a place for us — a place where all His inventive genius can have full play; a paradise where we shall all be happy — if *we*, like our Lord, are preparing ourselves to live in it.

And so with many a happy hour, as well as many a painful hour, in the saddle, I came to Yea Chi and to the welcome of a family of Americans, the Russell Morses, glad to see Robert back and glad to have a new one added to the Christian population of this "way-out" mission station of Yea Chi, Yunnan, West China — situated in the area "Where Tibet, Burma and China Meet."



HE
LEADETH ME —
INTO LIFE IN
YEA CHI, YUNNAN,
WEST CHINA

AND NOW, a very different regime began for me than any I had ever known before. And it was not easy for me — who had managed an office with twenty peoples' work to supervise and had felt relatively free to go and come as I pleased all my life, to find that now I was a real oddity and must be careful not to set a bad example and not to shock a very, very backwoods community. They had never seen a single woman before. They do not have them, except for widows, in their society. So it was not only a case of my getting used to them and their ways but also of them getting used to me. I learned later that they thought I had been brought up-country to marry Eugene (who was fifteen).

I wonder if I can explain what life was like in up-country towns. For one thing, in our area, we had not one single store — and no open markets. Most towns, to the south, had market days when people brought in their produce to be sold. But not here. The

town was ruled by a local king who was so cruel and was feared and hated so much that the people were seething against him, under inscrutable masks of faces. He couldn't help knowing how much he was hated, and he feared letting the people congregate anywhere — as they could easily do in an open market — lest they plot to overthrow him.

So shopping was *not* part of the local scene. Instead, people brought their wares to *us* and we bought what was in season, and bargained for crops like rice, wheat, and potatoes a whole season in advance. It was always the season for buying or contracting for something. Even firewood and charcoal had to be stored up. So — for each household — there must be a full-time housekeeper who knew how to bargain and how to preserve and keep and store up what we bought. She also beat out rice as it was needed; washed, dried and took to the mill to grind the wheat, barley and oats; and crushed and boiled the oil out of the bushels of walnuts we stored up for our cooking oil (as well as for a meat substitute).

She also milked my cow (which a lad took out with my pigs and horse to graze each day) and made soy sauce and purified the gray salt we bought in huge woolen bags from the Tibetans. (Salt was money, out our way, and was so precious that the evangelists going into a new area to preach needed only to take salt to have all their food provided. People were starved for it.)

So survival itself in an area like this required a lot of our time. We butchered our own pigs in winter, put the hams and bacons down in salt for a time, then smoked them and hung them in cheesecloth bags in the sun and finally on hooks in our storeroom. But beef (except for small glasses of dried beef which we took in with us) was never on our menu. Cows were the farm animals and were not even milked by the Chinese — except by their calves. (The calcium drink for the Chinese is soy bean milk, and they eat bean curd daily.)

In winter we made marmalade — for we had lots of Chinese (Mandarin) oranges. And in summer we made wild grape and wild strawberry jams and jellies. And we sometimes bought the rancid Tibetan butter (if we were that hungry for it). We never

had enough milk to make butter ourselves — though we tried to buy only Tibetan cows, used to being milked.

All this living process came to me gradually, through the years, as this “city gal” became, by dint of necessity, something of a farmerette. And I enjoyed it all very much, by the way.

Needless to say, almost my first interest was to get into my new apartment which was being built over a new house for Li-Drao-Shen, the Chinese minister’s family. When I arrived, however, they were still pouring mud for the wall and I was there in time to show them where I wanted the windows and what size they were to be. It was the beginning of a long career (?) as a builder; for almost the entire time I spent on the mission field in China I had at least one carpenter working at building — for myself, for other missionaries, or for the mission.

Actually, it was several months before my house was finished and I could move in, and during that time I was concentrating on trying to make myself and my Chinese understood. Not only was I trying to use what I had learned but to understand what I heard and pick up every new word I could. I had been especially busy studying the C.I.M. language course up through their second exam. This concentrated on the language of the Bible. And I could read the books of John and Acts, a book of O.T. history, most of *Pilgrim’s Progress* and several other small books. My study was of the Chinese language and later, Chinese was part of my daily schedule — generally with a teacher — most of my first term.

But something else also was bothering me. I had many large hives on my legs when I arrived up-country and when I climbed the ladder, hand over hand, to oversee my apartment building, I carried to my hives the germs from an epidemic of sores the mud-carriers had on their feet. And soon I had seventy-five running sores on my legs. For weeks and weeks I could not find any way to heal them up. And I was so infected that I could hardly bear to stand on my feet.

Bro. Morse not only had a well-equipped drug store of

medicines to try to cure them with but he also had an excellent medical library. And I read his books on skin diseases and spent hours of every day binding up my sores with everything suggested. Nothing helped them. The thing that finally worked was this formula: Put one-half inch of vaseline on the center of the sore and one-half inch of vaseline on the bandage. Then put zinc oxide in the center, bandage the sore and leave it on for forty-eight hours without touching it. I've used this successfully many times since, and so can you.

And then, another adventure came, in the form of a new baby to be delivered. It was Mrs. Vernon Newland who sent a messenger to say that she and the children were on the way to Yea Chi and that she was expecting a new baby any day. Russell Morse set off at once to meet her. Her husband had stayed behind in Atuntze to take care of Tibetans wounded in a border war.

She arrived safely and immediately announced that she wanted me to help with the delivery so that I would have that experience before I might need to do it for someone else, when I was alone. So, believe me, I waded back into those medical books, with trepidation as well as anticipation. And when the time came, I assisted Bro. Morse as the nurse and learned how to cut and tie the umbilical cord and to wash the cap off the newborn baby's head. It was an experience I found of great help, just a few months after this.

It was during this time of my medical training that I read that hives were often the result of an emotional upheaval. And then I realized why my hives had entirely stopped bothering me after I learned that my former fiancé had married a nurse who would take care of him from then on. The nagging worry that I should have stayed behind with him (even though we both had been sure that it would have been wrong for me to do so) until he was well, was now relieved and I could forget him — which, with the Lord's wonderful help, I proceeded to do.

Meantime, my apartment was nearing completion and I moved in, and in a few days had everything put together, curtains up,

pillows stuffed, cupboards and furniture painted or varnished and rugs — some hand-braided, some purchased from the Tibetans — on the floors. And I was ready for company.

This latter activity seemed to me something needed that I could do in spite of my preoccupation with language study. So I chose an evening of each week (I believe it was Friday) and invited the Morse family to dinner at my home. The only requisite was that they must dress up for it. And I really worked at providing something special to eat (which wasn't easy in our area where there were no stores or even much variety of available vegetables). Nevertheless, I had a surprise dish every week and they all loved it. They also enjoyed my apartment and it began to give them ideas as to how they could fix up their house.

When summer came, the boys remembered the joys of Christian Service Camps in America and an idea began to grow. The girls they had played with in Hongkong lived at Wei Hsi and were the same age as teenage Eugene and Robert. Why not invite them and their mother — who was a widow — to come to Yea Chi for a two-week holiday and then go over to Tobalo (an island home back in an out-of-the-way valley which Russell had converted into a regular garden of Eden) and have a week of camping there?

Well, the Lewers accepted the invitation and now, out came the paint and varnish and wallpaper I had insisted on Bro. Morse buying in Kunming. Up went new curtains and out came a lovely big rug which had been stored away to keep it clean. What a transformation took place as the whole family worked like beavers to get ready for the company.

And what a good time we all had. The boys would come have me O.K. them as to hair and ties and good dressing, and it was a happy week in Yea Chi before we traveled down to Tobalo (a long day's journey away — on foot). There we had classes in the morning — like any camp; fun in the afternoon (and Russell had prepared them a swimming hole) and games and inspiration at night. I'm sure no one ever enjoyed a Christian camp more.

And then, not long after our visitor's had left, a strange

accident occurred and one which made me do some tall thinking during the weeks of my recuperation.

The accident was really the fault of the carpenter who had never nailed the stairway to the floor of the second-floor porch. He had propped the base with rocks, temporarily, expecting to cement it in and then nail it at the top, I guess. Of course, I didn't know this and I had had some areas of dirt built up in the courtyard and rocked in for a little garden. So — one morning — I put seeds in my pocket and started downstairs to do a little gardening.

The carpenter had built me a hinged, latticed trap door which I could let down and lock behind me, as an entry to my apartment. That morning he stood on the top step putting up a hook to hold the door open in the daytime. Unbeknownst to him, however, some neighborhood children had moved some of his rocks at the base of the stairway. And when I stepped on the top step to pass him, going down, the whole staircase fell from below us and my arm was caught in the descending trap door as it, too, fell.

I do not like to relive the pain — as the people came running, trying to pull me on down. I kept saying in English, "Open the door!" but no one knew what I meant until I finally remembered to say, "Kai men! Kai men!" As they did so, I fainted onto a pile of manure with my arm torn half off.

And thus I became a human "guinea pig" for Russell Morse who had never before had the occasion to sew anyone up. He gave me "twilight sleep" to help me bear the pain and then used carbolic acid to cleanse the wound. The latter entirely destroyed the effects of the former, believe me. But it surely killed any germs there were. (And nearly me, too, every time he used it — which was every day until the wound healed.)

For over a month my left arm felt paralyzed and the main muscles and the three smaller fingers of my left hand actually *were* paralyzed. I seriously doubted I would ever again be able to use my hand at the organ or typewriter — which were my special skills. But I had to become resigned to that possibility. Actually, the paralyzing of a series of muscles until healing is complete is

one of God's ways of helping the body heal itself. And about a month later, feeling began to come back into the arm and finally the fingers and I could again get dressed without help and go about my daily tasks.

During those first weeks, however, each night rocks would land up on my roof, from time to time, and I learned through the "grapevine" that the people were saying these signs (and my fall) were supposedly caused by devils who had followed me into my new house because I had moved in in the daytime when they could see me. The Chinese always move in the dark so the devils can't see where they go and follow them.

And one day, when one of the "big men" of the city called on me, I said to him, "Sir, do you know that people are saying that devils are throwing rocks on my roof because I moved into my house in the daytime?" I was laughing incredulously as I spoke, and expected him to laugh with me. Far from that, he solemnly answered, "Yes, that is true. We have looked and looked to see if any person threw a stone and we have found no one. It is the demons who are stoning your house and who made your staircase fall."

"Well, Mr. Lee," I answered, "they may be little demons, all right. But I can see them. It has been bright moonlight, this week, and it is very easy to see Yea Chi boys out there, tossing those stones." And for some reason, no more stones were thrown thereafter.

Out of this experience, however, two good things resulted. One was that Bro. Morse was able to perform a like operation on a poor slave girl a few months later. She belonged to the rich Mr. Lee (who had called on me) and lived next door to the Morse' compound — containing their home and garden and also the church and dispensary. She was a deaf mute and a dwarf and was required to do all the heavy, menial work of the household. One day as the young slave was out cutting wood, she scalped herself and came home, with a load of wood on her back and her scalp hanging over her face. Bro. Morse, who was called immediately, not only sewed her scalp back on, but his kindness and gentleness

with this browbeaten young woman, whose wound he treated and cleansed every day until she was well again, made her realize, for the first time, what love is — for God is love. And from that time on, she never missed coming to church on Sunday or Wednesday night. She could neither hear nor speak, but she could smile her gratitude and Russell Morse truly represented God to her. I believe he later baptized this child, for he knew God loved her.

And the other result of my accident was my realization that truly these people were under the domination of Satan. They feared him but also, for this very reason, they worshipped him. My apartment was very near the temple and often, far into the night, I heard the priests and the people beating their drums and their cymbals and praying to him — for Tibetan lamaism is the worship of Satan — and at such times I was on my knees praying for deliverance from any power of Satan that might be brought into Yea Chi through their incantations. Our God is able and He protected me. But I became very aware that I was in a battle with the “powers of darkness” as a missionary of the Lord Jesus Christ.



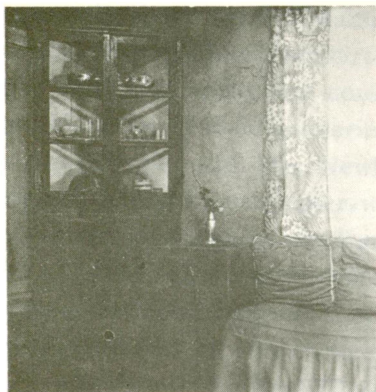
The baptistry at Tobalo.

*Left: Gertrude Morse, Ruth and myself.
Right: Drema Morse (now Mrs. Jesse Yangmi) and Mimi, my helper. They were schoolmates and sisters in Christ.*



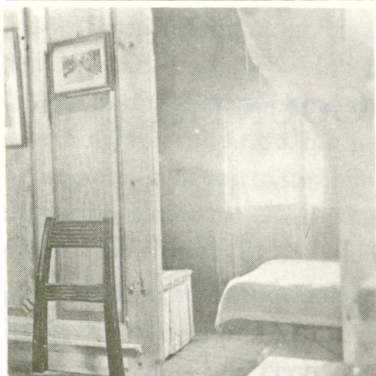
Faculty and students at the Tobalo Christian Service Camp.





One corner of my apartment "sitting room" up-country in Yea Chi.

Below: View into the bedroom and one corner of the bedroom.



Guests: (left) Gladys Schwake and Melba Palmer (now Mrs. Bill Rees) with Morse house in background.

Below: Ada (now Mrs. Harold Taylor) outside the gate of Yea Chi, with her sedan chair.



HE
LEADETH ME —
INTO THE
WORK UP-COUNTRY

FOR MONTHS, I felt rather like a useless extra arm, after arriving up-country. True, I kept busy — on the Chinese language; on medical study; on supervising carpenters and moving into my new apartment; even on making life more interesting for the Morse family.

But as time went on, I longed for my own outstation. I felt sure if I suggested it, I would be told that I wasn't ready yet for one. But I felt that I was. And I knew where I wanted to go, because I had been there once with Mrs. Morse when we took horses and went north to find some Tibetan people Gertrude had been asked to look for. Lo Da was the farthest south Tibetan village in China. There was a Chinese village Lo Da also, just north of it.

Well, I decided to let the Lord handle the matter for me and I asked Him to put it into the minds and hearts of Russell and Gertrude to suggest it to me, if that was His will for me. For a month I prayed about it.

Then one Sunday after church, a frantic boy came down the

mountain above Yea Chi wanting Mrs. Morse to come help his mother who had just given birth. His father wasn't home and he was afraid. But no one could find Mrs. Morse. I felt no trepidation at all about answering the call, however, because I had not only helped with Mrs. Newland's delivery but with cord and afterbirth of my housekeeper, who had delivered her child alone, one night, and sent for me. But it was not long before Gertrude followed me and we spent several hours with our patient before walking back down the hill. It was on the trip home that my senior missionary told me she wanted to ask me something and, with some hesitation, she began.

"I woke up last night out of a dead sleep, with the most unusual idea in my head. But I couldn't get rid of the thought so I woke up Russell and talked to him about it. It was a suggestion of something you might do, but he was sure you wouldn't like it."

Anticipation began to stir in me for I was quite sure of what that suggestion would be. And when Gertrude went on to say she wondered if I would like to make Lo Da my outstation, it was her turn to be surprised when I replied, "I've been praying for a month that you would ask me to go there."

And so, almost immediately, I began making a trip to Lo Da (about one and a half days' journey north) once a month. I stayed ten days to two weeks each time I went, riding my horse up, with a carrier along, and sending the horse back home with the carrier. To the people up there — and to those along the way — I was a nine days' wonder. I was not only a single woman, but I was a white woman and my way of living really excited them.

First of all, I had rented a little room, really a tiny cabin which stood by itself, right above the raging Mekong River in Chinese Lo Da. The front half had a wooden floor and a big built-in grain bin (atop of which it was customary to sleep). It had sliding wooden windows which were open, as was the door, during the day. And there was a square table with four stools around it for eating. That was all anyone should require for comfortable living — Chinese style.

The inner half of the room had a dirt floor with a fire box in the

center over which a three-legged iron stand would hold the cooking pots or teakettle. A cupboard was set into the mud wall of this section. At that end also there were sliding windows looking over the swift river. They also were open in the daytime. I kept all my things locked in the big grain bin when I was not there. But in short order, after I arrived, I had put up my camp cot, and made my bed with a mosquito net over it and swagged back. I had a rug on the floor beside it and had put curtains at the windows.

There were flowers in a vase on the table and my pretty dishes were out on the cupboard shelves. But the most fascinating thing of all was a zippered bag in which I kept my clothes clean from the smoke of the open fire. People came for miles to see it and zip it (for they had never seen a zipper before), and stayed to watch and listen to me tell them about Jesus (using my flannelgraph cutouts) and to learn to sing — from my huge hymn sheets — all in Chinese, of course. When I took my Tibetan housekeeper Hlanzon or Mimi (her little sister) with me, either of them could translate for me in the Tibetan village, for they were both Tibetan. The sisters worked for me — one *or* the other — as long as I lived in the Mekong Valley.

It was during the months that I traveled to Lo Da that one day I penned these lines, as I sat beside the tumultuous Mekong River:

RESTLESS RIVER

The river sleeps so restlessly,
In her rocky bed;
Not like the foamy clouds which rest
On mountains overhead.
Yet all her mighty turbulence
By these same clouds is fed.
The river of our lives is rough
And flows at rapid rate,
We go too fast to stop and rest
Beside God's golden gate.
Yet all our life is fed from thence.
Let's stop awhile and wait!

And one day at Lo Da I had a precious experience of doing just exactly that. I had sent my horse home, as usual, and was alone there when I came down with some fever — which melted my bones and made me as weak as water. I longed to be home in bed for fear I might be sick a long time (though I seldom am). So I tried to rent a horse to ride home. But all the village horses had gone with a Tibetan caravan and only one old white nag was left. For her, they wanted me to pay much more than the regular price and I knew I dared not pay it. (More than one “foreigner” has raised prices by paying too much, causing the local price to go up, thereby, and then wondered why the people chased him out of town, in one way or another.)

That morning, however, as I sat on a stool in the sunny courtyard, I was reading Isaiah and I came across these verses in Isaiah 30:15ff. “For thus saith the Lord Jehovah, the Holy one of Israel, *In returning and rest shall you be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.* And you would not: but you said, ‘No, for we shall flee upon horses . . .’ ” The scripture spoke to me then. But as I kept reading I came again to the same thought, over in the 32nd chapter, verse 17: “And the *work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and confidence* for ever.” Here was my chance to prove the truth of God again. I would just sit there quietly, confident that God would either make me well or provide transportation back to Yea Chi.

As I sat there reading, however, one by one the villagers came by to ask how I would travel home, or to ask if I didn’t want to hire their horse, after all. And I told them I would just wait and see what God wanted me to do. But I would not pay their price for the horse. (And really, I knew I hadn’t even the strength to ride a horse so far). But I hadn’t been there long before someone came running to ask if I wanted to ride a whagan back to Yea Chi. Some official had been carried up to Atuntze and the whagan (a rope seat slung between two poles, and covered with the rider’s bedding and carried by two men, with an alternate carrier to

change off) was going back empty. The Lord knew my extremity and had sent this truly rare opportunity for a ride home. (I cannot remember ever seeing anyone riding one, this far north, again.)

The Tibetans and Chinese were in continual border warfare and the wicked Yea Chi king had eventually committed his worst atrocity against this particular tribe by taking the chieftan's son, traveling in a caravan south through Yea Chi, and skinning him alive; then cutting up his body and throwing it into the Mekong River. In retaliation the Tibetans came and burned Lo Da to the ground one night, because it was here that the evil king kept his huge grain storehouses. There was then no longer a town there to go to.

At the same time, not knowing how far south the Tibetans would come and knowing their great desire to burn Yea Chi, also, all of us missionaries moved to Tobalo — with almost no time to prepare. There was a large and commodious house there which had recently been built by Bro. Morse and it was in a quiet and secluded spot, south of Yea Chi one and a half days, and across the river and up a small tributary stream.

That winter was a hard one, as it turned out, for a real famine fell on the land and rice was exceedingly scarce. Usually, the people especially the Lisu, were able to buy rice (at high price rates) from the Yea Chi king in exchange for half or all of their next year's crop. But now, his grain was also gone.

Always we missionaries, too, bargained for our grains (but at fair rates) by negotiating in advance for part of the crops of those who needed money or salt. Otherwise, there would be no grain available (whether rice or wheat or oats or beans or potatoes) when harvest-time came, because it would all have been spoken for.

And now, with *everyone* out of food (and there were several thousand Lisu Christians in this Mekong Valley alone), how could we divide with them all? More than this, we knew they would need seed for planting in the spring. And this we saved back, not to be touched, and doled out to all only small amounts at a time, though it hurt to have to do so.

But we wondered what we could do to show our sympathy for our Christian brethren who became more and more emaciated as the winter progressed. How could we share in their sufferings? And we decided we could do without our noon meal each day. Further, we could have a meal on the “Bread of Life” by studying the Bible at noon around the table.

There were always people on Tobalo Island waiting for the daily doles of rice or corn. And we invited them to sit at the table with us and share our Bible study. And soon, we had many tables full of people who wanted to “lose themselves” and forget their hunger in this feasting on the Word of God.

I also had a daily table full of students and I used a little book on suffering written by an Indian Christian, Sadhu (meaning “Teacher” in Hindi) Sungar Singh. He wrote as if sitting at the feet of Jesus and asking Him questions and then letting the Master answer in simple explanations of the deep truths of His teachings while on earth. I myself was greatly blessed by these months of Bible study together and so were our fellow-Christians. And although they became literally “skin and bones” before the spring came, none of our brethren died.

And yet our move to Tobalo, eventually, was our undoing and God’s way of moving us on to the Salween Valley. During a beautiful spring, I had moved across the river and settled in Kang P’u in a rather dilapidated Chinese house which belonged to the mission. Little by little, I moved my furniture down from Yea Chi and got back into language study and used my Chinese in services there — where there were a few Chinese Christians. It was a Nashi Village and their knowledge of Chinese was limited. But the school children could understand me and I went to other nearby villages as well.

There had been a real revival — for which we had long prayed — that winter and spring among the Lisu tribe, and it had also changed us, as missionaries. Most of all, it had awakened Eugene and Robert to the thrill and challenge of this mission field. They had returned from a trip to the Christmas convention in the Salween Valley (with more than two thousand people there) alive

with new zeal and enthusiasm and a keen desire to get Lisu New Testaments (of which we had only twelve copies of the first edition) in great quantities for the many new converts turning to the Lord there.

Accordingly, Russell and Robert went down, in late summer, to Tali to see what could be done and while there Robert, anxious to be as fully equipped as possible to serve the Lord in this field and knowing his own potentialities in the line of linguistics, entered one of the Chinese Universities that had fled to Yunnan from the Japanese, invading from the east. He stayed three years there, doing all his study, including reading and writing in Chinese. (He could do this because he had attended the local Chinese schools up-country as a boy.) He was thus able also to confer, from time to time, with Bro. Frazier and Bro. Cook, of the C.I.M., who were the ones who had put the Lisu language into writing and had translated the New Testament. They soon recognized Robert's God-given linguistic talent and made him the third authority on the language and translation.

Russell, meantime, was making his headquarters in Tali at the home of Harold Taylor and his wife Ada, whom he had met in Kunming and later married. Eugene made a fall trip over to the Salween Valley to visit the churches in that valley. Late in September I decided to take all my best clothes over to Tobalo and put them into my trunks there so that I would wear out my old clothes before I went on furlough the next summer, and save my good ones to wear home. So I paid a visit to Tobalo and was lucky to find Gertrude at home, with LaVerne, now about twelve years old, and Ruth Margaret, now about six, and Anzie and Drema, the Tibetan sisters the Morse family had adopted when their Christian parents had died in an epidemic in Yea Chi.

We had a good visit and I was so deeply impressed by the masses of white chrysanthemums around the yard that I asked for a large bouquet of them to take back with me. I thought how absolutely lovely they would look in a large-mouthed powder blue vase I had, with some of my pink geraniums mixed in. And

Gertrude agreed. She said white chrysanthemums were her favorite flowers, so Russell had planted them especially for her.

But I had only been back at home a week when I was awakened in the middle of the night with a sound as of a mighty factory full of engines running. In fact, I was dreaming that I was in a factory listening to the roar of many engines. And finally I woke up to realize that there was no electricity for over a month's journey away, so it could not possibly be factory engines that I heard. It was pitch dark, but I knew something drastic was happening outside and I could hardly wait until daylight.

We had been having gentle rains for that whole first week of October. They weren't the downpours we often had but they hadn't stopped, night or day, for that entire week. And now, these soft rains had seemed to crumble the mountains around us and mighty torrents were bringing logs and boulders down the mountain stream outside our compound walls. By day we could see the frightening sight. For the river seemed to be alive, seeking out new fields to suck under its waters.

And, of course, this was not limited to Kang Pu. The Mekong River (into which our mountain stream poured) was full of logs and boulders and debris as it came down from the north. Our river joining it only made it worse. No one could cross the river now or for days to come.

So what about Tobalo? It was a tiny island between mountain streams in a very narrow valley. We simply had no way to find out. But from everywhere people came to tell us the latest rumors. And they were wild indeed.

Some said LaVerne's body was on a boulder down-river and the water washed his hair, back and forth. All were sure (though no one could cross the river anymore than we could) that the house had washed away and killed them all.

For us, and this included Hlanzón and Mimi, all we could do — and we did it — was to prepare food for when we could cross the river and take it to them. So we baked bread and made casseroles and prepared sleeping places and had wood cut for fires and, in

general, did all we could to be ready for the whole crowd to come. And finally, the first day a boat could cross the river, Mimi and I, carrying all the food we could, crossed over to go the long three-hour trek to Tobalo.

Our hearts were so heavy and frightened of what we would find there that Mimi and I could hardly walk. It was a great effort to put one foot in front of the other. But we had finally climbed up from the river to the road and were walking along toward Tobalo Valley when out of the woods and along the path came two laughing children, and LaVerne called out, "Auntie Belle, we had a flood!"

It was a beautiful day and the knowledge that they were alive, well and happy was precious; but as the tension we had been under for so long broke, both Mimi and I sat down beside the road and cried and cried with relief. And when I read Gertrude's note, asking for a comb and a toothbrush, some soap and toothpaste, a few towels and wash clothes, I cried again.

LaVerne went on to get what Gertrude wanted, taking Ruth Margaret along, and we went on to Tobalo with the food. And there we heard the whole story and saw for ourselves how miraculously God had rescued them from the flood.



The pass between the Mekong and Salween Valleys – which we travelled on foot.

This picture was taken as we rested half way up.

HE
LEADETH ME —
TO THE
SALWEEN VALLEY

GERTRUDE had been away at a Lisu village for several days and as she returned her left arch had collapsed and she was in great pain with it. All day and until late at night she had soaked her foot in hot water. Meantime Ah-Mo, the Tibetan lady who took care of and milked their cows all day, had put the baskets of grass in the storeroom downstairs, on top of the grain bins. Another ground floor storeroom across the hall was full of boxes and trunks of supplies of all kinds. But this one was the food room. Hams and bacons hung from the rafters and in the middle of the west wall a huge fireplace (which had not proved to be usable at all) stood empty.

Finally, from sheer exhaustion, Gertrude had gone to bed upstairs and fallen into a deep sleep. Downstairs the walls were built of stone, but upstairs it was only mud and wood and all the living and sleeping rooms were upstairs. Anzie, however, slept on a grain bin under the stairway. She said that out of a deep sleep she dreamed that I kept calling her to wake up because the devil

was trying to kill them all. And she saw, then, in her sleep, a huge snake coiled around the house with his head in the door saying, "I've got you now." It woke her up and she heard the noise of the water and began to wake up the rest.

Meantime Gertrude had a similar dream, except that the devil had his hands around her throat trying to choke her to death and she thought, "He can't hurt me. I'm a Christian. If I can only say the name of Jesus he will have to let me go." But she simply couldn't make a sound. Finally, summoning all her strength she called out, "Jesus!" And woke herself up and heard the hideous noise outside. Looking out she saw that the whole house was surrounded by raging water and she saw a pig float by.

She quickly corralled them all downstairs, dressed warmly and with rain togs on. Then she noticed water beginning to seep through the old fireplace. That was the side the river came from and she had everyone stuffing the grass for the cows into those cracks, as fast as any appeared. Then Mrs. Morse began to pray for God to protect that wall and keep it standing and to give them a way of escape. For hours, until dawn, they prayed and worked and, as day broke and they could look out the windows, they saw that the river had swirled to the front of the house and they could, at least for a few minutes, get out the back door onto land. They wasted no time in doing this and the last person, Gertrude, had just jumped over onto land when the river washed through the house and took all but that one room (the storeroom for food) down the valley and out to the Mekong River. Boxes, trunks, furniture, all went twisting into the river with the house, but *they* were all safe. The food was still there also. And outside that wall Gertrude had prayed for, logs and boulders were piled up as high as the wall, protecting it and finally sending the river around it.

Needless to say, my house became "a refuge in a time of storm" and that brave bouquet of Gertrude's white chrysanthemums stayed fresh and beautiful as long as they all were there. A few trunks had been rescued and one contained all Gertrude's best clothes. So we both decided it was a judgment on us. Gertrude was too saving to wear her good clothes up-country but she must now

wear them everyday. While I who liked to dress up, even to wearing heels in the evening whether I was alone or with company, to keep up my morale, must now wear only old clothes.

Of course, runners went south with the news — to Bro. Morse and west to tell Eugene, and our decision to accept the oft-repeated invitation to move to the Salween Valley spurred the Lisu people to prepare us a big house at Pugeleh. Before we got there for the Christmas convention, they had it ready.

That trip over the pass to the Salween Valley really was tremendous. The snow was so slick that I kept my left foot on the path straight and turned my right foot sideways into new snow in order to keep going up. Until — at the top in that 11,000 ft. altitude — I could neither breathe nor guide my feet any longer and Eugene simply had to shove me along the path.

At the very top, everyone stopped and sat down — not only because the view was so absolutely tremendous, but because the feet of the Lisu carriers were in danger of freezing, as were the hands and feet of little Ruth Margaret who was being carried. Raw ginger was passed around to every one to chew and this produced an artificial fever which warmed up the whole body.

I stood and gazed and filled my soul as I saw glistening white mountain peaks stretching away into the distance as far as the eye could see — range after range after range. Never have I seen any beauty to compare with that scene.

That night about ten o'clock, after zigzagging down from eleven to nine thousand feet to meet the torches (in the hands of hundreds of Lisu Christians) which seemed to be coming up out of the bottomless pit to light our way, an exhausted family, including me, were never so glad to call a halt to that never-to-be-forgotten journey. Climbing may be hard but, believe me, going *down* is harder, especially after your knees have already turned to water before you've hardly begun the descent.

God had allowed Satan to hurt our things, but not to harm us, and now God finally had moved us into the Salween Valley where He wanted us. I'm so glad He did, too. For only now did I begin to realize the vastness of this mission's undertaking and to feel really

a part of it. Of course, I began at once to learn the Lisu language and soon, I was making trips out to the other Lisu villages and becoming acquainted with the preachers and recruiting new ones to come study in our spring school for preachers. Bro. Morse was back with New Testaments for all and more hymnals and, of course, he immediately began to plant an orchard and a garden in Pugeleh and to teach the preachers how to bud and graft his cuttings onto native stock so that there could be an orchard near to every church property and, eventually, every home.

Until the fall of 1939 the only books of the Bible the Lisu Christians had were the four gospels and Acts. They were small individual books. And even in 1939 when the whole New Testaments finally were printed, we were only able to secure 12 copies.

Since we had over 60 Lisu congregations at the time, it was hard to know how to divide them up. But Bro. Morse left over half of them in the Salween Valley to be shared by the churches there.

Because of the snow on the mountains, it was always impossible to have any communication between the three valleys from late December until sometime in May. And since we lived in the Mekong Valley, the Salween Valley churches had "the Word" with no one to explain it to them at all. And, of course, that is not necessarily a bad way to read the New Testament for the first time.

It was rather a surprise to Russell, however, when he went over the pass in May of 1940 to find that all the churches had taken up an offering for Paul. They expected that, even as he had visited the other churches of Asia, he would be coming to visit theirs as well.

That gives you an idea of the keen interest they took in every detail of this wonderful new Book of God. And you can imagine with what joy they welcomed Bro. Morse this winter of 1940 when he came laden down with new Lisu New Testaments.

My own joy was in going for a long visit to Madi and spending time in all the surrounding villages. Everywhere I went I stayed in a house and all the girls in the village slept there with me at night.

These people never wear shoes, though they make themselves thongs or put soles of bamboo on slippers for traveling a long way or crossing a pass. So their feet become leathery, in self protection, and the only white-skinned feet they see are those of tiny babies. Everywhere I went the girls eagerly watched me take off my shoes and stockings at night and then they would gasp, "Look at her white feet!" The second night their mothers would all be there. But the men couldn't come. I guess they'd seen the Morse men's feet before, anyway.

But if they found me interesting I found them much more so. For these women make all their own cloth, raising the grass (marijuana, I later learned), soaking it and working it into thread all winter long as they sit around their fires at night and then soaking the thread in lye to make it white, bleaching it in the sun and finally weaving it and making clothes for the whole family. Last year's clothes are worn for everyday wear and the new clothes are worn on Sunday and special days.

Here also, the men mine their own iron ore and make their own plows, knives, and hoes and other implements. They lathe out their own wooden bowls and make their bows and arrows with which to hunt. How I do admire these people called Li (meaning "mountain") and Su (meaning "people").

It had been one of the thrills of my life the day I saw Swami Pa for the first time. For years I had heard about this man, a converted witch doctor who had become the great evangelist among the Lisu people in our part of the Himalaya Mountains and who, traveling about in the mountain villages, had plied his trade — the making of felt hats — while telling the story of Jesus to the people. He had won thousands of souls to the Lord. And this Lisu tribe — which otherwise was a drunken, illiterate, amoral tribe of wanderers — had become one to be proud of as a result. Swami Pa was a case in point. His son, Daniel, named "Kill-a-Snake" when he was born (because the Lisu are afraid the demons will take their children if they give them a name that infers they love the child), was my interpreter for several years, and he told me that before his father was converted, Swami Pa —

as a witch doctor — made a very good living. He always noticed, when he was called to drive away the evil spirits, what the family owned. If he saw a sheep, it was a sheep that had to be sacrificed; if a pig, that was it. And he hoodwinked the people unmercifully, knowing he really had no power at all over evil spirits.

It was not until this magnetic personality met Jesus Christ that he found where the real power over the devil came from. And he bowed before the power of the Almighty God. His own life changed completely and his ability as a leader was all directed toward helping his people find everlasting life through the blood of Christ which cleanses from all sin, and the washing of regeneration.

And so when I saw Swami Pa, standing in the garden talking with Bro. Morse, a goat skin over one shoulder and one of his felt hats on his head, I was in awe of the man. He reminded me of John the Baptist and the Old Testament prophets — fearless and stalwart for God. Yet, when he smiled, it was like a benediction. For the children of God are always kind people.

The wonderful fact also is, that the Lisu Christians *live* like Christians. They learn to read and write their own language so that they can read the Bible and hymnal. They learn to sing with joy and understanding. And they not only give up drinking and smoking and immorality but refuse the hand of fellowship to anyone who drops back into the old sinful habits again.

Thus, they cannot any longer be taken advantage of, economically, by those who formerly got them drunk before doing business with them. And the men who lead the church are the natural leaders of their villages as well. This was very noticeable to me as I visited churches in the Salween Valley that spring of 1941.

So when, finally, the time came for furlough and we left our brethren behind, I was eager to get back — as I might not have been had I not lived for six months in the Salween Valley of West China. My induction into the work had been completed.

We never lose our own personalities — whether among many or absolutely alone. For instance, for me, clothes had always

seemed important to my well-being. I have always agreed with the man who advised us to wear our most becoming outfit to school on examination day. It will help you pass the exam. So now, as I contemplated furlough, and all my good clothes had gone down the river in the flood, I felt truly bereft. The summer before the flood (which occurred in October of 1940) I had ordered a new suitcase from America and a white purse and gloves. But I figured I had enough clothes to wear until I got to stores where I could buy things I felt good in. So I asked Mother to fill the suitcase with dried fruits of all kinds. Now, desperately needing the suitcase as I did, I wished I had had it filled with clothes.

It seemed impossible, however, that I would have even a suitcase to take my pitiful wardrobe in — though I had asked the Lord to get it to me if it was His will. And suddenly, as if it dropped out of the skies, there it was.

The passes to the east were still blocked by snow and we (that is, Gertrude, LaVerne, Ruth Margaret, and I) were preparing to leave for the south as soon as they were open and mail began to come through. Then, one day, five carriers arrived from Burma, over the pass to the west, and one of them was carrying a wardrobe suitcase, which had been sewn into a canvas case for protection. They had heard about our flood and these things had come up through Rangoon to Myitchina, Burma for us, so the Baptist missionaries had sent them right up, by the first carriers over the pass to the south of us. How kind our heavenly Father is and how He loves to give good gifts to His children.

When I opened the suitcase, a crowd of Lisu came to watch. I offered them each a dried peach to taste and pulled out my new white gloves and put them on. A blank expression came over their faces and someone said, "What are those for?" Suddenly it hit me, as I looked at them in their bare feet and hand-woven dresses, and I had to admit, "I don't know!" What are white gloves for?

Yet I had them on when I went to the Alien Registry in Hongkong to get a visa. It helped me overcome the feeling of insecurity my old-fashioned dress and felt hat gave. And I was so flustered while there, that I went off and left without my new

gloves and my dark glasses, as Vercia Cox (my traveling companion) and I set off to go shopping.

Later that afternoon I went back to get my gloves and glasses. I had had my hair cut and a new permanent and then had gone shopping for clothes, and when I went back in a white sharkskin dress with white spectator pumps and a white hat trimmed to match, all the men (for British men can be *so* charming) began to whistle and wouldn't give me my things until I sat down and talked to them awhile about why I had gone to such a faraway place. It was now August and I had found myself to be, even in my old clothes, sort of a "panacea (?)" to a number of lonely bachelors I had met along the way who seldom (in those days) saw a young western single woman. And this continued even on the ship going home. After the years up-country, it seemed quite a contrast. And I didn't mind at all, to tell the truth.

HE LEADETH ME — IN CHOOSING NEW RECRUITS

BY THE time I got home, I'd lost my worries about how I looked and only worried about the way people made a heroine of me at home — when I knew I was nothing of the kind.

This is something all missionaries need to guard against, I believe. And maybe, now that we have hundreds of foreign missionaries for every one at that time, there is not the same danger. Even so, some people have been lured to like the unwarranted adulation enough to stay home and become a perpetual “missionary on furlough.” It has sobered me, sometimes, to go to a church where I had been “made much of,” a few months later, and find that no one recognized me at all. It is the office we fill which they respect. It is not, except in rare cases, a lasting affection. And we need to avoid, like the plague, getting a “big head.”

Nevertheless, I did enjoy then, and I still do — dressing in the new styles that become me. And it always gave me satisfaction

when someone — like Ruth Lyons, for instance, who was to interview me over radio WLW in Cincinnati one morning — exclaims, on meeting me, “You? A missionary? You certainly don’t look like one!”

And I replied to her, as I often have to others, “Just what is a missionary supposed to look like?” For at that time, the idea in the minds of many was that a missionary woman especially would be dowdy and maybe on a completely different “wave-length” from the people of her homeland. Nowadays I’m sure that image has been greatly revised. And it should be. My mother helped me revise it by always remarking (if she didn’t like my dress), “Don’t wear that. It makes you look like a missionary.” And it worked every time.

But any of you who have done much public speaking know that the assurance that you look your best is a tremendous help. Certainly it is to me. For, though you may not believe it, I am not a “public” person. I’m a very private one. And it is not easy for me to go into new situations and meet new personalities, continually. Also I know myself and my very human weaknesses too well to listen to the flowery introductions and let them move me.

But enough about me — and clothes. They “do not make the man” — or the woman. And neither do a lot of other superficial trappings. I had come home to find new recruits for our tremendous mission field. Russell and Gertrude had each one, separately, taken me aside and told me they trusted me to go home and find the right people to come out to West China. And as I traveled around, I was finding them.

On December 6th I was being driven from the train depot to a church in Indiana when the news of Pearl Harbor came over the car radio. But it was no surprise to me. I had expected it months sooner. In fact, everyone in Hongkong, in August, had expected war any day. And our ship was blacked out each night crossing the Pacific. Because at that time, Japan’s largest ship — the Tatsutu Maru — loaded with silk, was not being allowed into San Francisco harbor and the Japanese yen were frozen in America.

Why we were surprised by Pearl Harbor, then, is something I will never understand.

But there is something else I do understand. And when the hue and cry went up for soldiers and sailors for Uncle Sam, I knew that it was necessary, now, because so many parents had been unwilling to send their sons as soldiers of Jesus Christ to win this nation for Him.

And so, during that winter, spring, and a summer full of camps, I spoke to congregations and colleges and campers of the need for reapers in the vineyard of the Lord. And gradually I found the cream of the recruits coming out of their quiet private discussions and sessions with the Lord and offering their lives to Him. It was a truly inspiring time for me.

I had met Jane Kinnett, then a student at Northwest Christian College, when I spoke in Eugene, Oregon, and she told me she had been preparing for our field ever since she had heard me speak at the University Christian Church in Los¹Angeles before I went to China and had talked with her afterward, at a reception they gave me. Now she was graduating and hoping to go when I returned.

At Minnesota Bible College, when I spoke there, I met Lois Fuller, a young lady who had lived the frontier life of a shepherdess on the western plains and loved adventure and thrived on solitude (though she liked company also). She, too, was ready to go to the wilds of West China as soon as possible.

And at Cincinnati Bible Seminary I met Dorothy Sterling (and “sterling” is the quality of her character), a nurse who had had two years of medical training toward an M.D. and (because the war needed *men* doctors, especially) had been forced to drop out of her class. Dorothy was a dorm mother at C.B.S. and a graduate of the Bible Seminary and was also working at a hospital in Cincinnati. That is the kind of indefatigable girl she was.

But what all of these girls had in common was their love for the Lord Jesus Christ and their great desire to serve Him — no matter how far from home it took them or how primitive the conditions

under which they would live. And all of them have made wonderful missionaries. They had all worked hard to prepare themselves for their Lord's service. And God took their lives and made them fruitful.

' Melba Palmer — also on her first furlough from the Tibetan border (at Batang, two weeks north of us) — had also told me about another recruit who had been preparing himself for years for our area of work — the Tibetan border. Warren Dittimore had been told by Vernon Newland that he ought to be married first, but he still hadn't met the right girl yet. And he was a graduate student at Butler University.

And then I met Warren Dittimore! And as far as I was concerned here was the ultimate of recruits!

I had started to school at Cincinnati Bible Seminary that fall of 1942, and had immediately set about organizing a student volunteer group to study missions in my home. We had a faculty advisor and it was a recognized organization on the campus but we met in my apartment that first year, and studied both books on missionary orientation and projects and fields. Among those in our membership that year the following became missionaries: Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Callaway, (Thailand); Ralph Harter, (India); Mark and Pauline Maxey, (Japan); Tibbs and Norma Maxey, (College of the Scriptures); myself; Mr. and Mrs. Bill Roland, (India — not married then); Dorothy Sterling, (China, Burma, and Thailand); Imogene Williams, (China and Thailand); Mr. and Mrs. Harland Cary, (Colegio Biblico); and others.

And in addition to graduate courses at C.B.S. where I had planned to get an M.A. and write a thesis on "The Problem of Suffering," I also was going to night school at the University of Cincinnati studying "Creative Writing" and working on a book about the Morse family (never completed).

But when I went to the North American Christian Convention in Indianapolis that September, I finally met the man God wanted me to marry — Warren Perry Dittimore.

Not that I thought that at first. I had been hearing about this stalwart young man — how he had been preparing himself for

years to go to this field of service in the Master's vineyard, was a graduate in Agriculture, a graduate of Manhattan Bible College, and was now doing graduate study in Missions at Butler University. Everyone spoke highly of his character and his unfailing helpfulness to everyone about him.

And when, the last night of the session, I finally arrived — with many interruptions, from the choir loft where I had been singing — to the back of the auditorium where only a few people remained, I found a delegation of Mother Morse, my mother, Otie Merle and Earl Stuckenbruk (not married then) and Melba Palmer (now Mrs. Bill Rees) all waiting to introduce me to Warren Dittimore. And my surprise was tremendous! Here was no young lad, but a man and one with great intelligence. A happy man who, you knew at once, was well-acquainted with his Master — but so keen about missions and so well-read and prepared for his job that, after awhile, I had to exclaim, "You know far more about this field than I do and I've *been* there."

Well, it wasn't just a case of falling in love. I was wary of that. For I knew he was younger than I and there were already three, possibly four, other young women his age who were preparing for our mission field. He knew it, too — or at least guessed it. But I had been asked to come to Butler and speak to the Student Volunteers there, the next month, and I was now especially glad to go.

Nor was I disappointed when I went. For we had two wonderful days together and I learned to know and love many precious young folks there, besides Warren. And when, after I spoke that evening, Warren saw me off on the train and put an envelope into my hand — an offering from the group — I was delighted that I would have a good excuse to write to him. The young folks that night watching Warren help me on with my coat, saw his expression and began praying that we would get together. Yet no one was more surprised than they were when we came to school on Valentine's Day and I was wearing a diamond on my finger. Somehow we never get over being surprised that God hears our prayers and answers them.

Later, Lois Fuller also met and loved a graduate student at Butler University, David Howell Rees, from Alberta, Canada — a graduate of Alberta Bible College and a Welchman who loved to sing as well as preach. So he became the fifth of the recruits for West China. And, as you know, of these five recruits, three have died on the mission field — Warren, Dorothy and David. Such was the caliber of recruits the Lord led me to meet and enlist for service among the nearly 10,000 Lisu Christians on the China, Tibet and Burma borders.

CHAPTER NINE

HE LEADETH ME — INTO MARRIAGE

AND so began a truly new life for me. For Warren was both an inspiration and a challenge to know, and later to live with. Men *are* superior beings. There is no question in my mind about that. I have five brothers and my father who have always had my deep respect — in spite of childhood spats. And I have met and continue to meet — in my “box seat” among great men of the church, at home and abroad, men whose depth of love for the Lord and devotion to duty far transcends that of even the best women I know. But, to me, it was a source of continual surprise to see how much my husband became so completely absorbed in the study of God’s Word that sometimes he almost forgot to sleep at all. He was simply fascinated by its many facets. And he made The Book alive for those around him.

Such was his “delight in the law of the Lord” that he truly “meditated upon it day and night.” And I began to feel that his nearness to God and his “readiness” for heaven would take him

away from me early. When we were apart I always hurried home, not to miss any time we could share.

We were married on May 1, 1943, in the Chapel at C.B.S. and, after a summer in Indianapolis (during which we both did a lot of traveling and teaching in summer camps), we moved to Chicago and Warren entered Moody Bible Institute in order to study missionary medicine, dentistry, and carpentry. There our son, Jonathan Tibbs, was born on April 27, 1944, to our immense joy.

In June, after the baby's six-week check-up, we went home to Atchison, Kansas, and traveled in that vicinity for some weeks.

Warren was, by nature, a poet, and by inclination, a farmer. He grew up on the model farm of his father George Wesley Dittemore who was, to him, the best father any man ever had. And he loved to farm. He always said he thought farmers were poets — making God's land produce its best fruit, working with the seasons and the elements, seeing His handiwork as they plowed and tilled the rich earth. The Dittemore farm was in Highland County, Kansas, near the Missouri River. We had spent some lovely weeks there at Severance on the farm the summer before — with Warren showing me his favorite haunts in the woods and helping his father put up new fences and trim the hedges bordering the fields.

Actually, Warren was a graduate in agriculture from Kansas State University at Manhattan and had farmed with his father for several years. At the same time, the morals of the young people in the town worried him and he started a Sunday P.M. Bible study in the high school which even the Catholic young people attended. George and Edith Dittemore, Warren's parents, had kept the church open all his life — though it was too small to have a preacher. Sunday School and the Lord's Supper were always observed weekly and, occasionally, a revival was held. And now, a dance hall was demoralizing the town and Warren asked his father to urge the town fathers to build tennis courts and let him plan some healthy activities to counteract the dance hall. He was successful in this, too. But he thought, "If all the towns in America had as few really Christian and morally-sound young men in

them as his, then they had all better be preachers. And he began to think of being a circuit-riding preacher, traveling between churches on his motorcycle.

And so, one day he approached his father about it. Since he was an only son, he hated to hurt his father by rejecting the farm (which he loved). But he said, "Father, I love to farm — and you know it — but I simply have to preach. So I must leave and go to Bible College." To which his father replied, "Son, your mother and I dedicated you to the ministry when you were born." And so Warren went to Manhattan Bible College, and it was there that he began to get a vision of a *whole world* lost.

It was in that library, too, that he read the biographies of two missionary heroes of the Christian Church — both of them from Kansas. One was Dr. Albert Shelton — who spent eleven fruitful years on the Tibetan Border and was shot and killed by Tibetan bandits in 1922.

After his death, a young doctor by the name of Loftis went out to Batang to take Dr. Shelton's place. His biography describes the many exciting narrow escapes of his trip up the Yangtze River and then by mule to Batang. But just three months after his arrival, Dr. Loftis died in Batang of small pox (Chinese small pox is sure death to a Westerner).

You might have thought these histories would have scared off the young preacher. But instead he reacted by saying, "I'm going to be the third Kansan to give his life on the Tibetan Border." And that is exactly what he did.

And now we were on the last lap of his preparation which was to be Chinese language study at Berkeley, California. Meantime, that winter while we were in Chicago, father Dittmore had been hit in the eye with a nail and lost his vision to the extent that he could no longer plow a straight furrow. So they retired from the farm to nearby Atchison, where they lived until their deaths.

Finally then, in July we took the train to California and Warren enrolled in the University of Berkeley Chinese Language School, along with military personnel, businessmen and other missionary recruits. We moved into an old mansion which had belonged to a

former University of California professor (deceased) and had now been divided up for three couples into three sleeping apartments upstairs, and a sort of happy sharing of the downstairs. We used the game room for our dining room and enjoyed the lovely table and four chairs under a leaded pane window. But Warren loved the many books in the library and browsed among them often. The grounds were also lovely and we really enjoyed this home until that tragic day of July 26 when our beautiful baby smothered during his afternoon nap.

Jonathan would have been three months old the next day and he was so bright and alert and happy and beautiful that it didn't seem possible that he was gone. An autopsy showed that only part of one lung had developed, so we were bound to lose him sooner or later. God had given us this joy for a few months and we were grateful, but how empty our arms were. I worked in the office at school the rest of that summer, and being busy helped, but we wanted a child and so were happy when we knew another was on the way.

Dorothy Sterling, R.N., was the first of the recruits to go to China and she left that summer. The war was still on but she was a nurse and so was the first one granted the necessary military permit to enter. Actually, Dorothy never tried to learn Chinese. She went right into Lisu country and her first language was Lisu which she learned very well. She was not only a nurse but had had pre-medical study and completed two years of medical school. And she was a graduate of Cincinnati Bible Seminary, so she was a great help on the mission field where she spent the rest of her life — in China, then Burma and finally in Thailand. She died in Thailand of an asthma attack in 1973.

That school year Warren not only studied Chinese but he ministered to the Berkeley Church and built all our boxes for China. And we bought and packed supplies to fill each box as it was finished. Meantime, two other recruits had married — Lois Fuller was married to David Rees at Butler University by my husband that spring, and now they came out and entered Language School too.

We had left the “estate” after Joni died, because the dear memories hurt too much. But Warren had found a little book in “our” library that seemed to us that the Lord had put there, especially for us. It was entitled *Intra Muros – (Within the Walls)* – and was written by a woman who had lain in a coma for six days (and, to all intents and purposes, seemed dead) who described heaven as she had seen it. It made it all seem so real to us that we knew our baby boy was happy there. In fact, this poem — written by Warren at the time — showed his own anticipation.

TO JONATHAN TIBBS

God hath ordained for many things
To point us Heavenward and fix our goal
Beyond the starry fields that hold our gaze;
Untold the myriad ways He draws our weary hearts
To company Him throughout eternity.
But surely, sweetest and most forceful of them all,
To give our souls a strong resolve, unswerving faithfulness,
Firm purpose to attain that glorious place,
Is to be found where other shores hold forth
Reunion with a little one gone on —
A little one with skyblue, wondering eyes,
Sweet rosebud mouth, pink velvet cheeks,
A haunting elfin chuckle, and dear bundled form.
What loveliness to strive for, to possess
Once more, with the golden gates of Heaven.
Warren Dittmore

When the Louis Patmonts offered to rent both the Reeses and ourselves bedrooms in their rooming house and allowed us the use of the kitchen, we accepted. I cooked the meals while the others were at language school and we had a very pleasant association together, all year, until April when Warren and I moved into a furnished apartment before Janet was to be born in May. In April also the military permits came through for Warren and me. How very thrilled and excited we were. Our long wait was over. We could go to China.

As soon as we heard, I went to my doctor (a woman) and asked

her to give us our shots and vaccination. And she proceeded to give me a strong lecture about going to China before my baby came. She knew my blood was Rh negative and she considered it was entirely too risky to plan to have my child over there. I sat in silence and, afterward, as I picked up my bag and prepared to leave, she added one sentence, "Of course, if your husband is Rh negative too, it won't matter." To which I replied, "If the Lord wants us to go to China, He'll see that my husband is Rh negative."

The shock of my remark showed in her face and so I was not surprised when Warren returned from the hospital and said, "As I walked in and gave my name, they said, 'So you're Mr. Dittimore.' " This was going to be a test case of God's providence to that doctor and the whole hospital staff. And when I called the doctor, a week later, to hear what the lab test showed, she replied, "Come in, both of you, and get your shots. I'll do anything you want. Your husband's blood is Rh negative."

Well, we got our shots but getting passage on a ship with all the supplies was not all that easy. Added to this, now the Morses sent long lists of things they needed, mostly medicine to be purchased for us through our wonderful friend and rope-holder, Dr. Ellis Baker. So before it was all done — and boxed — and before Warren had returned from a last speaking trip to the East, especially to his living-link church — the Broadway Christian Church in Lexington, Kentucky — and a visit to his home in Kansas, our daughter had been born. My mother was with me and so was Warren's sister, Lola Mae. And Warren himself had expected to be. But the baby came early and he arrived in San Jose to speak at the Bible College and was told that his wife had given birth, but they couldn't remember whether it was a boy or girl.

Warren had been so sure that this second child would be another boy that he had refused to even consider a girl's name. He was to be Michael George (for the archangel and for his father). Jonathan Tibb's name had been chosen because this man Jonathan had loved his friend enough to give him his kingdom, and for *my* father. But all the way home from San Jose, now, Warren fought it out with himself that he was going to love the

child just as much if she was a girl. And when he saw her, the fight just left him, for she was an adorable baby girl whom we named Janet because it would be so hard not to call her Joni.

It was wonderful to have a baby again but it was quite different, this time, for me. I was so afraid of something happening to her that I just couldn't let her out of my sight. And having a second child so soon after the first, at my age (36), was hard on me also. I was a bundle of nerves and, as a result, became over-anxious. Now I felt sure that if I put a baby on my passport, my military permit would be denied me. So I decided I'd better not go yet and let Warren go ahead with the supplies by way of a blacked-out freighter headed for Australia and Calcutta, India. I had become one of those "Oh ye of little faith" people. So, of course, I paid the price for it. For Warren did sail in July, leaving us to wait.

With Mother and Lola Mae there I could do the business that had to be done, and as soon as possible, we got off our passport applications and asked that they be sent to me in Atchison, Kansas. Thus the Dittemores could see Janet and I'd be midway between the two coasts until I found a ship to take us to India. And I was in the ticket office and had just purchased railway tickets for Mother and me to Atchison when news of the end of the war hit San Francisco Bay. The ticket office (and everything else) closed immediately and such pandemonium, in the name of joy, broke loose that it was dangerous for a woman to be on the street.

Lola Mae Dittemore — now Mrs. Ben Gross — was a tower of strength in helping us get off and staying to sell the furniture and rent the apartment when Mother and I left Berkeley. But when, after over a week in Atchison, I still had no word from Washington, D.C., I decided to go on to Mother's in Cincinnati. Here, too, no passport came — though I had written again about it. And suddenly, in the middle of the night — the suggestion came to me to call Washington and ask to speak to Mrs. Shipley, the head of the Passport Division, person to person and see *why* they refused to answer my letters. The first call got me nowhere. Her secretary fobbed me off by saying *she* would talk for me and I

would hear at once. Another fruitless week went by and then I called and insisted on talking with Mrs. Shipley. Her first remark answered all my questions. "What do you mean taking a tiny baby to China?" she said. And I talked fast. She was a nursing baby, the easiest kind of child to take. Furthermore, I was desperately needed there. The Russell Morse family had been there eight years without a furlough. She was ill and needed to come home. My husband had gone, but a woman was urgently needed on the field. And after my impetuosity, she quietly replied, "Your passport will be in the mail tomorrow. Where shall I send it?" I replied, "To New York. And thanks a million."

And so we arrived in New York — Mother with me — and I got my passport and visas and freight and tickets to Calcutta (sailing from Boston) and finally a cable came from Warren saying, "It just doesn't look as if there is any way to get into China. Maybe you'd better not come." I was in the newspaper office of my Aunt Isabel Bryan (Mother's sister) who published a newspaper "The Villager" in New York City and when she saw tears streaming down my cheeks she reprimanded me. But it wasn't like Warren to lose heart. His last letter had been so full of faith. He had said, "There seems to be no way that we can get in with all our supplies. All the harbors have been bombed out. All the roads are now impassable. The war is over and the flights in from Assam (which we had hoped to use) have stopped. But I remember your telling all of us recruits that God tests our faith through fire, during the first years on the field, and I know God is testing mine now. And *He* is going to take us and all these needed supplies *in*. I don't know *how*, but He does." Was Warren giving up now? Well, I couldn't. It was too late to turn back. And I cabled back, "Too late to stop. We sail from Boston October 10th."

And sail we did, with Mother going to Boston with us and going sight-seeing, but leaving before we did because she couldn't bear to watch us leave. Lola Mae had sold the furniture. Everything had clicked, finally, and one of Warren's old classmates at language school, going out in the Friends Ambulance Unit, was

shocked to see us aboard. "How can you come when my wife couldn't?" he asked. In fact, he had tried to persuade Warren to join the Ambulance Unit as a way into China and, during the whole trip, he was full of how much better it is to have a board taking care of all the details for one, while I insisted it was far better to have God directing operations directly. Nevertheless, with many missionaries aboard, we had a good trip and — when he found I played the piano — we all had many sings, as well as worship services.

Janet had her fifth month birthday on the ship and was a happy baby. I had bought a baby buggy that made the whole trip easier. It collapsed with a touch of the toe. But when you pulled the handle it opened as easily and the baby could be rolled away from a train or hotel room or into the gangway of a ship. I tied it firmly to my berth post in our room and then tied it to a door beside the deck in the daytime and she was comfortable, dainty (all in white) and full of smiles for everyone coming and going.

As we neared Calcutta, after being separated from Warren for over five months, I could hardly bear the suspense. Would he be there or not? If he were not there, I would have even longer to wait to see my sweetheart. But if he was there I must share with him the problem of getting our supplies in. And when our ship had to spend a day in Ceylon for repairs, I was terribly impatient at the delay.

When, on November 16th we did finally arrive at the dock in Calcutta, however (one of the first ships to come in after the war), there was no sign of Warren on the dock. And finally a letter was brought to me from him. It was a beautiful letter, full of love, directions to the rooms he had ready for us (which we discovered later were full of yellow chrysanthemums), details of how to get to all the offices I must visit, maps, price lists, so many thoughtful considerations. But the triumphant fact was that on November 14th the U.S. Air Force had sent word to him — "Have all your supplies at the airport before 7:30 a.m. tomorrow. We are making our last flight in to Kunming and will take you and your supplies

with us.” So, of course, God had been faithful and I was jubilant — as I knew Warren was. And I couldn’t help saying, “I told you so,” to my missionary board friends.

It was two weeks before Janet and I could go in. We would only be allowed to take in forty-four pounds (but we cabled in for a baby allowance and they granted us seventy-five pounds at three dollars per pound for the extra). That meant that the freight we had brought had to be left behind and that most of my own winter clothes and hers would be left. I had warm pants made — for horseback riding — and bought twin sweaters. I had brought a fleece-lined pink corduroy bag for Janet, and besides what we had in our baggage, we were allowed a typewriter, a blanket (all of Janet’s warm bedding over my arm), a pillow (an Indian hand-tooled leather pillow case with all my hose and undies inside), a piece of hand luggage (the baby buggy), and I wore two pairs of pajamas under my long pants and twin sweaters and a jacket whose pockets were full. Then I packed Janet’s diapers around her, inside the fur-lined bag, and other baby gear in the pockets and, as we “weighed in” everyone roared with laughter. But we weren’t the only ones. One Chinese man had seven new hats on his head. And one woman doctor had many, many bottles of medicine tied in stockings hanging around her neck and under her clothes.

When we touched-down in Kunming and Warren came aboard to help us off, it was *such* a precious reunion. And now, at last, at the end of November, 1945, we were all in China, and together again. The Lord had been good.



Me with my future husband, Warren Perry Dittemore.

Our son, Jonathan Tibbs Dittemore, at two months of age.



Warren and I, taking our new daughter, Janet Leigh, to her first church service in Berkeley, California.





Mr. and Mrs. Warren P. Dillemore, preparing to leave for China. In fact, Warren had had a tooth pulled that day.



Our wedding took place at Cincinnati Bible Seminary on May 1, 1943.



The wedding of Lois Fuller and David Rees, recruits for our mission field, was an event of May, 1944, in Indianapolis, Indiana. Warren performed the ceremony. (I was still in the hospital in Chicago, after Jonathan's birth.)



Warren's parents, George and Edith Dittmore, after they retired from the farm and moved to Atchison, Kansas.



Warren, smiling his usual sunny smile.

Left: Janet smiles exactly the way her father smiled.

HE
LEADETH ME —
BACK INTO
CHINA
AFTER THE WAR

ONE of the very first things I noticed that was different about Kunming after the war was that whereas the children had formerly shouted after any foreigner, “Iang Lao Mi” (“Old Foreign Cat”) now they called out, “Ding Hao” with their thumbs upraised — meaning “Very Good!” It spoke well for the many American airmen who had come to Kunming during the war. Now they had gone, leaving with the missionaries untold quantities of supplies. My husband had arrived just as they turned over all these things — and prepared to fly out their men for the last time.

As Warren was staying at the China Inland Mission hostel, he had spent a busy two weeks helping them get all these things stored away systematically for use by their many, many missionary families. And, needless to say, some had been portioned out to us, too.

After my arrival we made plans to go up-country as soon as possible. Warren had bought boxes of candles, soap, tins of kerosene, and some food staples like flour and sugar, in India, and brought them in with the supplies. But we still needed silver money for taxes, bolts of cloth and skeins of thread and numerous local products. And this time we decided to charter a local plane and fly our supplies in as far as Likiang. It would take two flights to get it all, but it would be cheaper than either truck or horse hire and would save a week of travel time. So that is what we did.

We flew in to Likiang about mid-December and Warren went back (as co-pilot) with the plane to pick up a second load, while Janet and I rode horseback in to Likiang with Mr. Siering and Mr. Starr. These men were German missionaries and they and their wives were so very kind and good and hospitable to us that we can never repay them. God will do so, I know, for they love Him and manifest His love to all.

For we were in Likiang several weeks — repacking all these loads by weight for the horses and adding baskets of tea, brown sugar and numerous items like hams, cheeses, etc. purchasable here. Here too, we got out our camping gear, our saddles and riding togs and made oil sheets to cover everything, sewing them out of heavy cloth which we painted with yellow “slicker” paint and oil. One of these covered the basket in which our baby girl lay, as she was carried on a man’s back just in front of my horse, so that I could see her under her “canopy” in her snug corduroy bag and could hear her cry when she was wet or hungry.

It was nearing Christmas time when we started out, for I remember Christmas Day and night on the caravan journey so well. Warren had bought me a big box of Whitman’s chocolates and surprised me with them that morning. I have forgotten what I gave him, but we picked wild holly along the way and decorated our saddles and Janet’s basket! And that night in our dirty inn, sleeping over the animal stable, I thought very much about Mary and Joseph and the solution of their dilemma of where to stay. In later years I wrote a Christmas poem about it.

The journey was much shorter this time. Our flight had shortened it by two days' truck trip and five days of horseback and then, in Wei Hai, we hired a whagan for Janet and myself to be "carried in," so that they would carry us to the top of the pass to the Salween Valley.

In the whagan, then, we traveled the rest of the way to Ai-Wa and after the caravan journey was over, and we had found carriers to take our loads over the pass, we crossed the Mekong and spent two days crossing the pass — with me only walking *down* the mountain to Pugeleh, a half-day journey. We had slept in the hut on the pass that last night. For Warren the journey had been easy. He loved it all and found the mountains no bother to climb. The only disappointment for him was that he could not see the marvelous scenery as we traveled, because he was so near-sighted. And often he would ask me to describe the mountains and valleys to him, as I saw them.

When we arrived at Pugeleh, what rejoicing! And, of course, Janet was taken to everyone's hearts. She became the little mascot, as Ruth Margaret had been before her. Now Ruth was a teenager and the boys were young men. And all were eager to wind up their projects for the time being and go to the U.S. to school. Russell and Gertrude were weary but happy in the continuing growth of the work. LaVerne was not there. He had gone to the U.S. in 1942 to join his Aunt Louise Whitham in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and attend high school from which he graduated as valedictorian before we left the States. Robert was over in Burma, as he had been for a year, putting the Rawang language into writing and preparing a primer for them. (He came back when the passes opened up that spring.) And Eugene had just completed a beautiful new house for their family at Tada, of lumber (in a valley where all houses were of bamboo) and with glass windows and a winding stairway. They were preparing to move into it after we arrived in Pugeleh.

It was not long before the Morses had moved to Tada, two days to the north of us, and Warren began to move our boxes and supplies into the big storeroom wing of the bamboo house and

out of the two-room mud hut, built into the mountain above the “big house.” Then, after we moved and began to unpack, we had a new bamboo floor put into the inner room of the mud hut so that we could move back in. The wooden floor of the front room was OK because there were windows in that room, and then Warren dug out a window in the inner room. He also built Janet a play-pen bed and a high chair out of the wood from some of our boxes. And I fixed up the upstairis into a two-room apartment for us. One thing we had brought out was an old-fashioned treadle sewing machine. We had taken the legs off and packed them separately, and now he put it back together and I put its pretty cretonne cover on it, under our lovely gilt-framed oval mirror (a wedding present). With the furniture boxes I had had before and a big desk I had had made years before, we had a nice living room in the wood-floored room. But on a bamboo floor it is hard to place furniture, for the floor bounces when you walk. So we had only box furniture in the bedroom, and attached the legs of our bed to boards. We had a sheet-iron heater in this little house also, so it made a comfortable place to study and Warren assiduously applied himself to Lisu language study from the day after we arrived. Of course, he was interrupted often and, in a few cases, had to help Dorothy perform minor surgery when she conducted her clinic every day.

Little Janet began to learn to walk in the spring and I became concerned for where “her little feet would take her.” So we fenced in the large yard area in front of our apartment. Warren had already built rock steps into the red clay wall between our shelf of land and the one below (which was the courtyard around which the three wings of the bamboo house were built on poles out over the steep hillside below). For Pugeleh was on the ridge of a mountain. The church was below us. It would seat about five hundred people easily. And there were five or six other houses around the church. But the bulk of the congregation lived one, two, three or four hours away, in similar hamlets. And the people who came for medical help would sometimes travel for days — even from across the passes east or west of us.

Sunday, of course, was the big day at Pugeleh. There were no clocks but people gauged time by the sun, knowing just how long it would take the farthest villagers to get there. And services began at about 11:00 a.m. It was a happy singing and preaching service and lasted about an hour. At noon, for an hour, we dismissed and people sat about outdoors in the sun, picking lice out of each other's hair (a favorite pastime even during rest stops along the roads when they traveled). The children couldn't be bothered with such a useless chore and they grouped together and learned any new song that they didn't know yet out of the hymnal of about three hundred fifty songs. They would sing through the soprano together. Then they'd sing the alto together, then the tenor, and then the bass. After that they divided up and sang it as a quartet number. And what a beautiful rendition it always turned out to be.

The church building in Pugeleh had been a special design of Eugene Morse and was the first not to be the usual long, narrow building with one main ridge pole. This one was almost circular — with six ridge poles stemming from the center — and it held more people that way. Near the doors were large, vat-sized, round woven baskets — one basket for each kind of grain — corn (which was the staple diet of the Lisu), barley, rice, wheat, etc. For the Christians in these churches tithe and, as always, this means that each church is not only self-supporting but able to feed the weary traveler coming through, the poor of the church, the students going to prepare for the ministry and to provide well for their local minister.

Thus, people coming to church would empty their tithes of grain into the proper bin (often hanging corn from the ceiling rafters to dry). Sometimes they brought baskets of eggs which they put beneath the communion table, sometimes a chicken or a piglet (for the preacher's family) was tied to the communion table legs. Even vegetables were brought. And it warmed the heart to see how "blessed it is to give."

On Sundays during the noon intermission, we missionaries ate a bit of lunch which had already been prepared, and some of the

people prepared the communion for serving. Generally “tea” was the “fruit of the vine.” Wherever we were, however, we had grape juice — generally made by diluting grape jelly which was our only means of preserving the juice. One year I made jelly and sent it to each church, but it was not a practical solution.

Then we gathered in the chapel again for the communion service which lasted about another hour, along with the long line which shook our hands and those of the preacher and the elders at the door, each one saying, “Hwa, Hwa” — meaning “Peace be with you.”

The line often seemed to have moved from the church door to ours, after that — for this was the one day that people left their work (and only the Christians did then) and could come for medicine for themselves or for someone else too sick to come. In this, it was much like it was in Jesus’ day when the Sabbath Day was the only day that even servants were free to go to the synagogue. (And I’m sure that is why Jesus did so much healing on the Sabbath.) For now the people had the long journey home to make.

Yes, Sunday was a big day and always ended by an evening service lit by pitch torches in the firebox in the center of the church and around which everyone sat to read their Bibles and hymnals. Not many were there, of course, on Sunday night — only those who lived nearby. But in every hamlet, the people had built themselves a little chapel. And *every* morning before daybreak, the people went to the chapel to pray before eating and going into the fields to work. Each one prayed aloud to God (as the Jews do), paying no attention to his neighbor’s prayer. They sometimes do this in church too, and many Chinese churches do also. Actually, it is a very private way to pray and I prefer it to praying silently in unison, as *we* often do here in the U.S.

Warren, of course, loved these people and they loved him. He was so *very* eager to get out among them to teach and preach and sometimes went to treat sick cases and even to perform a wedding (with an interpreter, of course).

By the time of the Easter Convention, Warren was delighted to

go south with Russell who had won his deep respect and affection and to speak with an interpreter and help pull teeth and treat the sick, and listen to and watch his senior missionary (Bro. Morse) in action, talking with him about the problems in the churches and how the elders dealt with them, taking his directional findings from a mariner who had long since chartered the course.

Then he and Eugene began a trip to visit the churches farther south. It was to have been a trip with the two of them and when Gertrude decided to go along, Warren came home. He felt it out of place to be traveling with a woman in the group who was not of his family — especially because they would be sharing one room at night. This was a real heartbreak to Warren, however. And he came home, as he always traveled, almost running. No one had ever covered the ground at the pace he kept (but I think his little grandson, Nathan Warren Bemo, will do so).

After that Warren decided to try his wings by going over the pass to the Mekong Valley to visit the churches there. The people in that valley had welcomed us wholeheartedly when we had arrived at Ai-Wa back in January, and we had spent one Sunday with them. Now the pass was open and they had sent to ask Warren to come. And never was a call more gladly responded to.

Because we had heard that there was an epidemic of typhoid fever in that valley, Warren decided to have a booster shot inoculation before he left in May. He had forgotten, I'm sure, about the extra shot he had had to have the previous August in India, after his passport and shot record were stolen. And none of us knew that it takes a month for an inoculation to immunize your system, and during that month you are doubly susceptible if you catch the typhoid bug. (The same is true of typhus which we were to learn again to our sorrow some years later when Anzie died, two weeks after having her typhus shot.)

Anzie Morse (adopted daughter of the Morses) as well as her fiancé went along to cook and to translate. They went clear up to Yea Chi, where Warren stayed in my old apartment and met many converts and friends. One beautiful young matron who was a Christian and had spent some months in my home when we

feared Yea Chi would be burned, told me later that Warren had told her that I called him "Honey" and he called me "Sugar" because those were the sweetest things we knew.

But the greatest messages Warren preached were to the Christians in Baloh and Ga-Chir-a-Jyeh and Tobalo and where he talked to them of heaven and made it so real that people said to him, "You make us want to leave this earth and go there right now." And he replied, "If it were not for leaving my wife and baby girl, that is how I feel too." And none of them realized that within two months he would have gone to be with the Lord.

Anzie told me afterward that on the morning of May 24th she heard him singing, "Happy Birthday to Janet" in the next room and it woke her up. But it was still several weeks before his tour of the churches was over and he got home. When he arrived in a drenching rain, with a beard and rain togs on, carrying plants he wanted to set out, and his face and hands blackened from putting out an incipient forest fire on the top of the mountain, Janet didn't recognize him. I almost didn't either. But his kiss was the same as always. And when he got cleaned up, he and his daughter were soon pals again.

Warren's thirtieth birthday had been the day before and we had saved the cake. So now we had a party. But he was so very tired and hungry. There had been near-famine conditions over there and the bread we sent periodically never caught up with him until it was stale. It seemed to follow him around from place to place and never catch up. Still he was excited about the Mekong prospects and had promised to go back in the fall and hold schools for them.

Then a runner arrived from Tada asking us to come up for a final conference before the Morses left for furlough. They wanted us to come the next day, and Warren groaned at the thought. He was *so* tired. Still, we went. And he never complained. I did. The only time he became flustered was when we had to cross a rope bridge and he had to let a carrier hold Janet tied on his back as he crossed.

I wonder if I can describe to you what a rope bridge is like. It

looks like what it is — a *rope*, high above the water. There are always two of them at the same place — one to go each way, because each one is high from atop a cliff on one side and low on the other. It is made of strands of bamboo and, in order to cross on it, you must have a wooden saddle which fits over it. Out of the top of the saddle two pairs of leather thongs are threaded. They are of great length, so that you tie your legs in with one pair and your shoulders in with the other. When you are securely tied in, with your hands atop the wooden saddle, you step off the cliff and slide as far as your weight takes you and then pull yourself on, hand over hand, to the other side. To those who've done it often, it is fun (they tell me), but frankly to me it was always terrifying. And when one of the men tied Janet on his back and went across with her hanging below him, maybe you can imagine my fear. Warren had gone ahead and met us both. But he too had been frightened so much that on the return journey we insisted she be held inside, on the man's chest, even though there is also great danger that way of rubbing against the rope and being terribly burned.

And so we arrived at the beautiful Morse home in Tada. Like my pretty apartment in Yea Chi, the greatest joy was in its preparation, for I had less than a year in it. And now the Morse family had only been in this fine home for five months and were preparing to leave for furlough.

There was great need for getting the problems of the field clearly before us before they left, and we appreciated that. But of all the advice we received the one thing which stands out clearly and which Bro. Morse emphasized strongly, over and over again, was this:

"Never," he said, "go over the heads of the elders. *They* are the shepherds here, not you. And they know their people much better than you ever will. Never think that the Holy Spirit is given to you more than to them — that you are wiser or more able to know God's will than they." Many a time, in the years to follow, I had to insist to the new missionaries that this advice is absolutely true and sound and doctrinal, also. The elders *always* knew best.

As soon as the three-day conference was over, we hurried home to prepare to be hosts ourselves to the Morses on their way out. Warren bargained for a young pig and had it butchered. And he worked at repairing some rain damage to the house and in trying to get his garden to grow in the red clay soil. But by the time the folks arrived, he was so weary that he could not even eat any of the good food we had prepared. In fact, he was sick.

The day before the Morse family left, Warren came down with such violent chills that it shook the house and then he went into a fever. The morning they left he insisted on getting up and sitting in the yard in his pajamas and robe. And he smiled and waved as they left, and said, as he shook Russell's hand at the last, "I'll try to see that there is still a man here when you get back." But it was neither possible for him to remain in Pugeleh in the time to come, nor for the Morses (except for Robert and LaVerne) ever to get back to the Salween Valley again.

A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS HAS FALLEN

Written by Warren when he heard
of the death of another missionary

“Open the ranks, ye Soldiers of the Cross,
Another comes to find his valiant place
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors,
And Oh, ye saints, ye witnessing clouds,
Let thy dear welcoming shouts ring out.
Unveil the shining myriad-studded crown
For him reserved; sweetly adorn
That pain-wracked, faithful brow.”

by Warren Dittmore

As soon as the Morse family were gone that day in late June, 1946, Dorothy Sterling sat down with us and told us that the rising fever chart she had been keeping was a typhoid chart and she wanted Warren in bed immediately and his room under quarantine, lest typhoid spread up and down the Salween Valley. She would nurse him and I would keep Janet and keep the

household running. His sheets and pajamas had to be changed and disinfected several times a day, and strangely, even though it was ordinarily the rainy season, the sun shone and dried the sheets after the washing was done every day of his illness.

And so began a month-long battle for Warren's life. During the first week, he could see and hear and talk with us and Janet, whose playpen bed was beside a knot-hole between the rooms, and where he could also see her through the door, and Janet would talk to him through that knot-hole. But then delirium began, and he threshed, day and night, and tried to get up. I had to start taking shifts with Dorothy and put Janet downstairs in Anzie's care, not even touching her for fear of contamination (which was very hard on us both). Sometimes Warren was lucid and would ask Dorothy to play her violin or me to sing to him. I knew the words of the songs but had never noticed before that in nearly all the old songs the third verse is about going to heaven and I always broke down on that verse. I knew I should be praying earnestly for my dear husband's recovery, but every time I went to my knees I could only say, "Lord, Thy will be done." I felt prevented by God Himself from praying any other prayer. And it hurt.

Yet, throughout his delirium even, Warren inspired us. Dorothy (Sterling) had been a R.N. for many years and she said that this was her first case where the patient never said one thing of which he ever need be ashamed. Sometimes, however, I had to hold him in bed because he wanted me to give him his shoes and help him put them on so he could go back to the Mekong Valley and hold the school he had promised them to teach. And sometimes he would ask me to send the people away now and let him rest. He would have been talking under his breath for a long time. And I would ask him who they were. (For, of course, there was no one there.) Sometimes he said they were angels. At other times they were people who were dying and weren't ready to die. And he was trying to help them get ready — to make their peace with God.

As I said, it was an inspiration to be around him, this man of

God. But it was heartbreaking not to be able to help him with some medical relief. It was in the days before aureomycin and we needed glucose and intravenous feeding badly and had none.

Several times Dorothy took glucose powder and tried to distill it. But then she would give herself a shot and it would knock her out cold. So she dared not give it to him. And he refused to drink it in juices. It was so rich it nauseated him and he had been allergic to rich foods ever since being ill (and nearly dying) with peritonitis, following a ruptured appendix as a teenager. So we felt helpless to help him.

At the end of three weeks, on the crisis day, he felt better and wanted us to write and tell his family so. We hoped that it was so. But instead of the fever going down — as it would have had he passed the crisis successfully — it continued to go up and that last week was the hardest of all.

On Sunday, I sent word to the church that I'd like the elders to come and anoint Warren with oil and pray for him. They would be barefoot, so Dorothy prepared a sterilizing solution for them to step into before leaving the room and robes for them to put on over their clothes. They came gladly, and Warren was so very grateful. Dorothy had two shots of morphine which she had saved to help him through the final pains of this dread disease. He was *so* grateful for that relief. And he was lucid and talked happily with the men who had come. They never forgot it.

And then, about 5:00 a.m. the next morning, the morphine wore off and Warren went to heaven. It was such a beautiful home-going. Our little mud house had only one candle burning by his bed and it was dark outside, but suddenly the room was bright with a ray of light shining right onto Warren's face and he said, "I hadn't intended to go, but they're calling me." Then he tried to describe how beautiful heaven is and how glorious the music he was hearing and he tried to sing with them, but that typhoid scum in his throat prevented a sound from coming. His face was radiant and I said to him, "Warren, I'll go over to the Mekong Valley and hold that school you wanted to hold." And then I added, "Weeping endures for the night but Joy cometh in

the morning." He nodded his head and then he was gone. A part of me went with him. I have never been the same person since.

We had to bury Warren's emaciated body, as soon as possible, to avoid the germs spreading and I chose a spot above the village where a wide sweep of valley and of the towering mountains across the river made a panorama which my husband always thought to be surely the most beautiful in the world. All day the sun shone brightly as we held his funeral around his heavy Chinese teak casket (lined with a blue satin comfort which had been a wedding gift).

In my grief, the brilliant sunlight seemed so inappropriate. But the Christians said, "He was an angel God sent down among us and he was too good for such unworthy people as we." My heart felt like that, too. He had always made me think of Enoch who "walked with God, and he was not because God took him." God wanted him up there with Himself.

Otherwise — why? Why? Why? We needed his help so badly — the inspiration and challenge that he gave to everyone he met. How would we, how *could* we carry on without him? At the same time I asked these questions in my heart, I also asked others of myself. It would have meant months of slow recuperation for Warren to get his strength back and how could we have held him quiet for so long? His spirit had always bounded ahead with joyful anticipation and his body kept pace with his spirit. The Lisu people who travelled with him wherever he had gone had said, "No one could keep up with him. He ran along the trails until he dropped and lay panting on the ground begging for water."

Yet, along the way, if he saw something he ought to do, he stopped to do it. One man, who came to comfort me after his death, told me how Warren saw him trying to put up a fence by himself, and stopped and spent an hour helping him before he went on. And on the trip he had so recently made back from the Mekong, he came in black with soot from having stopped to put out an incipient forest fire at the top of the mountain — alone. He was half a day ahead of the others in his eagerness to get home —

coming in the rain and carrying an armload of wild orchids to plant in our yard.

What a wonderful man! I always have felt, since I first met Warren, with his wise mind and kindly smile, that if God could make a man as good and kind and loving and as much fun to talk to and do things with as was Warren Dittmore (who it was my joy to call my husband), then the Creator who made Warren — and many another noble man, as well — must be even better to know, kinder and more loving, with an even keener sense of humor — fun to talk to and do things with. In other words, Christ Jesus is the Husband to transcend all husbands. But Warren also draws my heart heavenward — so that I can see him again — and my baby boy. I'm so very glad he has Jonathan with him in heaven and that he gave me Janet here on earth to steady my yearning heart and keep my hands and heart occupied until I could concentrate again on the work my Master had called me to do for Him out there. Children are truly a blessing from the Father.

One of Warren's old roommates wrote to me that year to say that often, when Warren played basketball or baseball, which he loved to do, the adhesions in his abdomen from his nearly fatal bout with a ruptured appendix and peritonitis would give him such awful cramping pains that he would writhe on the floor in agony. And at one such time, his roommate asked him, "Warren, should you be planning to go to such an arduous mission field when you have all this to contend with?" To which Warren replied, "If I have only one year on the field, it will be worth all the years of preparation I've spent."

I think the following statement written by Warren before he sailed for China expresses his own feeling about his early "home-going" very well.

"As a child and with a child's fertile mind, I often wished to have lived in an outstanding period of the world's history — to have been a character within momentous times. Today that is a wish gratified.

"In a most crucial era the Lord has endowed me with young

manhood, vision, training, and through Him, passion and power to succor a portion of the earth's great spiritual need. These are the thoughts in my mind today. The many years of dreams, decisions, and preparation are past. The long hours of initial Bible and language study, medical and dental training, agricultural work and manual arts are done with. The prayers and labors of two years for entrance into China are now realized, and at last, within days, I sail!

"But without wife and baby girl! That is harder to take than I realized. We had planned to enjoy the ocean trip together, this first time. But God has decreed otherwise, we believe, and so I go alone with many supplies. God has opened the door. That was our prayer. We must pass through, alone, if necessary.

"Very few missionaries are allowed to enter China now. We are favored. If the Lord wills and holds open the door, Isabel and our little Janet Leigh will follow in August by a safer route. I will, meantime, prepare our supplies in India for shipment to China, taking them through the customs and securing tropical supplies. Then we'll go the last difficult lap through the jungle and over the mountains together. If she cannot come, I'll go on alone. This procedure means a minimum loss of time. Brother and Sister J. Russell Morse need to return home this fall. Only sheer courage and will has enabled them to remain under existing circumstances so long. This is the reason for urgency on our part. The 5000 Lisu Christians must have oversight.

"But, though wife and babe may not go with me, there are still reasons for joy. The spirit of my living-link church will be a constant inspiration to our work. This is the Broadway Christian Church, Lexington, Kentucky, where Brother Orval Morgan ministers. In a letter recently from one of their members they pledged to remember our labors and the field and its exigencies twenty-four hours a day in prayer! What a marvelous thing! No church, this, without Sunday evening service or midweek prayer meeting, but a New Testament Spirit-filled, missionary-minded people.

"Then there is the joy of Christian parents sending me proudly

away. Yes, with tears in their eyes but with God in their hearts. Bless them, dear Lord, Thou knowest I am an only son.

“Oh, it is a precious task to represent the Eternal King; the most glorious service life possesses — despite its vast variety of labors and professions.

“How many times in recounting His goodnesses I’ve regretted having but one tongue to praise Him, one heart to love Him, one life to offer Him.

“Years ago my first interest in missions was kindled by marching armies in Ethiopia and China. War! When it seemed impossible to me that men could ever war again. Earnestly studying the reasons for such conflicts, this conclusion came to me: Christ and Christ alone can bring peace to a world like ours. More than this — Christ is the hope of men in every extremity! The basis of these convictions rested in my understanding of Jesus’ teachings that regenerated man is the most perfect answer to any problem life may present. Such individuals alone can assure a better world or logically inherit a perfect one. Realization logically begat responsibility and this constituted my call.

“With the acceptance came the necessity of preparation. I left the farm in north-eastern Kansas, where born and reared, to enroll in nearby Manhattan Bible College. Previous college training at Kansas State enabled me to be graduated from M.B.C. in 1941.

“While attending Manhattan my interest was attracted to the Tibetan field where so many Kansans have labored. There, I resolved, if it were God’s will I should serve Him. At Butler University I was able to wedge in pre-medical courses with missionary and graduate subjects in The School of Religion. Thence to Moody Bible Institute in Chicago where yet more mission courses are offered. There I obtained training in missionary medicine, minor surgery, dentistry, cobbling, carpentry and language.

“The primitive nature of my chosen field, and all that is required of us, made these courses necessary — years at Kansas State studying agriculture, to make gardens with budding and

grafting improved stock to native fruit trees; medical work and dentistry, to give confidence in treating the sick; and the Bible work of the classroom, to enable me to assume my share in the training of native evangelists and in preaching.

"Several years after having settled my interest on Tibet, it was my good fortune to meet Miss Isabel Maxey of that field. We were wed in Cincinnati, May 1, 1943. With seven years of college preparation back of me I was ready to return with her immediately. This was impossible, however, as part of our route was in enemy hands — through southern Burma.

"As to my attitude towards certain matters about the work: Faith missions I consider the Divine method, the New Testament church the Divine example, and immersion the Divine practice of entering relationship with Christ. Prayer is the Divine prerequisite for power, effective leadership and wise decisions. These things I certify with my whole heart."

There were many beautiful testimonials of his influence at home and abroad — one from a young American soldier he baptized in Calcutta while awaiting a chance to get in with our baggage to China; others from the people on the ship with him who never forgot his warmth and love of the Lord; many from fellow missionaries in Kunming where he had gladly helped to store the surplus left after our troops pulled out; a touching one from the U.S. Consul in Kunming who said in effect, "Why did it have to be your husband? He was so fine a man, so vitally needed. Why couldn't it have been me instead? I'm not anything near his caliber. The world can spare me, but not him."

One which I will include is from the David Rees family, our close friends at home and soon to be co-laborers in China: "Warren was a spiritual giant. We wish we were half the missionary he was. We feel his loss very greatly, and if two can be found to take his place, we know the Lord will raise them up. Satan must be fighting hard to maintain his hold in that land. Warren, I am sure, put up a valiant fight, and if we can arouse some out of their lethargy to be more zealous in their responsibility toward fields afar, then Warren will not have died

in vain. The task is a big one. I am not near the man Warren was in consecration to the task. I am prepared to do my share. Mrs. Rees and I are trying to take up where Warren left off when the Morses are back. Those must be found who will be prepared to follow us. We do not go with a feeling of heroics. We go with fear that we will not be capable of taking his place, but the Lord will be with us whether we, too, must sow a seed and die. There was a kindly stalwartness about his ways which were unmistakeably patterned after Him who said, 'Go ye.'

"Warren was never idle, even between moments of Chinese study in California. He went 'into the highways and hedges to compel' men to come to the Christ he worshiped.

"Perhaps God had a greater task for him. Perhaps God wished to awaken Christians in America to a deeper prayer life for missionaries abroad. Perhaps it will be a means of raising more missionaries to the field of service.

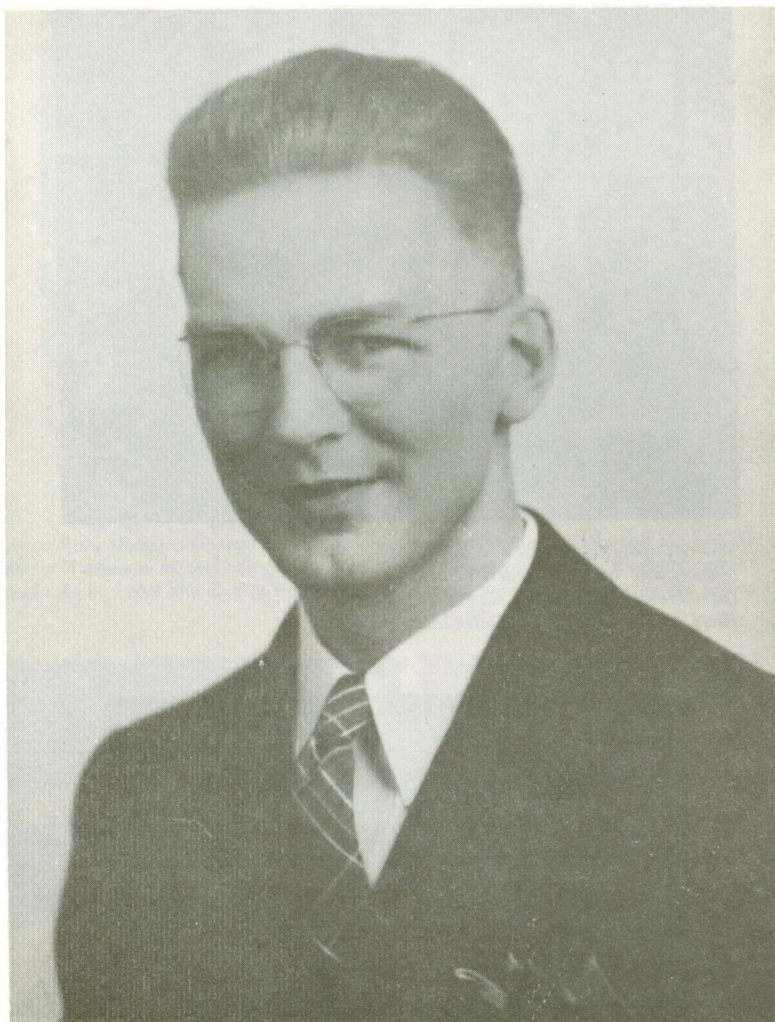
"Perhaps it will deepen the consecration of many a young recruit. Perhaps it will make them say, 'Lord, I am willing to go, even if it costs me my life.' Many have desired to live for Christ, some have desired to die for Him, but few have enjoyed the privilege Warren had of actually giving his life in its prime for the saving of others. We are the ones who suffer loss. Warren felt sorry for all those who had to stay at home in America and not see the mighty way God takes care of His own. I feel if Warren could speak to us now he would still be sorry for those remaining behind who have not yet tasted the greater glory." — J. Lois and David Rees

And one from the minister of his living-link church, Orval Morgan, pastor of the Broadway Christian Church, Lexington, Kentucky, of their Living Link missionary wrote of Warren:

"Warren Dittmore, young, brilliant, spiritual, evangelistic, went forth in youth's own way into a land not his own, having been challenged by the call of a restless country and her heathen people, that he might serve under the bloodstained banner of Christ as a soldier of the cross. By God's grace, and with the help and encouragement of many, plus his own ingenuity, he

commanded all means of travel to reach his post of duty. There, joined by his wife and baby, he began to pursue his enormous task. Progress was made; plans were being fulfilled and advanced into the future; obstacles were conquered when suddenly, and untimely to us, the last enemy of man claimed him and stilled his lips, but not his soul. . . .

“Yes, a soldier of the cross has fallen and a loved one of ours has been removed, but we know that he has fallen only to rise again and that he has been removed only to a better land. We do not understand this untimely event nor the seemingly strange turn of affairs, but ‘we know in whom we believed and are persuaded that He is able to keep that which we have committed unto Him against that day.’ ”



Warren Perry Dittemore, minister of the gospel and missionary to the Tibetan Border of China. This picture was taken in 1943. Born June 16, 1916; died August 5, 1946.



Warren's parents, George and Edith Dittmore, and his three sisters: Elizabeth (Mrs. Howard Newkirk); Lola Mae (Mrs. Ben Gross); and Lois (Mrs. Dale Caudle).



Janet at four months – in 1945 when we stopped to visit on our way to China.



Anzie Ruth Morse – who acted as interpreter for Warren on his last evangelistic trip and who in 1950 also died of typhus.



Dorothy Sterling, R.N. and the boy she later adopted (Mark). Dorothy nursed Warren indefatigably during his illness and is now also gone.



Warren's grave and the stonemasons who made the tombstone. It reads in Chinese, English and Lisu: "He being dead, yet speaketh."



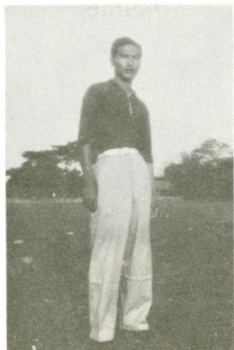
Amo – our Tibetan shepherdess and laundress – who washed out a whole stack of sheets every day of my husband's illness.



Students at our Pugeleh Preacher Training school, in the spring and summer of 1947.



A Lisu church "in the valley by the wild-wood."



Jesse Chu – youngest of the students from the school (above) some years later, as a college student in Myitkyina, Burma. He is now principal of the Christian Day Schools in northern Burma.

HE
LEADETH ME —
IN TRYING
TO FILL THE GAP

UNTIL I lost Warren I never realized how very much I had been leaning on him — his wisdom; his strength, both physical and spiritual; his utter reliability; and his love. I felt helpless to face the future and, I frankly admit, if I hadn't had Janet depending upon me, I wouldn't have had the heart to go on living. I was physically exhausted and emotionally desolated.

But I was not alone in being in a state of shock. I know that Warren's parents and sister, his nephews and nieces, some of whom he had baptized, were also overwhelmed with the news of his passing. And so many people who had been blessed by knowing him — people in the congregations where he had preached, school mates and teachers, friends and even strangers whom he had won to the Lord. This grief was genuine. Three baby boys born that year were named for him — one of them, my brother's son.

There were two groups I haven't mentioned yet, however, who were the most immediately aware of all that his death meant to us

who were left behind. One group was the Lisu people — many thousands of them — who knew he had come over to help them and who knew that now there was no missionary man on the field. They grieved and mourned for him. For even in that brief time they had learned to love him.

And the other group were his fellow-workers — the nurse who had so heroically fought for his life, Dorothy Sterling; the David Reeses (who named their second son, born that year, Warren) and who hurried to China to help fill the gap; and Jane Kinnett — who came to join me on the field the following year. And, of course, the Morse family — of which Robert was the only one to make it back before the Communist take-over in 1949. These all grieved with us deeply and wrote poignant testimonials to his heroism, one of which you read in the last chapter.

For myself, I was in a sort of daze for some months. Dorothy insisted that I go down-country to visit the Siering and Starr families for a few months and get us some much-needed silver dollars — for we were needing them urgently. Also, Janet needed clothes. Hers had never caught up with us (and did not for three years) and when winter came, she would need warm things — and shoes. So we made the long trek south — Anzie accompanying us. It was a trip I dislike to remember, for it seemed so lonely. And so many times, both Anzie and I wanted to turn back. One night we both nearly reached the breaking point — for we had never been close. It was a case of “no man being able to serve two masters” and she had been — and always was — Dorothy’s right-hand and never mine. So when, that night, she told me she wanted to leave and go back the next morning, I said, “OK. I’ll go with you. I never wanted to take this trip anyway.”

But the next morning when she awoke, she found a snake coiled up under her bedroll. She had slept on it all night. And she really was frightened. She said it was God’s punishment on her for being sassy to me and she promised to take every care she could of us from then on. And she did.

The very next day put her new resolve to the test. For it was pouring down rain and we were climbing the low pass between

the Yangtze River and Likiang Valley which was slick red mud all the way. We seemed to slip back two steps for every one we took up and before we reached the top Anzie and the horses had gone way ahead of the whagan carrying Janet and me. There was a tea-house at the top and I could not blame the men for stopping for nearly an hour to drink tea. But it meant that when we came to a fork in the road at the foot of the mountain, no sign of the horsemen was to be seen. Both roads led to Likiang and we simply chose one and headed east on it. The men hadn't even hesitated over which road to take and it wasn't until we stopped at an inn at dusk, and found there was no caravan in the town that I became rather frantic. In spite of an oil sheet roof over the whagan, Janet and I were both soaked to the skin. The food was all with the horses and so were dry clothes. We were shivering and hungry and, even though the gates to all the compounds in town were closed, I ran up each street calling Anzie's name — but with no response.

When I got back, Janet — alone, cold, hungry and frightened — was screaming with fear. And I had to calm her, take her to sit in my lap by the roaring fire and ask the landlady for some rice and eggs for the baby. The whole household knew what had happened and they were kind people. They invited us to share their evening meal and offered us some Tibetan rugs to roll up in, atop their largest grain bin. And so, soaking wet, we went to sleep in each others arms, rolled up in thick Tibetan rugs and I talked to Janet and told her this was only a once-in-a-lifetime experience and God would see that we didn't have any ill effects.

About 5:00 a.m., just after daybreak the next morning, I heard Anzie calling outside our compound and hurried to open the gates and let her in. She was almost incoherent with fright. For she had gotten up before dawn to hunt for us (taking things for breakfast with her) and had gone back to the fork in the road. There, as dawn broke, she saw wolves — which are often man-eaters in China — and she was really afraid. Alternately praying for God's protection and running she had come down the other road to find us and she literally stumbled into the

courtyard, absolutely exhausted. Bless her heart, she was trying her best to take care of us. After awhile, when she felt better, she fixed us a warm, welcoming breakfast. Our clothes had dried on us during the night and, although we were dirty, wrinkled and smelly, we had to go on into Likiang like that and ask for baths as soon as we arrived. Needless to say, our horsemen were there an hour ahead of us. Such experiences are, of course, rare. But they make us so grateful for a warm comfortable bed. And many a night I still do thank God for just that.

For three months we enjoyed the hospitality of these dear German missionaries. The American Consul had, at first, frozen Warren's bank accounts until the banks told him all our accounts were joint accounts. After that I could get the money we needed. I learned to knit from my German sisters, and bought yarn to take up-country; had a fur-lined padded Chinese gown made for Janet — in place of a coat; and many pairs of Chinese cloth shoes of sizes increasingly big for each half-year to come.

I also looked at and tried out numerous horses. I had decided to buy myself a horse here in Likiang where the Tibetan and Chinese horses were raced each year. I found just the horse I wanted. But Bro. Seiring decided they would buy him and let his wife try him out on a trip they were taking. If he panned out, they would sell him to me. And so we did. And they really hated to sell him afterward. He was a stallion who had won the gold medal at the races that year. They called him Hans. But when I bought him I changed it to Brinker, and he was worth a lot to me.

Finally, in December, we were ready to return and, riding on Brinker in front of eighteen month old Janet who was atop the horse behind and nestled in between our bedrolls, we had a pleasant journey back to Ai-Wa where the Christians came to meet us and take us to the Mekong Valley Christmas Convention at Washilogai.

It was there that Daniel told me that while Warren was so ill, he himself had lost three sons with dysentery. Every family had someone down with the fever and no one could leave to go over the pass to Pugeleh for medicine. (Every three years this dread

disease revives from germs in the ground.) And every family had lost several members. He himself felt that God had taken his sons, because he had given up the ministry in order to better himself financially. "Now," he said, "I have told the Lord that I will dedicate my life to helping you fulfill your ministry to the Mekong Christians. I had promised to help Warren. And now, in his absence, I will help you." God was good to tell me that. And although I returned to the Salween Valley for that winter and spring, I returned to the Mekong after the pass opened in 1947, and worked there until we had to leave in September, 1949.

Almost immediately after my return to Pugeleh, we had to rebuild the kitchen — dining — clinic wing of the bamboo house. We had issued invitations for a preacher-training school to be held for 6 weeks in April and May, and were in preparation, each of us getting our teaching notes ready. But before this (and while people needed work to earn money for taxes) we built the new wing of the house, a dormitory for the students and a new wash house.

I had been gone a long time and Dorothy was fretting to take a trip up and down the valley teaching people the value of inoculations and inoculating all who would let her do it. I had brought back fresh serum for smallpox vaccinations and typhoid shots. So she set off on her journey. She had been gone only a few days when tragedy struck again at Pugeleh. And this time it was Janet whom I nearly lost.

In a bamboo house it is almost impossible to keep things out of the reach of little hands. Cupboards are non-existent and shelves almost the same. Also, except for the outside doors which are wooden and on which we can put padlocks on the outside and bolts inside, there are no doors, only openings in the bamboo walls. On our bedroom doors we had pretty cretonne curtains and, for light, skylights in the grass roof. Bedside stands were boxes on end and they often had a hinged door and shelves inside. They became candlestands at night also.

Janet missed Aunt Dorothy who was often her playmate and this particular day, with one half the house torn off and being

replaced with new floors, she wandered into Dorothy's bedroom, looking for her, perhaps, or for some diversion.

Well, she found the diversion. It was a bottle of worm medicine, santonin and calomel, which is *very* potent but tastes sweet. And when I looked for Janet to put her to bed for her 1:00 p.m. nap, I found her on the porch with the bottle nearly empty and her hands and mouth full of the tablets. I sent a runner, at once, to ask Dorothy's advice but had no time to do more because Janet was so sleepy. I allowed her to go to bed but I feared that sleep. And I frantically read medical books to find some antidote. None had anything to say about santonin and calomel except, finally, one doctor's report. It said something like this:

"I was on a ship going home, when the crew came and asked me to dose them all with worm medicine. So I gave them each a five grain dose of santonin and calomel. An hour later, one man came and said he'd had no results. Would I give him another dose? So I did. And one hour later, he was dead. The moral of this story being: if you want to see a man alive two hours after giving him santonin and calomel, don't give him more than five grains."

You can imagine what reading that did to me. It simply galvanized me. I got some epsom salts out and prepared salts enemas and emetics for Janet. Then her amah came running to say she was vomitting. And she vomitted up dozens of pills. In between these spells of vomitting and up until 9:00 p.m. we gave her enemas. About thirty worms as well as medicine pills were disgorged from the enemas until, at last, nothing returned but water. Janet had been completely and thoroughly washed out and *she* was "washed out" — absolutely exhausted — but alive. And that was a victory for which we gave God all the glory. Janet has never been bothered with worms since, by the way, though they are an inescapable hazard to every person who lives in the Orient — bar none. For her, she inoculated herself before her second birthday. And the fright of it will never be forgotten by me.

I set about immediately reorganizing the storeroom, the clinic, the bedrooms and a new downstairs sitting room. I had several high shelves swung from the ceiling beams beside the walls. And

in the clinic I stacked boxes of little-used supplies or empty boxes below and put hinged boxes atop them so that the hinged doors would swing down to make a shelf and the medicines would be inside. It made it easier to dispense them, too.

If you have read "Janet's Diary," you read about how I used bolts of navy blue cloth to make a cozy sitting room for us then. Boxes on end (with doors) and a board across the top became a huge desk with a blue pleated skirt. Boxes with cushioned seats became our chairs around another wall. The flowered pink sewing machine skirt with gold-framed mirror above and the portable organ were all part of the charm of this room we enjoyed and when Dorothy returned, everything was neatly organized, the buildings were done, and we were ready to begin the school.

The school was such a satisfying, fulfilling job. How we loved teaching these hungry-hearted young men who wanted to "teach others also." They became our hope of the future.

One young man I began to think of especially that spring. He was only a boy of thirteen, but he had a Chinese father and Lisu mother, and being part-Chinese, had been allowed to attend grammar school (as Lisu children were not). He had a quick mind and easily excelled the others as a student. I named him Jesse.

Of course, it was not fair that the Lisu tribe could not go to public school. They paid taxes, as well as the Chinese. But since it was so, I began to think what it might mean if Jesse could go on to high school and college and become a recognized teacher who could teach an accredited school among his own people. And finally I broached the subject to him and asked him to pray about it and discuss it with his father — who was now a widower. As a result, Jesse decided to take on this responsibility and he helped me all summer in order to make some spending money ahead. Then in the fall he went down to Likiang and enrolled in high school. Our German friends helped him feel befriended and he went to church with them. He also learned to speak good English, and when he came home for holidays, was a great help to the new missionaries coming in.

For come in they did, David and Lois Rees and their sons,

Emrys and Warren arrived in the fall at Ai-Wa, after a year of language study at Kunming. And Jane Kinnett arrived in Kunming and began to study Chinese. And so, that gap caused when Warren “went home” was beginning to be filled.

During that year of 1947, after the closing of the school in Pugeleh, I prepared for and made the promised move over to the Mekong Valley. Ai-Wa was a Chinese village right on the river at the main boat crossing for starting the journey to the Salween Valley. So the location was very strategic for either traveling to the Chinese villages or to visit the Lisu churches. In fact, we had hardly arrived before I began to itinerate among the Lisu churches with Daniel — who was a born leader and who spoke English and Chinese and could not only explain to me the problems in each place but could generally find a satisfactory solution to them.

One thing seemed clear after that first tour of the churches and that was that the churches needed stronger leaders and that there were almost no preachers in that Valley. So while I “set my house in order” in Ai-Wa, I seriously considered how to meet the needs of the churches. How I went about it is discussed in the next chapter.

HE LEADETH ME THROUGH THE MEKONG VALLEY YEARS

ALMOST the first thing I did when I went to the Mekong Valley was to look over the shell of a house Russell Morse had started to build years ago, to see if it could be used. It was a two-story mud building and the mud walls had been put up about six feet on the two sides and all the way up at the back. It was roofed over but all the wooden fourth side of the building had yet to be done. It seemed to me it had great possibilities. Dratsilo, as it was called, was on the road up the mountain from Ai-Wa, the Chinese village on the river, to the mountain pass between the Mekong and Salween Valleys. The front of the building faced down the valley and there was a good-sized courtyard in front of it on which several small one-story Chinese buildings stood. So I decided to make this the Lisu Church and schoolhouse area from which to work.

But it was not yet tenable. So I went to Ai-Wa and rented a wing of the biggest house there — owned by a widow lady. The wing

contained her stable, under a three-room second floor and she also rented me one of her several kitchens, at right angles to it.

I promptly had the stable dug out, cleaned and white washed and used it for a box-room. One of the upstairs rooms — over the gateway court — was full of grain bins and this became our larder, where we hung leather bags of salt, baskets of tea, hams and bacon, strings of mushrooms, baskets of brown sugar, etc. Walnuts filled at least one grain bin, rice at least one other, wheat another, and corn another.

For life in these remote areas was very primitive as I have explained before. We washed, dried and ground our wheat, ground and boiled the oil from the walnuts, beat out the rice, and prepared the oats, corn and barley we bought for cereals or cookies or bread. We kept and milked our own cows, raised and butchered our own pigs and made hams and bacon from them, kept our own chickens, etc. I never tried to raise a garden however. People who came for medicine often brought fresh vegetables (of which there was a very limited variety) for their medicine.

Sometimes in season we could buy potatoes and/or “ito” — a potato-like root vegetable. And, in season, wild strawberries and wild grapes came in. There were plenty of mandarin oranges in the winter — and from all these fruits I made jelly, jam and marmalade.

Of course, I had a good helper in doing all this, for there was always something in season and it had to be purchased in quantity enough for a whole year and preserved the best way possible. I had a shepherd boy, too, to herd the cows and take Brinker — my stallion — out to pasture on the hill.

So, while getting Dratsilo ready for occupancy, we were busy settling in and preparing food for the winter at Ai-Wa. And, periodically, Daniel accompanied us on visits to each of the Lisu churches in the Valley, until we were well acquainted with the people and the problems in each place.

At the Fall Harvest Convention we announced that a school for potential deacons and elders would be held at Dratsilo for two

weeks in October, at which time the mission would hire by the day anyone who could spare the time to come help build the stone and mud walls of the house and retaining walls for the courtyard. We told them that a carpenter would be there working on the windows, doors and second-story floors of the house by day and classes would be held at night.

And that is what we did. Some also cut cords of wood and stacked it up the front (open) side of the house, so that Janet and I and our cook (who slept in the house-under-construction) would have privacy and be sheltered from the wind. The men used the other buildings on the compound. And so a beginning was made on our Dratsilo house and school.

When I heard that David and Lois Rees were coming and hoping to be with us by Christmas time, I had the carpenter come back to Ai-Wa to prepare them a place. The landlady had a lovely two-story wing on a little quiet and beautiful garden court which she rented them, and I had it cleaned and white-washed and ready for occupancy when they arrived.

There was one room upstairs and one room downstairs. Janet enjoyed "helping" me decorate everything for Christmas and I had our boxes moved aside to make room for theirs, in the box-room downstairs. And how we did appreciate their coming. For Janet it was simply wonderful to have playmates. And for us it was like old times in California to be together again — except how we did miss that important fourth member of the team, Warren.

As always, it took awhile for the Reeses to unpack and adjust to this new life and begin to concentrate again on a new language. We held numerous two week schools at Dratsillo during the winter and spring and had, each time, work done on the place (including the roadway to it) in the daytime and classes at night. But the house was still far from ready to move into when summer came.

In June, David decided to travel down to Kunming with Gladys Schwake, R.N. who was accompanying Melba Palmer down-country to be married to David's brother, Bill Rees. And David took Emrys along. They were gone all summer. When

David had been gone about a month, Lois fulfilled her longing to see the Salween Valley and visit Dorothy Sterling and the brethren there. They were busily preparing also for a school in the fall.

But, in the meantime, Jane Kinnett arrived up-country and joined me at Dratsilo where I was preparing for a school that fall too. Our school was to be for new or active preachers to come and study. Jane was busy, along with me, preparing her courses to teach. The school in the Salween was an advanced school for those who had studied in several schools before.

I was so pleased when the carpenter finished the three downstairs rooms at Dratsilo, plus one room upstairs for us to sleep in. The downstairs floor was of stone and one room was divided into a sleeping compartment for my cook and a kitchen. The other room, from which the stairway rose, was our larder-storeroom.

When school began the middle room became our classroom with glass windows across the front and benches and tables facing the blackboard. We had twenty-two students from three river valleys that fall.

During October and November that classroom did very well, but the stone floor became colder and colder for the bare feet of the students. So we were very happy when the far side of the second floor was completed and it became a large and sunny classroom with wooden floors. The boys, by the way, had made a dormitory of one of the Chinese buildings. We had restored it and white-washed it, and another building became a kitchen-dining room for the students.

Finally, when we moved the classroom upstairs, we had a Thanksgiving service and feast — at which David and Emrys joined us, home from Kunming after being detained by David's serious illness and now on their way over to join Lois and Dorothy in the Salween Valley.

Our school was supposed to end its 3 month session in the middle of December, allowing the boys to get home before snow blocked the passes. But, to our consternation, David had hardly

made it over to Pugeleh when the biggest snow of the winter came, cutting off all communication until late spring.

This put us all in a quandary. Six of the boys had traveled a whole month (from the most northern tip of Burma) to be there. They were not used to our winters and had no adequate clothing. That posed one problem. Then there was the problem of food. Each boy had carried with him rice for 3 months and enough money for incidentals of food, etc. for that long. Now it was nearly gone. How would we feed them?

And there was still another problem. We had been prepared to teach for those months and had worked on our notes (and translation of them) ahead of time. Now we had no more material ready. But we all had the unmistakable conviction that God had sent the snow to force our school to continue all through the winter and spring. And of course, we did.

We decided to allow the boys to work for one month in order for each one to earn enough for a wool suit of clothes. For two weeks we were getting the Ai-Wa house back in running order: rice pounded, walnut oil made, flour ground, pigs butchered, etc. with their help. Then I sent all twenty-two students up to Yea Chi to get the bolts of wool cloth (which I had asked Hsia Li — a Chinese-Tibetan Christian lady — to buy ahead of time from the Tibetans). She helped them sew themselves suits and then, when she saw Ellis Back and Philip Ho as they came through Yea Chi down from Batang enroute to Ai-Wa and on down-country, she knew what that would mean to me who had no cook engaged for the winter. She decided then and there to come along back with the students and help me.

That was not the whole story, of course. Her husband, a former preacher, had become an opium addict and she was desperate for Christian fellowship. They, too, had lost three sons, all born when he was serving the Lord, and she felt God had taken them back to Himself when her husband began drinking and left the Lord.

Now Hsia Li came to Ai-Wa as a complete surprise to me, and as soon as she arrived went right into the kitchen and cooked a delicious meal for my guests. Then she told me she felt that God

wanted her to help me through these winter months of the school. She had her tiny daughters with her. Jane Kinnett had an adopted daughter whom she had brought out of slavery in Kunming when she saw her in prison, after the child had tried to escape. The four children which included Janet were a happy quartet all winter. And how beautifully Hsia Li kept the wheels oiled and my house in "apple pie" order and food deliciously prepared all the time. In fact, I paid her board money for Janet who much preferred the Chinese food at Hsia Li's table to our western-type food.

We had had a real Christmas celebration that year while Bro. Back and Philip Ho were there. Jane and I prepared gifts for all the students of incidentals they would need — like school supplies, soap and combs. And I had asked David to bring up harmonicas for them all. I don't really remember the details of who gave what except that it was a very happy time, and we even decorated a Christmas tree in Ai-Wa before we all moved back up to school at Dratsilo. Here we prepared a little cabin for Hsia Li and her girls to live in and school began again.

How I needed that help from Hsia Li — as God had been well aware, because Daniel and I had to go at breakneck speed, double-stepping all winter in order to keep ahead of it all.

For one thing the boys had to work every afternoon to earn their food and necessities. Saturdays they had to beat out their rice, cut their wood, and wash their clothes. So one half of the students went out preaching one weekend, and the other half the other weekend, while the other half stayed home to prepare for the next week.

We had school five mornings a week and Daniel, Jane and I taught. But at 1:00 p.m. we had to give each boy his job for the afternoon. These included carrying rocks for the foundation of the new school and helping to cement them into place, cutting wood or carrying timbers for the carpenter to use, beating out our rice or carrying up supplies from the house in Ai-Wa. Planning work for twenty-two took time, and supervising it took more. But *our* afternoons were primarily spent in translating the notes for

the next day's class into Lisu and, sometimes, putting them on the blackboard ahead of time. It was simply exhausting for both Daniel and myself. Jane was our medical officer, taking care of all who came for medicine — using her Chinese with Hsia Li's help. And she, too, was studying Lisu that winter.

But, my! What a happy winter that was. The carpenter finished our house and the boys white-washed it outside. The living-dining room, between our bedroom and the classroom, was so pretty. Each of us had a desk with built-in shelves beside it. (Jane is left-handed so it worked out to be handy for both of us.) And each had an indirect lighting skylight over her desk.

There was a door between the desks onto a screened porch (and we each had a window over our desk) looking into the valley and the courtyard. The window in the back mud wall looked into the trees, and our dining table and chairs were beside it. For the long window-wall of our bedroom I finally had a chance to use the white venetian blinds I had kept from Cincinnati days and brought out. They were "one of the seven wonders" out there. And at all the windows I had yellow faille curtains with large pink roses on them made from material I had brought. They really made that house beautiful, along with the furniture I had had made for the house in Yea Chi years ago.

The new schoolhouse framework was ready to be raised in March. It had been raining for weeks and no one thought we could do it. But the carpenter who was *not* a Christian said, "Ordinarily I would sacrifice a chicken on the top beam to appease the gods but this time, instead, all of you must pray to your God to stop the rain while we raise this structure."

So I sent word to all the churches to pray and asked them to all come help us that day to put up the framework. And we women prepared a feast to feed them all. Right up to the day before, it rained all day. But that morning it was beautiful and men came from everywhere to help. It was a day of rejoicing and when the framework had all been fitted into place that evening we thanked God and dedicated the building to Him. Then we had our feast before the men went home. And the next day it poured rain

again. But now the roof could be put on; the mud walls could go up and our boys would have plenty to keep them busy. The first room of the new building was given to Jane — who certainly had earned it. The second became the classroom, and we prepared the former classroom as a guest room with which to welcome Robert Morse and his new wife, Betty.

David and Lois who came over often that summer bought a log cabin and had it erected on the compound as their private permanent guest house. Dratsilo had really become a popular meeting place for everyone.

Upon one thing all of the missionaries on the field agreed. We loved the Lisu people and were thrilled and challenged by them. At that time, there were roughly 12,500 Christians in the 65 churches of Christ in that area — where Tibet, Burma and China meet — and they were people who had really come out of an almost completely amoral society. To see the non-Christian Lisu people — dirty, drunk almost all the time, promiscuous and lazy — no one could have dreamed that such a transformation could take place. For years these mountain people had been exploited by the clever Chinese in the valley. It was the custom, when a Lisu brought something down to the valley to sell, to offer him some cheap liquor before “talking price” and thus get him befuddled so that he sold what he had brought for almost nothing. Thus they were always impoverished.

But with the coming in of Christ, the transformation of each individual was a thing of beauty. And the basic method of reaching these people was through a well-taught and dedicated corp of fine preachers. Generally, the opening wedge was when someone in the home was ill or in trouble, and prayer through the witch doctor had brought no relief. In desperation they would ask a Christian preacher to come pray to his God. But when the preacher went in he would insist that all heathen paraphernalia be taken away and no credit given to any but the one true and living God and His Son, Jesus Christ. Then he would pray and God would answer, and the family found faith for the first time. Afterward the preacher would spend a month or so with the

family — often working in the fields with them by day and teaching the whole family at night. He taught them with a simple primer to read and write their own language. The primer contained a very simplified story of the Bible and God's plan for the saving of the world through His Son. There were easy-to-learn songs and prayers also. As the family became literate, they became aware of God's concerned love for their eternal souls, and a new life (along with a new feeling of worth) began to change them completely. The whole family was usually baptized together.

Another thing was taken for granted also, as they entered the Christian society — that is, Christ's church. That was that they must repent of their sins and put them out of their lives. They would no longer be able to drink or smoke or be fornicators. They must put witchcraft out of their lives. This must be a complete break from the past. And it was no easier for them to make this change than for any other human being.

But it is God who empowers us to obey Him, after all. And the Church keeps growing because of *His* power — not ours. Thus the churches in Lisuland continued to grow. Of course, there were sometimes backsliders. But it was not so easy to backslide there as we sometimes find it to be, for the elders really shepherded the flocks there. And when anyone was a known backslider, the hand of fellowship was denied him until he publicly repented.

This "hand of fellowship" is a very real thing in Lisu country. Everytime one Christian meets another on the road or in his house or in the church, he shakes hands and says, "Hua, Hua," meaning "Peace, Peace." To be denied that handshake is, therefore, a public rebuke everyone recognizes. And it is a real deterrent to backsliding, believe me.

Imagine our joy, then, to be helping to train these teacher-preachers of not only the Lisu tribes but of the Cho and Rawang tribes from Burma, where there were now about 5000 Christians.

We had six Cho students in our school who really did not know

Lisu very well. They had had to learn it after they came, in order to study with us, and it was never easy for them. Daniel could speak English and Chinese, as well as Lisu, for he had lived in the Morse home and attended their Chinese school as a child. He could translate excellently from either English or Chinese. But even so, I always tried to see comprehension on the faces of the students before going from one point to another.

The Oriental is trained from birth to keep his countenance impassive, no matter what he feels inside. So sometimes it seemed to me a student was stolid rather than just impassive. (And I'm sure a lot that we taught went over the heads of these Cho students, anyway.) But Peter of Burma was my barometer. His face reflected his thoughts perfectly. At first, he would frown deeply over what he could not understand. And I would go over it again for him. If he still frowned, I would say it in a different way until I saw comprehension in his eyes and finally pure joy would emerge, and I was repaid for the effort. I will never forget his final exam sermon. (One of my courses was Homeletics and preaching a sermon was the final exam.)

In the sermon Peter told about coming to school from a one-month's journey away in Burma. Fifteen young men started out to school together. But it was the rainy season and it was very difficult to travel. The mountains on the Burma side are even steeper than in the Salween and the roads were mere monkey trails. It seemed that they slid back more than they moved forward. Their loads were heavy and they were soaking wet the whole journey. He told us how, one by one, the less enthusiastic ones dropped out and went home. And only six of them completed the journey. And then Peter's whole face lit up as he exclaimed, "And just look what they missed!"

Such students as that make the heart sing for joy — no matter how tired one may be. And when school neared its close early in May, I hated to think of the parting to come. I hoped so much that Robert would make it before the final feast. David Rees did make it — the first over the pass.

That last night as we ate and talked informally together, the

students told me they had a confession to make. And something I had often been upset about was finally explained. Every night at 10:00 p.m. I would open my window and call over to the men's dorm and say, "Be quiet now and go to sleep!" At least I thought I had been saying that. But what I had actually been saying was, "Make a lot of noise and to to sleep!" And they would always roar with laughter. I had been piqued by it, over and again, and they apologized. But they said they had enjoyed it too much to tell me sooner.

And so, our students left and I — having prepared both Ai-Wa and Dratsilo for the coming of Robert and Betty — decided I must go down-country for awhile and try to see a doctor. I felt sure I had TB (a disease very prevalent in this very humid climate). My chest hurt continually and I had a hacking cough which would not let up. I had been working under pressure so long that I was simply "done in." And actually, I discovered later, I was correct in my assumptions.

But now, this summer of 1949, we were very conscious of the changing state of the country. As a matter of fact, we had been aware of it all winter, too. But being cut off by the snow had given us a "lease on time" and an unreal sense of security.

Not but what we had not been busy "redeeming the time." We had been, for new villages up and down the valley had been begging for someone to come preach to them and we had tried to answer every call.

Bro. Morse (Russell) had written to us in September, 1948, to say, "You have just one year left before the Communist take-over. Please try to prepare the people for it and for facing death for His sake." It was something we hated to think of but we knew it was true. And so did the people. For they had heard the rumors from the rest of this beleaguered land, even in this last and farthest outpost of China.

Accordingly, we had impressed this knowledge upon our students. When we spoke at the Christmas Convention, we asked the Christians what they wanted us, as missionaries, to do when the Communists came in. Did they want us to stay and die with

them, or be imprisoned? Or did they prefer that we leave? Which would help them the most? We asked them to pray about it, discuss it, and give us their answer at the Easter Convention. And they had done so. Their decision was this: "Please do not stay here and be imprisoned or killed. It would mean that we would not feel free to flee ourselves — as we know how to do in these mountains. We would want to help you and would be punished if we did. But if you would go on over to Burma, we would know that the Lord's work was going on. If you hold schools over there, we will try to come study in Burma, just as the people of Burma have come to study with us."

Their advice was sound, and again we listened to the elders as Russell Morse had insisted we must do. We had each prepared a bedroll bag to take with us when the time came — a bag into which we dropped little "important" items, from time to time, so that — one day when we had a false scare we could none of us lift the bag we meant to carry.

One of the last of the urgent calls for a preacher that we answered had been one to Yea Chi — the Chinese village where I had formerly lived. After Mrs. Li had come to cook for me that winter and stayed to help, her husband had begun to repent and reform and return to God. And he was joined by the teachers in the Yea Chi school.

They had begun a daily Bible study class together — ten of them. All had once been students in the Christian school the Morses had begun back in 1927. And none of them had ever forgotten their wonderful teacher, Mr. Tan — an earnest Christian who was martyred (murdered) by a jealous teacher (and, as everyone knew, at the instigation of the cruel Yea Chi "king"). Now they were free of that evil king of whom the whole town had always lived in deadly fear. And they wrote to ask us to come back and give Yea Chi another chance.

At first I paid little attention to their letter. But when, in February a second letter came and then in March a third letter, I realized how much in earnest they were and that if anything happened to them and they had not been baptized, their blood

would be on our heads. So at Eastertime we declared a week's vacation for evangelism and our party — Jane and I and Hsia Li and all our girls — left for Yea Chi.

Here we were met by ten earnest men, not so young anymore, but very repentant and ready to accept the Lord. We talked with them and studied with them and worshipped with them and took their confession of faith and finally, a truly reformed preacher Li baptized them. We had warned them to count the cost before they took this serious step, for it would cost their lives. But they had replied, "We will die, in any case, and we are not ready to face God. *He* is the one we fear — not the Communists."

But what really thrilled me was their immediate goal of trying to reach their own people with the gospel that summer. They sent to Kunming for Chinese Bibles and tracts and books and made very graphic picture posters from which to preach and they spent the entire summer traveling to the Chinese villages, up and down the valley, and preaching and teaching to their own people — giving them all "one last chance."

Needless to say, Hsia Li stayed in Yea Chi then with her husband, but her sister (my former housekeeper) Hlanzon, came back with us. (And after Yea Chi was later burned by the Tibetans, the Lis came to Dratsilo also.)

That was an unsettled summer in the Mekong — a summer of unrest and fear and trembling followed by the coming of the hard core Communists in September. But that makes another story.

HE LEADETH ME — THROUGH THE COMMUNIST TAKE-OVER

THE SUMMER began, for me, with the coming of Robert Morse and his beautiful girl-bride, Betty. We were still at Dratsilo — although I had hoped they would arrive before school closed and we had taken a team down to clean and white-wash the “guest apartment” we still held in Ai-Wa. We had a room prepared for them in Dratsilo also until they decided where they wanted to live. But I wanted so much to see a doctor and get “off my feet” again that, even though I was glad to see them, I went ahead preparing to leave.

Everyone came down from Dratsilo for a few days to see Janet and me off. I was not even up to riding a horse for the long journey so had hired a whagan to carry me and several men to carry Janet and our food, bedding and clothing. In fact, we were expecting the arrival of Eugene and Helen Morse any day, and I felt hesitant in my mind about leaving before they arrived to tell me how the land lay, politically-speaking, to the south.

It was just after lunch. I had filled our canteens with fresh boiled water and attached them to Janet's basket (with its woven seat halfway across, its oilskin canopy over her, and her cookie tin, canteen and potty under the seat, and toys tied on the edge of the basket), and my whagan was ready to leave, when in walked Jesse Chu. He had been returning from school, coming up-country along with Eugene and Helen and baby David. And, after several delays, they had finally begun the caravan journey from Likiang. The first night out, however, a group of Communist soldiers stayed at the same inn they did and, during supper, got into an altercation and one of them, seemingly accidentally, shot off a bullet which ricocheted from one wall to the other, missing Helen's head by inches. It was a warning they heeded. The next day the Eugene Morses returned to Likiang, sending Jesse on with a note warning us of approaching trouble.

My premonitions then had been correct, and I just paid off the carriers and unpacked and went to bed. I knew that bed rest was what I most needed and could best get at Dratsilo, so I spent most of that summer trying to get well. Of course, I was often interrupted. And then I would get up and dress and "be sociable." But with everyone else going and coming, the Reeses and Jane and Robert (and Betty preparing things for her expected baby), I just left the whole Dratsilo compound in their care. My biggest concern was for Janet's welfare and for my horse.

Once, in Ai-Wa, someone had hurried in to say that the Communists across the river had field glasses and were looking at and exclaiming over my horse. They planned to come "borrow" him — as they had "borrowed" (stolen) anything they saw that took their fancy. Before they could get across the river, however, I had had Brinker brought and saddled, while I dressed for riding and, with Janet in front of me, had sped up the trail on my horse to Dratsilo. Now we kept him pastured where he would not be seen from any direction, because I felt I could never leave without his help.

It was early in June that a delegation of young Communists came to call on me. I'm sure they wondered why I kept them

waiting so long, for I was really too ill to see them. But these were all students, home from the universities for the summer, and they were “sold on” Communism. They spoke of it with stars in their eyes.

They told me how Communism was going to change China unto Utopia. All the land would be divided up equally and the four main evils of China would be done away with — that is, drinking, gambling, opium-smoking and adultery. Then they came up with a clever gambit when they said, “We have been watching the Christian communities up here, and we see that the Christians are already leading clean lives like this. So, since we both teach the same thing, we won’t bother you if you don’t bother us.”

Well, I may have been sick but I wasn’t *that* sick. I replied, with vigor, “Why, young men, the difference between what you teach and what we teach is as great as night is different from day. For these people are not changed by *us* but by Jesus Christ. He has changed them inside and made them *want* to be good. No man can force a man to be good from the outside. He himself must want it from the inside.” Then I explained that the reason the Christian wants to be good is because he has the promise of life after death — eternal life. He would be living in heaven with God. God is good and God is love and so, in order to live with Him, our lives must be good, too. And kind. And this hope was the joy of the Christian life. “But,” I added, “you do not have this hope. For you do not believe in life after death. All you can give them is a dream of a piece of this land. But you know how steep and hard to farm it is. It is nothing that can give a man any satisfaction.”

I did not say so to them but (to give you an idea of the steep mountainsides the Lisu people farmed), in the last three years, I had lost three milk cows when they were bumped by a cow from behind and fell to their death.

As I had been speaking of the Christian hope, however, I had seen the “hungry look” in the eyes of these young men. They were like the whole human race and they too wanted something better than this life. So I said to them, “Would you like to have this same

hope we have? Would you like God to forgive your sins?" And they all said, "Yes, we would." So I gave them each a Chinese Bible, wondering if they would read them.

And when Robert, returning to and fro through Ai-Wa, told us that these men were reading the Bible to the soldiers they were drilling — every morning and every night — I took hope that they would become Christians.

The summer went on. We sent more and more supplies over to the Salween Valley and kept on answering the growing demands in our valley but I was still recuperating. After several months in bed, however, I seemed to revive and began to be active and feel healthy again and to praise God for hearing prayer and raising me up. The Reeses had moved over to the Salween Valley completely — while Dorothy Sterling took a trip over into Burma.

Robert and Betty were sending things on, planning eventually to move into Burma themselves for the continuation of his translation work. They hoped, however, for their first child to be born before having to make that long and arduous journey.

Suddenly September had come and with it a change in policy by the Communists.

That month the Mekong Valley churches were holding their Harvest Convention at Ga-Cher-A-Jieh, some hours up the mountains to the south of Ai-Wa. I had been asked to come and speak and, as I was feeling much better, I agreed. Traveling down through Ai-Wa where many of my supplies were kept, I stopped to get medicines, Bibles and hymnals, food supplies, my bedroll and my portable organ and to meet the carriers from the host church who would carry these things up to the convention, as well as Janet — who was then age four.

To my amazement I found the courtyard full of people, mostly Lisu with only a scant knowledge of Chinese, being harangued by a man I had never seen before — but a hard-core Communist organizer. There was no question about that, for he was angrily denouncing Gen. Chiang-Kai-Shek and all capitalists — especially Americans.

When I walked in and opened the door of my apartment,

however, everyone who was sick or who had someone at home who was sick, got up and came to my door to ask for medicine. I knew that not only was I in danger, so were each of these men (for they were all men). I whispered to them, "If you value your life, go back and sit down until this man is finished." They did so and I went ahead with my preparation of the loads to be taken.

The man soon finished, for he had a headache and he sent to ask me for some aspirin tablets. I sent them to him and dealt with all the other requests before leaving with the carriers to finish our journey. Brinker, my horse, and Janet and several others were waiting outside.

But as I started to the gate, suddenly the man across the courtyard sprang up angrily and yelled at me, "Who are you?" I answered politely and inquired, "And what is your honorable name?" He ignored that and rudely demanded, "Where are you going?" I told him. "And when will you be back?" I said I didn't know, and left. But I left knowing that it was the last trip I would ever be able to make into Christian villages in the Mekong Valley.

In fact, hardly had we unrolled our bedrolls onto our camp cots at the convention than a runner from Dratsilo arrived with a note saying, "We are leaving in the morning for Burma."

That night, with a breaking heart, I poured out my love and concern to the people but reminded them how much more Christ and His Father loved them and would see them through every tribulation — ending up by reading them the last verses of Romans 8. "*Nothing* can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus." Friend, do you believe it? Well, they did and before the end came they *knew* it. For they all died singing. And these thousands of Christians were *ready* to die and to enter their glory and live forever with the Lord.

But the deep sorrow I felt, as we left before dawn the next morning to get through Ai-Wa and up to Dratsilo before anyone knew it, was for the people who had come from towns way down to the south, where we had never gone, begging me to come on to the south and give their town a chance to hear the gospel. And it was too late.

I came back to Dratsilo to find everything in readiness for our departure and to learn why this was so sudden. We found that Jesse (who had gone back after the summer to enter school in Likiang again) had returned — by round-about routes to avoid Communist soldiers — with two letters. One was from the Morses in Kunming (including Eugene and Helen) saying that they were leaving for Hongkong and advising us to go out through Burma. And one was from the American Consul saying the Consulate was closing and they were leaving and strongly urged us to do likewise. But a third letter had also arrived the day before from Col. Lu — a fine officer (from the Nationalist army) who was being forced to act as an officer for the Communists now. He was a believer, married to one of our Christian Chinese girls, and he had tried to help us many times and in many ways. Now he sent a note to say, "As long as you remain in this valley, I will do everything in my power to help you. But once you go over to the Salween Valley I can do nothing for you." This was his written message. But he sent a messenger with it who was related to our cook and, by word of mouth, he said Col. Lu told us that if we ever expected to leave, it must be now and that we must go all the way to Burma.

There were great problems to leaving, of course. For one thing it had been raining and, although we had washed our wheat, it had not dried and so could not be ground. We knew a famine condition prevailed in Burma and the main things we took were food supplies. Another problem was carriers. We told no one we were leaving (though, of course, they all knew it). Ostensibly, we were going to the Salween Valley for a conference. If those who carried for us were asked, that is all they had been told, so they were safe. We had kept carpenters and helpers working right up to the day before, so that no one would panic.

But now, as I said goodbye to all the dear helpers we were leaving behind — to certain death, it was heartbreaking. It was a beautiful sunny day and the house and school looked so beautiful — the brave yellow-flowered curtains and the venetian blinds still at the windows — all the valuables but one Tibetan rug left behind

and a vast cupboard of valuable medicines. Now it was just ourselves going with the children and the bare necessities of food and clothing. I urged those staying behind not to let the care of "things" keep them from coming to join us. But I think they just couldn't believe what would come to pass until their lives were taken.

When we got to Pugeleh the following night we did have a conference. Dorothy (Sterling) had just arrived back from Burma one week before after a whole summer there. She told us that a house had been built for us at Tiliwagu — the largest congregation in the Irrawaddy Valley area — and everyone was eager for us to come. In fact, she had been urging us to come to Burma all summer.

We decided that we had better not all leave at once. Jane and I would go first, ostensibly to visit the churches to the south. The Reeses would go two days later and the Morses and Dorothy would follow last.

Accordingly, we started out the next day and had gone only a few hours journey when some Communist soldiers wanted to know where we were going. "We're making a visit to the southern churches," we answered and continued on, without stopping for the usual rest on top of the mountain ridge we had just climbed. We met no more soldiers and we traveled several days' journey, clear to Agapo — the last village before crossing the river and starting over to Burma. Here we held a meeting with the Christians and I made arrangements to leave Brinker and have someone bring him over later. We asked for guides and carriers but couched our questions in such a way that no one could say they knew our destination. The next morning early we said goodbye and crossed our last rope bridge. We were leaving China, not through the back door, but through an unnoticed hole in the wall. For really there was no road to follow. It was simply a "way out."

Nor can I ever really describe that journey. Jane and I had to walk, of course, but our children were carried. The first part of the journey rose almost perpendicular before us and had to be

scaled — often by climbing up strong hanging vines while the guide — from a vantage point above — held down strong hands to help us. As the days progressed, we found it best to walk up streams, wading with our shoes on, up to the source — but always climbing. And when we went down the other side we still found small rivers the most negotiable roads. The most frightening places were atop the cliffs when we had to walk on sloping bare rocks that were slick with moss or even water. It was, as Dorothy had pointed out to us, a road so hard to travel that any we had traveled before would seem like Fifth Avenue in comparison. Jane — who had come back from one trip that summer barefoot because her shoes had been so cut up by the road — asked Dorothy if that road was included. And Dorothy said, “Yes, even that road is included.”

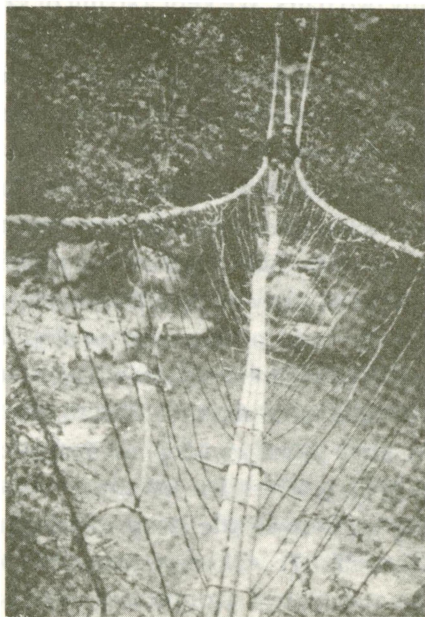
Every night on the trip we mended and washed the clothes worn that day and put the other pair of pants on the next day, for we each had only two pairs. We kept a string of safety pins handy and the bantering and teasing we gave each other kept us laughing and moving, instead of crying. Finally, after five days, we came down to the first village in Burma, called Nidadi. And there we awaited the others.

We hadn't long to wait. For after we left, the Reeses got ready and left the next day. After they left, the others got ready and came a day behind them. They all came together from Agapo on, however, and they left early on Sunday morning, knowing that Communist soldiers were coming to try to stop them. They had been told that the soldiers were only about an hour behind them, but when church time came about 11:00 a.m. and they were high up the precipice, they found a wide place and stopped to worship God — soldiers or no soldiers. Do you suppose it was their joyous singing, floating back down the steep mountain or simply the hand of God Himself? We will never know. But we do know the soldiers gave up and turned around and went back.

So the journey continued. It was a nightmare trip for Dorothy and Betty and Robert. Betty's baby was due in less than a month. Dorothy stayed with her, in case the birth took place during the

trip. And Betty, often frantic in her mind, would sometimes be pulling the men trying to hold her back and swiftly going up the mountain saying, "I've got to get there before my baby is born." And she did. In fact, after arriving in Nidadi they went on four more days to Tiliwagu, only stopping overnight in Nidadi. And they were in Tiliwagu for two weeks before Jonathan was born.

Meantime the Reeses, Jane and I stayed behind to await the people who were to come later with food we would all need. Then we went on to Tiliwagu and joined the others. There we found a big bamboo house with one kitchen and one dining room and one reception room and with five bedrooms — one for each family. Crowded as we were, we were so very grateful to have this home in the wilderness and so glad Jonathan had been born safely, that it never occurred to us to complain. We had come to Burma and were safe and welcome here.



Traveling across this swinging bridge to Wu-Nyi was the most frightening thing I ever did.



Students who studied for six months in our preacher training school at Dratsilo in the fall and spring of 1948-49.

In above picture, Jane Kinnett (now Mrs. John Hill) is at right and Daniel is in the back row, just to the left of the slightly open door.



The six students of the Cho tribe in the most northern tip of Burma. They travelled two month's journey to attend our school. Peter is the tallest.

Note Dratsilo house in background.



Janet and I on Brinker, our sturdy stallion.



Left to right: Jane's adopted daughter, Mary, and Janet with Shu Yin's two little girls on either side of her. Behind are the carpenters working on the new building and behind that one of the many mountains that surrounded us at Dratsilo.

A scene from the Easter Convention of the Mekong Valley churches at Ga Cher Ajieh.



HE
LEADETH ME —
FOR SIX MONTHS
IN BURMA

THE CHURCH in Tiliwagu was really the largest Church of Christ on the Burma side of “The Hump” at the time we arrived in Burma. (“The Hump” was the nickname U.S. flyers gave to this highest range of mountains flown by any human beings.) The church at Tiliwagu numbered nearly 600 members in 1949, but it had its beginning in a rather wonderful way when two young lads, brothers, heard one of our traveling evangelists preaching in a town nearby. The boys had left their fields early to get all the way to Kobudeh in time, and they were very late coming back. Their father was very angry at them for leaving their work early but even more so when he learned why. For he wanted nothing to do with this new religion. And he forbade the boys to go again — on threat of having to leave home.

Yet the boys knew they *would* go again and they *must* have a New Testament and hymn book so they could study and learn more about this Jesus the evangelist talked about. How could they buy a

Bible and hymnal? Well, each of them owned one fat chicken (and nothing else). And so, the next day they made their plans as they worked in their father's field and that evening they took their chickens with them and left for the town where the evangelist was staying. They spent the night, after buying the two books, learning from him the plan God had provided for their salvation, and at the service began to learn the beautiful songs in the hymn book. They knew they could not go home again, so they stayed and studied again the next day, meantime helping in someone's field in exchange for meals.

By the time the evangelist had left Kobudeh, the two brothers had not only been baptized but had studied enough that they were ready to "teach others also." And this they began to do.

There was an abandoned house in Tiliwagu — abandoned because the bamboo floor was weak. The boys took it over as theirs — going into the mountains to dig roots and find herbs for eating — when no one in the village had work they could do for food. But at night they always sang the beautiful songs they had learned and read the Bible aloud. And people gathered at their hut to hear them sing and talk about the Lord and read from God's Book.

The crowds kept growing until one night the weak floor collapsed under the weight. By this time a number of people had been baptized and now they felt it was time to build a church. This they did, and from their tithes and offerings, fed their preacher boys — sending each of them (one at a time) to the Salween Valley to study with us.

So the church grew as their young preachers grew — physically and spiritually and intellectually. It became a "Mother" church to many offspring up and down this Irrawaddy tributary. Now they were proud to have the missionaries among them and so, at Thanksgiving time, they held a convention here.

I must tell you about a Lisu convention, for they are really thrilling events. For one thing, how the people love to sing and how *beautifully* they sing! Even the little children sing all four parts. You can imagine how delightful and harmonious the

singing is to listen to. At this convention Robert had his accordion and I had my organ and they made enough accompaniment for the many more than one thousand people who came.

But it isn't only during the sessions that they sing. They sing all night as well. They begin with No. 1 and sing right straight through the book — even though there were nearly four hundred hymns in the book at the time. Then they learn the new songs that have either come from the U.S. recently or have been written by some Lisu or Rawang poet or musician. So the delegates all go home with something new to teach the people back home.

Of course, nearly everyone gets groggy and has to go somewhere to stretch out and sleep awhile. But since there is not room for everyone to sleep, anyway, each one snatches only a few hours rest somewhere.

· And the preaching! How it always amazed me! These men had no concordance to help them find all the scriptures on a particular subject. Neither did they have commentaries or helps of any kind (except their notes from study in our schools), but they could preach such heart-stirring and mentally stimulating and spiritually sound sermons that I was *always* surprised and moved and thoroughly convicted that God's Spirit is as able to stimulate the heart and mind of new and even newly literate Christians as He is older, more experienced ones.

It was after this convention that Ti-Chi-Gu (Tychicus) and his father (the Rawang tribal chief who had first challenged Robert to do their Rawang Bible) invited me to come to Wu-Nyi, their home town, to perform a wedding and hold some meetings. I went gladly, but this turned out to be the most physically difficult call to answer of any I made in Burma (in fact, I almost dare to say, of any on the mission field). We had to cross a swinging bridge, going each way to Wu-Nyi and it was several hundred feet above the river and in a sad state of disrepair.

Actually the steel cables across the river were sturdy enough. But from them only bamboo strips had been used to hold up the foot path (of loose boards) between the cables. Only one person

dared cross at one time and I started out bravely, holding on to the bamboo strips on either side. But the farther I walked, the more the bridge catapulted with each step, so that it was like a heaving sea in the middle. And here the cables (which were high at each end) barely reached up to my knees. I could then understand why even the native women screamed in fear as they crossed. It didn't help, either, to know that the reason we had to use the bridge was that there were pythons in the river there which overturned rowboats when they were hungry.

After I had safely crossed and Janet's carrier had arrived after me, I decided I would crawl back on my hands and knees when we returned. (And I did.) But once we arrived in Wu-Nyi, we were given the red-carpet treatment. They had a little house for us to stay in and they brought us coffee and sugar and canned milk (purchased about ten days away from there) and even a tin of sweet crackers to eat with it. We were the guests of this Rawang chieftain and his son Tychichus, who had been my student. Now one of the family was being married.

I must tell you about marriages among the Christians in both China and Burma. It had always been the custom for families to sell their daughters for as high a bride price as possible — generally a cow and a pig and several large iron pots for cooking (more if she made especially fine woven cloth and could bleach it nearly white). The elders of the church decided, however, that if a woman has a soul to be saved, she is not a chattel to be bought and sold.

So the very first thing that a new Christian had to convert was his pocketbook. He could not sell his daughters. And of course that meant that soon everyone wanted a Christian wife. But it was not that simple to get one. You had to be a Christian yourself. Then you had to write to her (giving your letter to the elder of your church to take to the elder of her church) and they, in turn — after reading the letter to see if it was in good taste — took it to her.

The girl was given several weeks to decide whether she wanted to answer the letter or — if there was a proposal in the letter —

whether she wanted to say “yes” or “no”. When she had answered orally to the elders, her reply was taken back to the suitor. If she was agreeable, then the wedding plans were made.

Even with these red-tape formalities to go through, however, there were men who became “Christians” (?) just in order to get a wife free. And then, after the marriage, went right back into the world again — living as the heathen lived. So, very soon the elders came up with a solution to this problem. They were not going to have their good women despised by heathen men. Thereafter (and until now) any man marrying a Christian girl had to sign a contract which said that if he went back into the world (drinking, smoking and committing adultery) he had to pay two cows, two pigs and four iron pots (just double what a heathen woman would cost). And that put a stop to that problem at once.

The wedding was, of course, lovely. There is no point in comparing it to a wedding here. Comparisons are odious. And they would not find our weddings to their liking either. The Rawang people — men, as well as women — wear sarongs and they are very beautiful — often of a kind of stiff thin taffeta silk which doesn’t wrinkle and which pleats beautifully. The men wear plaid patterns and the women flowered ones. The women of Burma (as everywhere in the world) can be very beautiful and made to look even more so by their wedding finery.

After the wedding I stayed on to conduct meetings for a week and to try to pick up a little of the Rawang language, with Tychichus’ help. I often needed to make myself understood as I traveled. Then I returned to Tiliwagu.

In December we all began to prepare for Christmas — a Christmas where there were no evergreen trees or red berries. But more than that — with none of us having anything to give. It had seemed to us that nothing worth much had come over the pass — except our much-needed flour and all the tins of beef I had canned after my third cow had fallen out of her pasture and broken her neck that summer. (Robert said I just got hungry for beef each year, and tied a rope around the cow’s neck and shoved her off a cliff — for each of them had been shoved off, by another

cow coming behind.) Among the things we had brought to China were tins for canning and a can sealer, and I canned stew beef and ground beef when each of my cows was killed. It really was wonderful to have meat to eat that famine winter.

But to get back to Christmas, one thing we had lots of was Mentholatum. David had brought up a case of it and it seemed to be mixed into every load until he hated the sight of it. (So he got a jar from each of us — wrapped in ingenious ways — for Christmas.) Jane and I had learned to knit, the year before, and I had brought over a lot of yarn, so she made wool socks for all the children and I crocheted or knit a cap for each one. I had a lot of blue and red cloth so I made shoe bags for everyone. One day Jane came into my room and saw one on my bed and said, “Surely you don’t plan to give me that. I only have one pair of shoes and I’m wearing them.” (The same was true of me.) But I replied, “You can use these for lots of things besides shoes in these shelfless, closetless bamboo houses.” They could be attached to the wall with bamboo strips.

And one thing Lois had which made it nice that Christmas Day was a lot of red candles. Early that morning she and David had gone up the mountains and brought in green-leaved tree branches. They were everywhere around the sitting room with red candles among them, and when the children burst in for their socks, the candles were lit. (And I honestly don’t remember a happier Christmas.)

The year before I had given Lois a Toni permanent and this year she gave it back to me saying, “I’ll do you one better. I’ll put it on your head.” (And she did.) It was done later, however, after we had gone a day’s journey away for a Christmas Convention and, after the convention, returned to Tiliwagu.

At once, Dorothy Sterling (with her adopted boy, Mark), Anzie Morse (Russell and Gertrude’s adopted Tibetan daughter), and Robert and Betty Morse and their baby boy, Jonathan, left for Putao (Ft. Hertz), eleven days to the west. They were going out to procure visa renewals and re-entry permits — for they all had permanent visa permits. (None of the rest of us had them and we

were waiting for word that we would be granted 3-month extensions on the 3-month visitor's visas, allowed us in September.) Dorothy, however, was going on furlough and planned to take Anzie with her and to get Mark onto her visa.

We had a picture taken of us all the day they left. And it was a happy day. We had had good fellowship and teamwork among these "recruits" (Dorothy Sterling, David and Lois Rees, Jane Kinnett) and myself and Robert and Betty Morse. I planned to join them, either in Putao or down-country, after they sent word back about our visas. We all knew that the Reeses and Jane would also have to go out for them, sooner or later.

Meantime, also, many Christians (hundreds every day) were moving into Burma from China and seeking out new, uncultivated land to live on. Large Christian villages and towns began to spring up and especially so in the Putao plain. Daniel's family were there and so was my adopted son, Jesse (who later married one of Daniel's daughters). I determined to take him down to Myitkyina to enter a Christian college to complete his teacher training. And Janet and I were ready to leave early in January.

I had been very busy winding up all my affairs and packing up everything to be used later (if I got the permanent visa) or sold if I did not. So I had never had time to get my hair fixed. Now, the day I was to leave (having been granted the 3-month extension, good until mid-March) Lois gave me the Toni. It was about 3:00 p.m. when she got it all up and I carried the neutralizer solution in my jacket pocket.

I figured, riding my horse Brinker, I would arrive down at the road along the river in about an hour and would then apply the solution and let it stay until we reached the Dak bungalow rest stop for the night — where I would wash my hair. And it all worked out as I had planned. But I had forgotten what a sight I was and when I met people along the road and they saw me in those curlers, dabbing at them with something from a bottle, they looked downright frightened of the apparition I made. I'm sure the story must have been told around many a hearth fire,

thereafter, of this odd foreign woman. I wrote and told Toni once that Burma Shave never had a more humorous road sign than I gave to a Burma Toni.

We had traveled for about five days — stopping each night at the Dak bungalows which the English always provided for all travelers on all roads in Burma — when, one evening, a runner arrived from the opposite direction. He was enroute to Tiliwagu with a letter for us all from Dorothy and Robert and Betty. It was to tell us that Anzie had just died a terrible death from a virulent case of typhus fever. It seemed impossible to believe. I knew she had had shots just two weeks before starting the trip. (We still had not discovered, as we later did from the British doctors, that for a month after a shot you not only are not immune but in danger of a double case, if you contract these dread diseases — typhoid or typhus.)

Evidently Anzie had been bitten by a contaminated louse in one of the Dak bungalows along the way, and they said her fever was so high she simply couldn't contain it. What a grief it was to us to lose her. She had been such a great help to us all and had anticipated going to America so much. But when I wept, Janet reminded me that now she was in heaven where Daddy was and it was a happy, happy place, wasn't it? And I told her then that I was not weeping for Anzie but for us, because we would not see her again for a long time.

But I was doubly careful after that, that our oil sheets (which we always put down underneath our bedrolls to keep out lice and fleas) were sure to cover completely every part of any bed furnished in the bungalows.

So we came to Putao (Ft. Hertz on the maps). Janet, of course, had traveled as usual in her covered basket — to which the carriers attached pretty flowers which they picked along the way. I rode just behind and on the day before we reached the famous "Burma Road" at the "Fort" used by U.S. Gen. Stilwell among others — it was my birthday. That day she decorated her basket especially for me to enjoy.

That day for the first time Janet saw wheels. It was on a wide

road and these wheels were attached to a low frame (upon which things could be set and carried). They were not in use and nothing was near them. But just the sight of a wide road made her think we must have come to America — after all we *had* traveled for eleven days and should be arriving *somewhere*. Later she saw her first store in this town and wanted to buy me a birthday present. So we bought a tin of Nestles' condensed milk and a tin of biscuits. It was one of the sweetest birthdays I ever had. The next noon we arrived in Ft. Hertz and stayed in the same house where Anzie had died. But not for long. Word got to the Lisu village of Muladi that we had arrived and very soon we were moved over to the village where we stayed for some days. There was much building going on at Muladi and the buildings were set among dense groves of trees. It seemed very lush and beautiful, for Burma is verdant, much of it dense jungle.

We made several visits to Putao to see officials and also to arrange for travel to the south. Jesse and one of the elders would be traveling with us. But we could not hire anyone to carry our loads or even find any available animals. For one thing, the road was infested with man-eating tigers. (No one reminded me of that, fortunately, but I think they had it in their own minds.) Also this was the busiest season of the year for them. No one could leave his fields just then. So we resorted to leaving Brinker behind and riding elephants — which it had almost been a shock to see in abundance on the plain.

Really these animals proved to be much cheaper than any other means of transportation, and, although they were very slow (it took 8 days to go 80 miles), they carried a lot of weight (1000 pounds each). One elephant carried our food bags — down the side of the bamboo frame — with the bedrolls on top and three people sitting on the bedrolls. (Jesse and the elder took turns walking and riding.) The other elephant carried our boxes of clothing, books, momentoes and so on as well as Jesse's and the elder's baggage.

What a sensation it was for us! The first day our riding elephant didn't think he liked it. He made a frightful noise when we started

to climb his frame to the seat on top. But once he had allowed us to become his responsibility, he took it seriously. In fact, one day Janet dropped a tooth pick she had been playing with and he stopped, picked it up with his trunk and handed it back up to her. I think he liked her.

Each day we came to the Dak bungalow about 11:30 and stopped for the day because the elephant would need the rest of the day for eating. He would come up to the second-story porch and honk. (And it sounded exactly like an automobile horn.) Then after everything was taken off, the elephant's front feet were hobbled (so he could only take a short step) and he was let loose in the jungle to eat his way through. In the morning it was easy to follow the cleared road he had made by eating everything around him. Then he was led back and taken to the river for a delightful hour of giving himself a shower with his own trunk, or walking in over his head with his trunk up above the water to breathe through. But what got me was that after his swim he would come out of the water and roll in the sand and dirt so that he was all dirty again before he was saddled up for the day.

And so, in due course, we came to Sumprabum and met a lovely Baptist missionary lady with whom we stayed. It was only after she told me about a lady in the hospital there who had been badly mangled by a tiger in spite of her husband trying to fight him off (and finally succeeding) that suddenly I remembered my fear of that famous "tiger trail" we had just traversed. But really we did not need to be afraid atop an elephant, for he is the most dangerous animal in the forest.

What makes an elephant so dangerous is his fear. He can only see a short distance and so he fears every small sound. (Even a rat rustling scares him.) When he is afraid he runs. If riding on his back would make anyone who was so inclined seasick, the fun of riding when he was running makes up for it. If he is cornered, however, he just reaches out and grabs his opponent with his trunk and throws it to the ground and tramples it to death. All the animals know this and they stay out of his way. In fact, the only way human beings find elephants tractable and usable (at least in

the Orient) is by giving them opium in their food every few days. The guide boy who sits on his neck keeps his feet behind the elephant's ear to direct him and keeps him under control by pricking with a little dagger the one thin place on his hide which is on top of his head.

Our elephant days were over now and we would travel the next lap of our journey by jeep (for two days). So that evening I took Janet around to see the jeep. She looked it over carefully (as she had first done with the elephants) and then she asked, "Where is its mouth?" She saw its eyes, its feet and its nose, but wondered how it ate. We rested just one day and then all four of us and as many others (plus our baggage) traveled like the wind (it seemed to us) down the road to Myitkyina (pronounced "mitch-yi-na").

We spent several weeks at Myitkyina, getting Jesse established in school, going each day to the provincial office about our permanent visa application and buying things we had needed for months in the stores and bazaars there. We stayed with an American missionary family (Baptists) who had two little girls and now, for the first time, Janet was willing to talk English and willing to be dressed up in pretty dresses and socks and shoes. And how she enjoyed having playmates like herself.

I think she had decided there would *never* be an America, for it took so very long to get there. I had told her before we left that we would finally come to a big, big piece of water and there would be boats to take us across that were bigger than houses. And we would have a room in one and would live in it for days on our way to America. But she had asked at every stream and river, from Tiliwagu on, if this was the water where the boat would be. And by now she just had given up.

So when, one day a plane flew overhead and I told her we would fly out in that bird the next day, she just scornfully replied, "That's no bird. It isn't flapping its wings." But fly to Rangoon we did, and the next day I took Janet to the port to look at the sea and ships I had described. And then she became impatient to leave.

We were there until our visa expired in March and every day we were trying for a new visa which we never received. In the

meantime we saw a lot of Dorothy Sterling and Robert and Betty. We stayed at the Y.W.C.A. but soon the American Consul's wife invited Janet to play with her children each day. I was able to buy Janet some dainty dresses in Rangoon and have some good suits and dresses of English materials made for myself.

Every day, if possible, Dorothy and I went to the ice cream parlor for some cool confection. But Janet always cried and didn't want to go in, much less to *eat* that cold stuff. (And to this day she doesn't like ice cream.)

She was further disappointed when, instead of our taking a ship, we flew the short hop to Bangkok where we stopped to visit the C.W. Callaways and Imogene Williams. (The Callaways and Imogene had been thwarted recruits to China and, after a short stay in Kunming, had had to leave. So the Lord had used them to open up a new ripe field in Thailand.)

When we arrived in Hongkong, a few days later, and were met by Eugene and Helen Morse and Gertrude (Russell had chosen to remain in Kunming), I felt constrained to urge them to go on to Burma — for *they* had visas.

You see, only those missionaries who had had visas for Burma before 1949 could still have them, but if they left they could transfer their visa to someone else in their place. They *were* going, however. Helen's health was not good at the time, and Eugene was busy reading proof on the Lisu Old Testament, being printed in Hongkong. So I said I would stay and read the proof so they could go on to Burma.

And that is what I did — spending two months in Hongkong doing this work. Janet attended an English kindergarten every morning and I concentrated on proof-reading until the project was finished and the books on their way to Rangoon. And then — at the end of May, 1950, Janet and I really did get on one of the waiting ships in beautiful Hongkong harbor and sailed away to America. And she was in seventh heaven, enjoying every minute of that long journey.



Walter, Mark, Paula and Pauline Maxey went to Kanoya-Shi, Kagoshima Ken, Kyushu island, in 1951.

Mother (Mrs. Maude Maxey), Janet and I joined them in 1952, moving into a Japanese house in Kagoshima City. Mr. Iryo, gardner, came with the house and Ataka San helped us.





A rally of all the Satsuma peninsula churches in our large garden in December, 1953. (The Maxeys were in Osumi peninsula.)



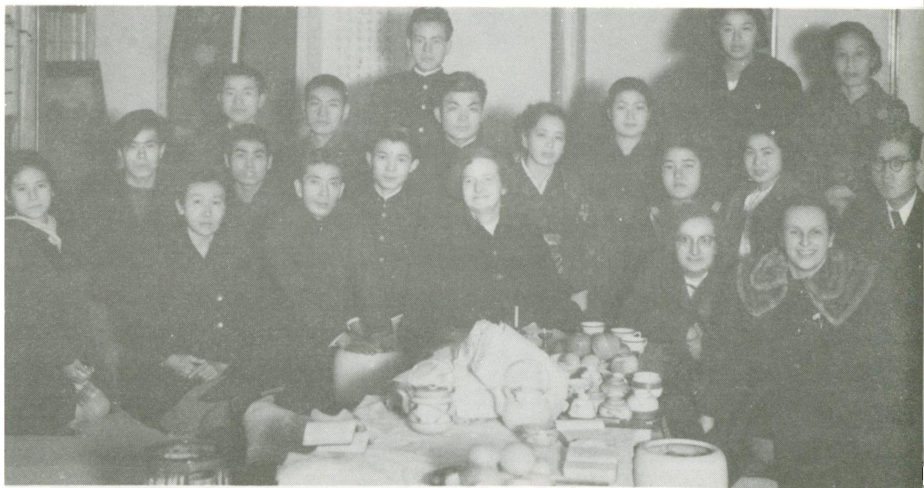
Janet had her birthday party in 1953, for all the children of the Toso orphanage in Kagoshima where we had a Sunday School.



A Sunday School picnic in the park in Kajiki.



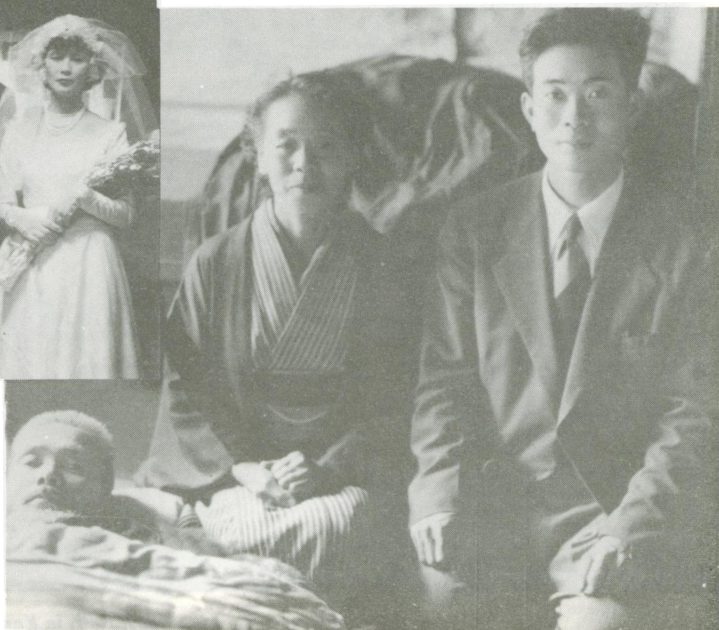
Youth Rally in Kajiki where we built our first church in 1955.



A New Year's party of the Sendai church in 1953. Lucille Sherman and Jane Kinnett (right end of front row) were our guests for the holidays.

Left: Mr. Ikeda of Sendai and Miss Ataka of Kanoya were married after graduation from Osaka Bible Seminary.

Young Ikeda and his mother and invalid father, just before he left for Bible College in Osaka.



HE
LEADETH ME —
TO
KYUSHU, JAPAN

THE COMING home to America in 1950 was full of surprises for a five year old little girl named Janet Leigh Dittmore, in spite of her gradually having become accustomed to the cities of Rangoon and Hongkong. And it always takes time for me to become accustomed to it again, too.

For Janet, however, there was a sense of frustration along with the excitement. She was made much of everywhere we went, but she also had to be on her good behavior. And I did not realize it, but she desperately needed to know there would be an end to this nomad existence sometime.

Maybe I felt some of that same feeling for I was busy in my mind trying to decide how, where and when (mostly where) to invest my husband's insurance into a home. Warren and I had always planned to use one paid-up policy for a house to come home to. I wanted it to be where I could be near the largest number of the members of my family — which was then

Louisville, Kentucky. And so, very wonderfully, God did the whole thing for me!

Mother, who had met us at the ship in San Francisco, and Janet and I were attending Missions Week at Lake James when, one day, Max Randall flew in, in his private plane. He had just received his visa to go to South Africa which he had decided — a year before — would never come through. So instead of going to Africa, he had taken a job with the College of the Scriptures and had built a home in Louisville. Now, suddenly, he had the visa and must use it soon and must sell his new house. And here I was ready to buy it. I flew down to Louisville with him the next day, saw the house and liked it, went to the Court House and the loan company to make all the arrangements of transfer and — on the day they moved out and left for Africa — we moved in.

It was only then, when we had bought a table and chairs, beds, stove and refrigerator and had brought in our suitcases to unpack them, that Janet said to her grandmother Maxey, “Is this really *our* house? Can I go outside and run around the house and yell as loud as I want to?” Her grandmother said, “Of course you can.” I too, suddenly realized the tremendous relief of having a place to call “home”. And I felt like joining in her joyous yelling. For truly it is *not* easy to be a gadabout, nor is it easy to be a child who is always expected to be a model for others to follow.

Of course, I had also been having hours and days of long thoughts about what came next in the Lord’s plan for my life. At various missionary get-togethers I began to hear about radio being used effectively in reaching back into the mainland of China with the gospel. This appealed to me very strongly and all the more as I thought of the people there now, being cut off from meetings with other Christians.

Even more, knowing the black despair people without hope of salvation from sin and eternal life in heaven must have in their hearts when this heartless and Godless slave-state of Communism took over, I dreamed of being able to reach many of these people with the gospel.

Very soon, having decided that was what I would prepare for, I

began to take organ lessons and to plan and prepare for a weekly Christian broadcast there in Louisville, using talent from the Camden Avenue Christian Church where I had placed my membership. It was very amateurish, I know, but we kept it up faithfully every week for many months. And it was good experience.

My brother Mark, with his wife Pauline and their lovely children, left for Japan at the end of 1950 and, before leaving, made the suggestion that I might like to work in Japan with them — on the southern island of Kyushu. This, too, began to stir my imagination with possibilities. So it is not really surprising that I ended up deciding to work in Japan.

There was also the added reason that our brotherhood hoped to set up a radio studio there, with hopes of a radio station in the Orient, and we all were optimistic about this possibility. It was toward this end that I bought the old organ out of the First Christian Church of Lincoln, Illinois, when they were building the new building. I bought it from the organist who had purchased it for himself. And it was a tremendous bargain at \$1500, even then. (And a mighty big purchase for me.)

In the summer of 1951, Mother decided to go to Japan with us. She had been a widow since 1938 and had lived with Tibbs and Norma in South Dakota, kept house for Mark in Minnesota before his marriage, and lived with me in Cincinnati until my marriage. Then she had taken an office job with the government. She had also become our forwarding agent when Warren and I left in 1945. I can never give Mother enough credit for all she has done for me all these many years. For she not only did my paper work and traveled and spoke for us for years, but her prayers sustained all her children. In addition, I was doubly blessed to have her, with her merry wit and Godly wisdom, living in my home during 1941-43 and from September, 1950, to October, 1951, before traveling with us to Japan where she lived with Janet and me from June, 1952 to May, 1954. (She spent her first 6 months in Japan with Mark and Pauline.) Not only was she the backbone of our home, she was Janet's companion during the

many days when I was away on speaking trips — in the U.S. — and teaching trips in Japan. Also in Japan she was Janet's school teacher for 2 full years. Without her I simply could not have done half the work I did.

During this furlough I had much to learn, as I have said, but one of those new courses of study was in learning how to drive a car. Formerly I had always been able to go by train and bus to any speaking date. Now the times were changing and I had to go by car. This car also was going with us to Japan. As we began to assemble everything for going, we discussed the packing arrangements with the men at the Camden Avenue Christian Church, in Louisville, where we were members. They decided to build our boxes for us. One night a week they all came and hammered and sawed and made everything ready. One long, long box which Mother named "Goliath's coffin" was to hold linoleum, a rug, brooms and mops, etc. Finally, just before the 1951 National Missionary Convention which was held in Louisville at the Camden Avenue Christian Church that October, a truck with a derrick (the same kind that we had seen lift Max Randall's boxes, including his boxed airplane) came and picked up all our boxes and carried them away to be shipped to the west coast.

That was a very nostalgic convention, and we hated to say goodbye to these dear friends who will always seem like members of the family. We left before the convention was over, going west by train. Miss Lucille Sherman, who was going to Japan as a school teacher for the missionary children in Osaka, drove our car down to New Orleans to be shipped to Japan before joining us on the west coast, after a speaking tour enroute.

We met in San Francisco at the Home of Peace where we arrived the day before Thanksgiving and finally got off, by ship, a few days before Christmas — after buying and packing more supplies there and taking a trip through the San Joaquin Valley to Los Angeles, speaking and revisiting our many friends from our California years. Again many dear ones saw us off, as our ship sailed away from San Francisco.

Just at Christmas time we landed in Honolulu and had to spend nearly a week there while our ship was being repaired. (It went down two voyages later.) Janet, age six now, was given a Christmas to remember as a result of the delay. I think every member of that crew gave her a gift — lovely things — and we saw the programs at the Hawaiian churches and met all the missionaries there before sailing on to Japan.

Our arrival in Japan was on January 8th, and we did not really plan to disembark in Tokyo. Miss Sherman did, in fact, go on to Kobe on the ship. But folks were there to meet us and wanted me to speak at Chapel at the Tokyo Bible Seminary. Mrs. Emily Cunningham wanted Mother to stay with her, and Janet and I went to the home of the Harold Sims family.

It was just as I finished speaking at the seminary that a long-distance call came through from a chaplain of our brotherhood, asking me to come up to Misawa Air Base to speak on Sunday. That was 13 hours north by train. Accordingly, Harold put me on a night train Saturday evening and I arrived in good time Sunday a.m. to be met by the chaplain whom I had met in California years before. That afternoon, he suggested we make a few telephone calls around Japan at no expense to us. So we called Janet first in Tokyo. Then I learned that Mother was in Osaka on her way to Kagoshima. She had been flown there at 1:00 p.m. after Mark had called and asked for help. Gregory had been born December 30th in Fukuoka, 8 hours north of Kagoshima, and he and Pauline had gone home by train a few weeks later. But complications had set in and a rescue plane had had to come to take Pauline back to the hospital on Saturday. She had arrived back at the hospital just in time to save her life. And Mark, feeling helpless with a new baby and a washing machine he couldn't make work, needed Mother's help badly.

Of course Mother, without a word of Japanese in her vocabulary, was frightened to death of making the trip. And getting a seat on a plane was a problem, too. As she sat at the airport waiting for Harold Sims to see if he could wangle a ticket, she felt terribly alone in this foreign land, unable to understand a

word being spoken around her. But suddenly, over the radio came a song in English — a men's quartet singing, "God Will Take Care of You" and as she listened, the tears started running down her cheeks. The man Harold was trying to persuade at the ticket counter glanced over at Mother, saw those tears, and immediately gave her a seat on the plane.

I called her next in Osaka and she had just arrived at the Martin Clark home. By the time Harold had called him and the plane left, Martin hadn't had time to get to the airport before Mother had already arrived. Now she was safely there and Martin had gone for tickets by train to Kagoshima and he would accompany her on that journey. Then I called Pauline who was very weak but was going to be safe. And finally I called Mark and told him all the news about Mother and Pauline.

So here we were in Japan! What a beginning. Me in the north. Janet in Tokyo and Mother in Osaka, just 24 hours after our arrival. But we knew that "all things were working for good" anyway.

The first 6 months I spent in Osaka. Janet and I both were in school — she in the new school being taught by Lucille Sherman and Mrs. Yokota, a Japanese lady, and I in the study of Japanese. Our ship came in and everything had to be taken through customs. Having the car was a great help and, since it arrived first, I could take Janet and myself to school every day and back at night. When the organ came, it was put to work at once and I also practiced on it every day. But after 6 months we still had no studio and, meantime, Mark was wanting us to come work in Kagoshima Ken (the extreme southern province of Japan). We were to work in Kagoshima City, on the opposite side of the bay from Kanoya, where they lived. Some of the students at Osaka Bible Seminary were from Kagoshima Ken and others wanted to go work there that summer. So it seemed the logical next step. Also I had sent our whole shipment of furniture on to Kanoya where Mark and Pauline lived, and where Mother was staying, *pro tem*.

As soon as school was out in Osaka we went to Kagoshima, visited the Maxeys, taught in camp, and began to look for a place

to live. At the same time we were holding revival meetings in Sendai — with Mark's help. Then, after several people were baptized, we found a place to meet and began a church there.

We looked for a house for many weeks before the perfect place to settle appeared. Everywhere else the houses we had been shown had been in places way out on the outskirts of Kagoshima City, buildings that were dilapidated or would have been impossible to fix up. Suddenly here was a house for \$50 a month in a lovely central part of the city with lots of space in it for meetings and office and living and a perfectly beautiful Japanese garden. The only stipulation was that we must have a gardener to keep the garden in good shape. (As it had been made by a famous gardener.) We later learned that this house was called the Cow Palace because it was built by a butcher (and butchers are despised by all Buddhists). This butcher had run out of money to finish it, so the house was scorned. For us it was ideal and in fact, very lovely.

So we moved in and this became the headquarters for much, much activity from then on. Even Mother found she was able to manage without too much trouble. She had wondered how she could live in a place where they wouldn't understand her jokes. But at least they understood her kind smiles and responded. And of course, from the beginning we had translators.

My very first interest, that first term in Japan, was in preparing a follow-up correspondence course, in Japanese and English. It was a three-ways useful project. It became the scripts for the radio programs, the printed course of study sent for follow-up and the lessons which I taught in all the towns where I was invited during those 5 years. It covered the book of John and for it I did much preliminary study — using at least three commentaries and adding my own thoughts so that each lesson would be a lesson in itself. I needed good translators and I needed enough Japanese to know if they were saying what I had said. And that wasn't easy. But since I also used these lessons to teach from I could soon check up on incorrectly translated material, and later have it printed in both English and in Japanese. I could, at the same time,

see whether the lessons were convicting and convincing — which was the real test of their worth. Even in 5 years, however, I did not complete the whole book of John. It went on through my second term in Japan — when we were on the air.

As I said before, Sendai was where our first work began and from this large town we also branched out to Togo where I went once or twice a month. It was the aunt of Miss Seguchi, and O.B.S. student from Kanoya, who first opened her home to us there, and from this town Kawahara-San, as well as a goodly number of others, came to the Lord. Bro. Kawahara was the “faithful unto death” kind who is still a faithful preacher of the gospel and who gave up a good government job to go to Osaka Bible Seminary to study for the ministry.

Sendai also produced a fine preacher in Ikeda-San, and several girls from this church also went to the Bible College. Mr. Ikeda was a seeker after God who came to us, rather than us going to him. It was one day when we were having a Youth Rally of several of our churches that Ikeda-San came in and sat on the front row with a big smile on his face. It didn’t take him any time to pick out the tunes and join in the singing, for he has a beautiful voice and loves to sing. But I was a bit nonplussed and after church I asked him if he had ever been there before. “No,” he replied, “but I have wanted to become a Christian for years and my father forbade it until I graduated from high school and had a job. Now I have graduated and have a good job in the City Hall and can become a Christian.” Very soon, of course, he had been taught what to do to be saved and had been baptized into Christ. And he was such a happy Christian and so willing to work that he was kept busy, especially with the children.

Of course, Satan always puts a spoke in the wheel of anyone so wholeheartedly “out for the Lord.” This time it was through Bro. Ikeda’s father. After some months he forbade him to come to church on Sunday, saying he needed to cultivate their land on that day, as his father was bedfast and couldn’t do it. What a heartache that was to us all. At first he would bicycle in for an

early communion service but soon, working 7 days a week, he was too tired. And for months we never saw him.

In October, 1953, Mark's team, using his sound truck to advertise, came and held a week of meetings in a hall in downtown Sendai. The very first night, as he left work, Ikeda-San heard the singing and came in. We put him to work with the children right away, and he so enjoyed it that before the week was over he confided in me that he had always hoped to be a preacher. But afterward again we didn't see him. He lived some way out of town and I was always so busy going from town to town that I didn't do the home-calling I should have done.

In early December, however, I saw Ikeda-San in the train station in Kagoshima City. He introduced me to the happy group he was with and said they were his chorus from the City Hall where they all worked. They had just come from an all-Kyushu singing competition and had won first place. He had been training them himself. I gladly entertained the crowd at the ice cream parlor while we talked.

I was thrilled for him and said, "Oh, Ikeda-San, God has given you a rare talent and you must return to Him interest on His investment in you. The radio station in Kagoshima wants us to put our Christmas program on over the air. How about coming to Kagoshima and helping us get ready to do it?" He agreed and came in several nights a week to train our singers. (And he did a beautiful job.) But one night he told me, with tears in his eyes, that his father now said he was an atheist. That shocked me. I began to think of his father's *soul* for the first time, instead of thinking of him just as a stumbling-block to his son.

All night that night I couldn't sleep. Why had Mr. Ikeda said his son could become a Christian if he were really an atheist? I had learned now that he had had tuberculosis (which he contracted as a druggist in China) and had been bedfast for 30 years. I put myself in his place (in my mind) and wondered how I would feel if my young, handsome and talented son had been welcomed with open arms into the church and I, who stood to be facing eternal

judgment any day, was ignored and given no chance to accept this same Jesus as my Savior. It must have made him bitter against the church.

Acting on this thought, I challenged the Sendai Church with it, that weekend. We all decided that a different person would call on Mr. Ikeda each day that week. The first caller would take him a Bible and ask him to ask questions of the others as he read. When I arrived on Saturday I found everyone excited over his welcome of them and his interest.

When I got there Saturday afternoon the very first thing he said was, "How are you going to baptize me?" And I was ready with an answer. For I had, in Kagoshima, a rubber bathtub. It folds up like a cot (and you can find them in the Montgomery Ward catalog). It was the only kind of bathtub we had had in China. So the next Saturday Mark came along. The family heated hot water to take the chill off the cold water and four men of the church, holding four corners of a sheet, let him down into the water and Mark baptized him. Happy? I have never seen anyone happier than Bro. Ikeda was to have his sins forgiven. And the whole church was happy with him.

Bro. Ikeda Sr. wanted so much to give God something back for all He had done for him. He had only one thing of value in the house — a huge old Chinese vase. "Would we please take it?" he asked. And of course we wouldn't. Then he pondered awhile and finally he said, "Then I must give God my son to become a preacher." And he did. Two weeks later, having resigned from his job, young Bro. Ikeda left for Osaka Bible Seminary and before he left he baptized his mother.

Nor is that the end of the story. I left for furlough soon after that and while at home I bought a pretty and colorful comfort for Bro. Ikeda's bed — for of course he slept on the tatami floor. His old "fu t'ong" (thick comfort) was drab from so many washings. When I went back to Japan and took him his gift, he said, "Oh, thank you for your thought of me. But I'm much better now. I don't expect to be spending much time in bed from now on. God is making me well and I intend to help my son in his ministry."

And so he has done for many years — on Tannegashima Island where the younger Ikedas have a Christian school beside the church and where his parents joined them. There his old father still helps his son. (His mother died a few years ago.) The last time I was in Japan, Bro. Ikeda Jr. called me long distance from the island to say that all is well with his family. (He married a lovely Seminary girl from Kanoya and they have six children.) He just wanted to greet me as my son in the Lord. I feel honored to have been there when he came to give his life to the Lord.

As I think over those satisfying years in Kyushu I am aware that they were vitally happy years — especially during the 2 years when Mother “kept the home fires burning” and I could, with the help of my car, get out into the villages to teach and keep a weekly schedule. It was such a happy time because I was doing so much personal evangelism. It was a time when the Japanese had decided that our God, the God of Christian America which had defeated them, must be greater than their millions of gods.

We began work in every place but Sendai at the invitation of some family who wanted services in their home. Perhaps that is why Sendai is the only church, of the five we started, which is no longer in existence. But they furnished Japan with two preachers.

In Kajiki, at the north end of the bay, we began in the home of the Iwashitas who had come from the Kanoya Church, and a Christian teacher from Kanoya who invited me to teach in the high school. It only took me about 30 minutes to drive to Kajiki, as I did on Sunday afternoons and Wednesday nights each week. The first church building on our side of the bay was built there on land we rented from the city.

The church in Kushikino began in the home of the Koyamas. He had come to Sendai to ask to be baptized and to ask us to come begin a work in Kushikino. He himself was our first convert there. He had, however, been raised in a Christian home, so his conversion was a result of that. Now he had moved to Kushikino, following his marriage, and wanted to have a Christian home for his children to grow up in. He knew everyone in town, it seemed,

who was hungry-hearted for “righteousness” and it was a joy to me to lead them to Christ.

I think especially of Mr. Mori. His son became a Christian first and wanted to go to Bible college (and did). Mr. Mori’s house was much larger than Bro. Koyama’s. So as the crowds grew, we answered their invitation to use their home for services. But Mr. Mori was very concerned about what the living God thought of idolatry. And I began a concentrated study with him of what God had to say about it. It was a stiff and bitter dose for an idolator to swallow. But he not only swallowed it, he “counted the cost” and went to the island where his family lived to take back all the family ancestral tablets and say that, even though he was the eldest son, he could no longer keep them because he was becoming a Christian.

With churches in Kagoshima, Sendai, Togo, Kushikino, and Kajiki to circuit to each week, my schedule ran something like this: Tuesday p.m. English Bible class in Kagoshima for high school students and Thursday p.m. for business people and college students; Wednesday p.m. Kajiki; Saturday afternoon in Togo and evening in Sendai. Early Sunday a.m. Sendai, 10:30 a.m. Kushikino (Mother conducted a.m. services in Kagoshima), then home (it took at least an hour to drive home from Kushikino), and after dinner up to Kajiki for Sunday School and church. Then at night I conducted the services in Kagoshima.

Every weekday morning except Monday I wrote lessons and had them translated. Monday was our day off. Once a month we went to Kanoya to visit the Maxeys, and once a month (two weeks later) they visited us.

In between, somewhere, we visited hospitals and TB sanatoriums and conducted at least two weekly classes in some institution of healing. So I was *very* busy. And having Mother there made it all possible. But again Satan put a crimp in all that activity. Mother began to develop cataracts and had increasing difficulty in seeing, much less teaching. She still spoke almost no Japanese — though she tried. She had an excellent translator who helped her on Sunday. Mary Tokonami was brought to our

attention by Janet (who became a real soul winner on her own, there in Japan). Mrs. Tokonami is a Nisei (meaning American-born Japanese). She had come over to go to college in Japan and when the war broke out she could not go back to the U.S. So she married a man in Kagoshima. She had worked in the U.S. army offices in Japan as a translator-typist, after the war. So she became a great help to me. I also paid her for as many hours as she could spare to help me. But when she wanted to accept Christ and be baptized, her husband was adamant against it and threatened to divorce her and take away their three sons if she did.

It is only since her sons are grown and away from home on their own (and each of them was free to come to church with Mary before that) that finally Mrs. Tokonami took her courage in hand and was baptized at a convention in Osaka a few years ago. To my own joy, when I last attended church in Kagoshima, one of her sons was serving communion. Her husband, after all these years of her faithful attendance at church, said nothing at all against it when she and their son were baptized.

Mother wanted to have her eye operations in the U.S. where — even if she could not see — she could at least talk and be understood. So she sailed away home in May of 1954, and Janet was nine that month. We moved at the end of that month out of our big house (which the landlord wanted back) and into the home of a Baptist missionary couple who were going on furlough. It was just two blocks away and we would only be there for a year. That proved to be a good year, except for one thing. Janet had to go clear to Tokyo to school that fall, and it was too far away. It was 30 hours away by train (so she could not go and come alone), and the nearest airport was 8 hours away.

That summer we had divided up our house with the Al Hammonds, a new recruit couple with a baby boy — whom Janet loved to feed and play with. By fall they had found a house and moved in. They began to take over some of the classes and services, so I felt free to begin a teacher training course. We were looking for land for a building all that year, and finally found

what we wanted and could afford, right on a busy corner very near us. We conferred with bankers and lawyers and the land sale was completed before the next school year was over. So that summer the mission carpenters began to build the Kagoshima church building, a two-story one with the parsonage upstairs.

Now we had to move again and give the house back to the owners, and we moved down by the sea. That fall, 1956, was the one when, with the Maxeys on furlough, and Janet to teach myself, I began to realize how much I had depended on the wonderful help and fellowship of Mark and Pauline (and their children) and Mother. I could not bear sending Janet away so far again, after all the mishaps in travel of the year before. I was in dilemmas on every hand and needed a furlough.



Missionary banquet in Kagoshima following convention in 1954.

Below: Inmates of an old folks' home which the Kagoshima church visited regularly to hold services.



Kagoshima Ken missionaries in 1952.

Gregory Maxey was the new baby.



Mother with baby Faith and her brothers and her sister, Paula.

Janet and I in a new temporary home after Mother had returned to the U.S. in 1954.

Below: In our third Kagoshima house, in 1956, just before my breakdown.



HE
LEAETH ME —
TO
KOBE, JAPAN

WHEN ONE'S mind and heart and body are pressed too far, something has to give. That is why I have great sympathy for missionaries who — in the prime of life — come home ready for the hospital. The more the work grows, the more the doors open and the more calls there are upon your time.

Not only that, I have always felt that a parent's greatest responsibility is to your own child or children. And that problem had caused me great anxiety — that is, my daughter's education.

I had taken Janet to Tokyo to school, the fall before, and talked to her by phone now and then. When she came home for Christmas I had gone up to Fukuoka 8 hours by train to meet her plane. Then, at the end of the holiday, I took her back to Fukuoka (an all day trip by train) and she traveled to Tokyo with a lady I knew. But no one met the plane. I had made perfect arrangements, I thought. But only after my friend called from Tokyo to say no one had met the plane and I had called the

missionaries who had promised to meet her to remind them, and they had finally gone to get her (so that she arrived at her school at 11:00 p.m. — 4 hours late) did the journey end. Going back after Easter vacation was even worse. For then the plane developed engine trouble and had to stop for repairs and was 5 hours late — with our missionary friends waiting for Janet for 5 hours. (Imagine a child alone on a plane with only one engine running.) I'm glad to say there is an international airport in Kagoshima now — a far cry from those days.

So now I began to teach ten-year-old Janet who, after a year in a regular school, found it hard to go back to the Calvert system at home — and with a teacher she knew all the angles to “get around” — her mother. It seemed to me it was the “straw that broke the camel's back” because I had so many other tasks waiting. Thus with builders to supervise, and with friction between the new preachers and the new missionaries, the tensions began to mount. Mark's wisdom would have headed it off, but he was in the U.S. and I was a woman — in Japan, a man's country. And I was very tired. A typhoon in late October, which took the roof off our Japanese house, didn't help any. I found it almost impossible to find time to teach Janet. So many little things seemed to accumulate. Suddenly one day at the end of November I began to cry and just couldn't stop. I couldn't tell anyone what I was crying about. I didn't know. But when I went up to Kyoto to see a missionary doctor, she said, “You must go home and go to bed for 3 months or you can never come back to the Orient.”

Services for the Kagoshima church had been arranged for that year, and were held in the home of Mrs. Motomura, who was a faithful member in Kagoshima. It was through Janet again that this home had been reached. Yuriko Motomura and Janet were neighborhood playmates and soon Janet had brought Yuriko to Sunday School and church. Before too long this led to Yuriko's accepting Christ as Lord and then I went to see her mother to ask her if she was willing for Yuriko to be baptized. Mrs. Motomura was glad to see me and assured me she would be happy about her

daughter's baptism. Then I invited Mrs. Motomura to church and she began to attend regularly.

Several months later when we were discussing finding a hall in town for a Bible class for business people, she suggested a room at the city library — where her husband was librarian. And we (Mrs. M and I) made an appointment to talk to him about it. He was very gracious and the arrangements were all made for the following week. Then I drove them back home.

On the way, Mr. Motomura had said to me, "You know, we are letting you take us home by any route which seems best to you. But we are also expecting you to lead us up to heaven." And I replied, "It will be my greatest joy to do so." Little did we know how little time he had left. For that very night, after a long hot ofuro (the deep Japanese bath in hot water up to the neck which is so famous), Mr. Motomura had a stroke. He lived until the next day and before he died he told his wife, "I want you to become a Christian." And she promised him she would. Their daughter Yuriko who went to Osaka Bible Seminary has been a preacher's wife for many years and her mother is still a mainstay of the Kagoshima church.

So now, with Kagoshima, Kajiki and Kushikono churches in the hands of good preachers, having left my car to be sold to pay for a building and land in Kushikino, we left for the U.S. After Christmas with all the missionaries in Osaka, Janet and I sailed for home from Tokyo. She was 10½ now and eager to get back to her homeland. All I wanted to do was find a quiet place to sleep the clock around. But I felt I had completed my days of usefulness in Kyushu.

That furlough in America proved to me how true the doctor's prognosis had been. I *did* have to stay in bed for 3 months. At first I thought I could just go to church quietly, but invariably someone would ask me just to say a few words. A few times I tried it, but nothing would come from my mouth — only tears from my eyes. So Janet and I took a train home as fast as we could and I said to Mother — in her new home in Claremore, Oklahoma — "Just

let me crawl into bed for 24 hours or so and sleep." And I did, not even waking up to eat.

When I say "in Mother's new home," it is time to say that a whole new life had opened up to Mother upon her return to the U.S. in 1954. That year a man to whom she had been engaged 50 years before and who was now a widower — Frank Elrod of Claremore, Oklahoma — discovered Mother's whereabouts and that she was a widow and set about to win her a second time. He succeeded, with daily letters and weekly telephone calls, and in November, 1956, they were married. Mother was 72 and Frank 75, but they had an additional 13 years together before Mother went to heaven. And Frank was devoted to her.

Now Janet and I barged into their happy home and were made most welcome. But as soon as I was on my feet a bit, we moved into the furnished apartment over their garage that happened to be empty and made that our home. Janet entered school in Claremore. It was then that we first discovered that Janet was so nearsighted that she could not read writing on the blackboard, even from the front seat. When the doctor fitted her with glasses, he said, "I have never been happier to put glasses on a child in my life." Then we went back onto the street, and Janet said, "Mother, look at those trees! Aren't they beautiful? I've never known what a tree looked like before." And I could have wept. So many times I had called her attention to a beautiful scene as we traveled and she would look up briefly, and then go back to dressing her dolls or whatever. She had inherited her daddy's nearsightedness. He had often asked me to describe the beauty of the scenery in West China to him.

For myself I was actually forced — by my physical weakness as well as my nerves — to stay quiet and especially to do no public speaking. But to waste 3 precious months was unthinkable. People had been wanting me to continue on with Janet's Diary, so I decided to do the whole thing as a book. And I proceeded to do so. We bought a second-hand car and I went to Tulsa and consulted a typing service and bought a dictaphone. Thus I could dictate onto the belts and once a week go into Tulsa to have them

typed up. So the winter was not wasted. As I began to gain back my strength I planned our summer schedule of travel and wrote ahead. And our actual furlough began that summer.

It was in Grayson, Kentucky — while speaking at a camp at Kentucky Christian College — that I actually finished the final copy for the book and the layout of the pictures for taking to the printer. The following week I went to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to leave it with the printers, meanwhile visiting with my dear friend Helen Marshall of Toledo, Ohio, who was taking care of all my personal business. After the final proofs were read, and the book went to press, I went back to Claremore and enrolled for the fall semester in Tulsa University studying Radio, Speech, Piano Sight-Reading, and Harmony — a stiff course. But how I did enjoy it — driving in 25 miles each day to school from Claremore. When that term was over, we moved back to Louisville. We were homesick for our house. Janet's school was only two doors away, and we could visit my supporting churches on the weekends — which was our real reason. So it was not until the fall of 1958 that we returned to Japan.

This time, instead of returning to Kagoshima and disrupting the work being carried on there by a Japanese ministry, we settled down in Kobe — which is only 30 minutes from Osaka by fast train. Here Janet could attend Canadian Academy and I could begin producing radio programs, using the new studio at Osaka Bible Seminary which had been built and furnished by Alex Bills and Exie Fultz, with contributions and the organ from myself, as well. Kawahara-San from Sendai — one of my Timothys — worked here as radio engineer and, having finished his Bible College training, was preaching as well.

We were soon preparing to go on the air, beginning in Kagoshima. Lydia Shigenobu of Kanoya, who had now graduated from Osaka Bible Seminary, was my full-time co-worker. She has a beautiful voice and for a year I paid for more voice lessons for her and had her also take a course in radio announcing. We had found a third singer in Osaka whose lovely alto voice blended so perfectly with Lydia's and mine that when

our trio had perfected a number, none of us could tell which part we were singing. And we often switched parts, although usually I was the mezzo singer and Lydia the soprano. Each program required three songs, but we only made one an especially written arrangement. We were only on the air once a week but that was enough to begin with.

I tested voices for the preaching part and the announcer and found the Kanoya minister, Hideo Yoshii, the best announcer. An Osaka Bible Seminary student was our first preacher.

In fact, we used four or five different preachers as the months and years went by. Having recorded tapes of songs and tapes of sermons, I would go down once a month to Kagoshima to the radio studio and work with the engineers there for hours until the programs for the coming month were assembled and ready.

And so, also, with the translation for the rest of the scripts for the book of John. Lydia did this work also. The whole series of fifty-six lessons was not really completed (and printed) in English and Japanese for another 4 years.

But meantime, we also decided to go on the air in Kobe. After the programs had been on the air in Kagoshima for a year, we began them in Kobe as well. Of course, I already had a weekly English Bible Class in my home and Sunday services. But after we went on the air, and began to correspond with our radio listeners, more classes were started in other districts.

One thing became very evident to me while working among students in Japan — and later among students in Taiwan as well. That is, that opportunities to reach them come in 3-month cycles something like this: school starts in mid-April in Japan, and continues to the end of March the following year, with a 2-week break between. In the summer, after 3 months, there is another 6-week break (from mid-July to the end of August). So one needs to plan classes to fit these schedules, and camps and DVBS to fit into those 6 weeks. These are the obvious breaks. But then the break at the end of November is for preparation for final exams and preparations for our Christmas programs came in December.

Classes begin again in January and go through March and then break off for the first 2 weeks in April. The National Convention for the Japanese church is held then every year. That is also the time when nearly everyone who is physically and financially able is taking a trip and when young people are looking for jobs or taking exams for the next step up in school.

Even tiny children take exams to enter the best kindergartens and after the sixth grade, all students take stiff exams for Jr. High School. Later they take stiffer exams for Sr. High and — when it comes to college — the tests are extremely difficult since there are not enough colleges to furnish higher education to more than 15% of the students who are eligible. Competition is so keen and so desperate for schooling and jobs that many students who fail in their exams commit suicide rather than face their irate parents.

All these things must therefore be taken into consideration when you face your new class of students. Many — even most — of them are not at all interested in the Bible you are teaching. But they must know English in order to pass their exams. And that is the only reason their parents allow them to leave their desks at home and spend an evening studying with a Christian missionary who teaches in English.

This becomes, then, our opportunity. And we must learn to make the most of it. One of the reasons I have had my lessons (in English and Japanese — and Chinese also) printed, is so that the young folks can compare them in class and also at home and so that the parents at home, if they are curious, may also learn something about God's Word and His plan to save us.

For this reason, too, I like to use the book of John to teach from. It starts with the beginning of time and of mankind and presents Christ, at once, as *God*. Then, in conversations, miracles (John chooses one of every kind in his expressed purpose to prove the Deity of Jesus) and Jesus' acts of compassion and concern for the human race, John brings us to the parting of the ways between belief and unbelief when, after feeding the five thousand, Jesus, the next day, tells the people they are only looking for food for the body and are unconcerned about their souls.

We arrive always, at this point at the end of 3 months, and I have always insisted to my classes that this must be *their* deciding point too. When Jesus said to His disciples, "Would you also go away?" the crowds had already left. Now the students are challenged to either accept Christ as Lord or reject Him. And if the latter is their decision, I tell them that it is too dangerous for them to keep coming and keep rejecting Christ in their hearts and I'd rather they stopped unless they are seriously concerned about their soul. There were always conversions at this time and baptismal services. And then there were classes for new Christians as well as the further study of John for them. And I was ready to start a new class of beginners over again. Thus ran my personal system of reaching students. I love it. And, I gladly admit, most of my students do too. Those who don't act like it are often the ones most under conviction, at the end.

We began classes in the homes of listeners also, in villages in the Osaka-Kobe area, and traveled periodically to a leprosarium where our program had many listeners and where we made quite a few converts. Many were blind and so, at great expense, we had our correspondence course printed in Braille for them. It was a most moving experience to attend church at the leprosarium and see those whose fingers were gone. Most of them had to read the hymnal as they read their Bible and our Braille course with their tongues. They had no feeling in the ends of their fingers any more. They would lick down a line and then read or sing.

In Kobe again; we became increasingly busy. For after 2 years, my brother Mark decided to send his two oldest children, Paula and Walter Mark, up to the Canadian Academy. They lived with us and it was good. Paula is one year older than Janet and Walter one year younger, so for 2 years of high school we had a teenage household, with Paula graduating in 1962.

Each summer, since we had gone on the air in Kagoshima, we had spent in Kagoshima where we rented a house next door and belonging to the Tokonamis. Mary thus helped with the typing of our scripts and checking the translating. We had our lessons

printed there and our trio (who lived with us) practiced diligently every morning.

Nearly every afternoon and evening, however, we went somewhere to sing and speak, advertising our radio program all over Kagoshima prefecture (whose population of six million we hoped to reach with the gospel). And everywhere we went, by whatever mode of travel, we asked our fellow-travelers if they knew about our Friday p.m. program. To our great joy they always were well-acquainted with it. And since we advertised all fifteen of the churches in Kagoshima Ken (province) we began to feel that this method of radio was really an important step in trying to “preach the gospel to every creature” in any given area.

Near the end of the summer of 1959, the Paul Pratt family — new recruits of the Kyushu Christian Mission — moved into the house we had rented and were still there the following summer (1960). But we slept on the floor — Japanese style — and carried on as we had the summer before, finishing up the printing of the John lessons.

It was that summer that Mary Pratt, then about six, contracted meningitis and had to be rushed to the hospital and watched carefully for weeks. Through that difficult time, the doctors and nurses became increasingly interested in Christianity and Bro. Paul began teaching them. For out of seeming tragedy God always makes some seed spring forth to fruition. Mary Pratt recuperated splendidly too.

That fall in Kobe we moved into a larger Japanese-style house. The Maxey teenagers were moving with us, in order to go to high school in Kobe, and the tiny house we had had before just wasn't big enough. It was fun to fix it up (I have always enjoyed making a house a home) and we had another busy year ahead.

Radiowise, my new year was spent on a new program to follow John. I decided to dramatize the book of Acts — using the students of Osaka Bible Seminary as my cast. I also decided to hire a professional actor to help us — and I had gone to another radio studio to have a sound tape made for all the sounds I thought I

would need throughout the taping of the entire book. Then, having chosen my actors, we proceeded to put Acts into action, using a mixed quartet for the theme song and a song at the end and often putting a solo or congregational singing into the script.

It seemed to me, at first, that our professional actor overacted, and had the others doing the same. He was not a Christian but had attended church with his wife, who was. And it bothered me that he hadn't got the spirit of these disciples in right proportion. But I kept recording, with him in the role of Peter, and praying that he would be moved by the Holy Spirit himself. And finally he was. He was doing Peter at the household of Cornelius and was to preach that famous sermon, when he came to me and said, "I can't do it. How can I, who am not a Christian, preach a sermon like this? At least, I must accept Christ myself and be baptized before I can convince anyone else that they need to do so. Can I do that?" And of course he could and it gave the students great joy to take his confession of faith, and to baptize him. And you can believe the whole series of dramas changed atmosphere completely after that.

But even before this series was completed and put on the air, I was beginning the work of putting the John lessons into Chinese.

In May of 1961, our household moved again — into a larger and more roomy American-style house nearer to school. It was the house from which the Mel Huckins family (who had been in language school) were moving. There were four bedrooms and so each one of us had a room of his own. And mine was so large that it easily made an office too.

The day we moved in was Janet's 16th birthday, May 24th. It was near the end of the school year and her class was having a weiner roast on the hillside that night. So we planned a "fun" party for her. We told the teachers to have them walk down the hill to our house for dessert and we set up tables and chairs all over the living and dining rooms and had a sign, as they came in the door — "Sweet Sixteen Ice Cream Parlor." Paula and Markie (Walter) were the waiters and had made menus.

We offered them all kinds of sundaes — even to banana splits — and all kinds of pop. And the teachers helped me fill the orders in the kitchen. They all arrived singing to ukeleles and left, full and happy. We had had a housewarming, and Janet a happy birthday. Janet, as a high schooler, never wanted to invite a mixed crowd for a party, so I generally planned something like this for her whole class — at the end of the school year. And they were always greatly enjoyed. Once it was an ice-skating party and once a treasure hunt.

Now that I could have more room for another full-time co-worker, both Lydia and Rosemary Fu had desks in the large living room where they translated and where, also, we practiced as a Chinese trio. For this trio, Rosemary — who had a beautiful soprano voice — always took the lead because Lydia had to have the Chinese words Romanized and read them (and so, often, did I) whereas Rosemary sang them clearly and easily.

Nevertheless, during that year, we did record the music for all the John programs in Chinese and had many of the lessons translated into Chinese. But I was never able to find anyone to preach the sermons. Everyone I tried had a definite Japanese accent. And I felt frustrated.

That year also, Lydia had been living frugally and saving up to go to the U.S. to school. This had come about from her own desire to have her faith more firmly established. For several years, she and I had periodically been brought to mutual tears over her acceptance of the Evolutionary theory. I said I couldn't understand how she could believe that and the Bible both. But now, after a year of saving, as we were preparing for furlough, she told me she wanted to go to America and study under the best Old Testament professor I could recommend and get her faith more firmly established. That was wonderful news to me. And she did it — going to Cincinnati Bible Seminary to study under George Mark Elliott. (And it was a great joy to hear her speak to one of her supporting churches at the end of that year, when she told them — in tears — that now for the first time she could say

she believed Genesis 1:1 and that she had come to love the God of the Old Testament so much that she would do anything at all that He ever asked of her.)

Lydia had been in and out of love several times and now was in her late twenties and still unmarried. Then one night, 2 weeks before she was due to leave for the U.S. we were coming home from an engagement party of a Seminary couple (an engagement is as binding as the wedding in the Orient) when, on the train, she told me she had just received a proposal. The man was Etsuzo Kishi — a brilliant young professor whose final capitulation to Christ, after years of fighting against it, had transformed him to the point that he even looked like a different man — because of the new peace and joy on his countenance.

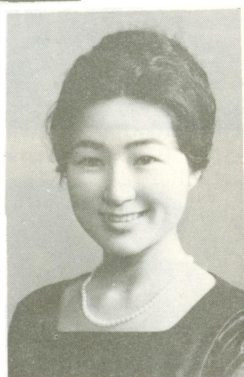
Mrs. Exie Fultz who had led Kishi-San to the Lord had often told him he would never get a wife because he was too frank and outspoken (probably due to the fact that he had been raised by an embittered father whose wife had deserted him when his baby boy was still small). It was that very frankness, however, that appealed to Lydia and she loved him deeply before leaving for the U.S. to study for that one year. So it was a glowing bride (in a lovely wedding dress I had sent her back to Japan with) who married Prof. Etsuzo Kishi in June of 1963. And they have been serving the Lord together these many years in Hiroshima.

That year of 1962 the church grew, in the new location, and at the end of the school year when we were all preparing to go on furlough, the other Church of Christ in Kobe decided to merge with ours, keeping Bro. Kawahara as minister and meeting in a wing of the house we were leaving. This was accomplished because our neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Stanka (of baseball fame) wanted our house but did not need (nor had we) the servant's wing of several tiny rooms. They changed them into one big room with an outside door onto the street and a row of big windows for light and, after carpeting it, turned it over to the Kobe Church of Christ.

And so, as we left that summer, we put our things in storage and awaited the Lord's leading as to where we would go next.



The Women's Trio featured in our radio series "Behold This Man" (covering the book of John). Lydia Shigeinobu and myself were permanent fixtures. The 3rd member was later replaced by Miss Ataka (right).



Left: Mr. Kawahara, our radio engineer, was one of our Sendai converts, then a student at Osaka Bible Seminary and finally – and to the present – a minister for the Kobe Church of Christ.

The cast and announcer (Lydia) for our Acts drama series, called "Behold Christ's Church." The tall man is a professional actor and the other three are students.





Scene of baptisms in Kobe. Four at left were radio listeners baptized by Bro. Kawahara. This day, a Chinese neighbor, Mr. Ling (right) was baptized.



My class at the Sumitomo Life Insurance Co. in Osaka.

One of the blind lepers for whom we had our correspondence course put into braille.



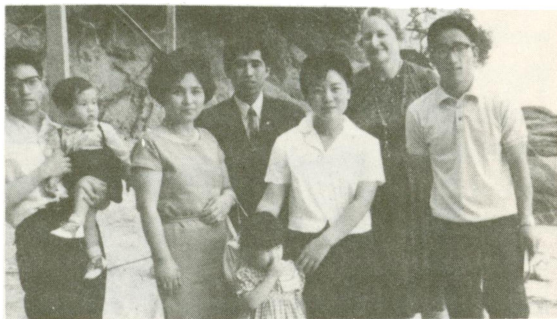
Rosemary Yuh (center) was the 3rd member of our Chinese trio in Kobe, and also my translator.





On our front stoop in Kobe: myself, Janet and Lydia Shigeimobu, my right hand for 10 years as interpreter, singer, announcer and translator. She is now Mrs. Etsuzo Kishi of Hiroshima City.

First group of radio listeners baptized by Professor Kishi in Hiroshima and the charter members of the church whose building is pictured below.



Below: At one of Janet's birthday parties.

Below right: During my fourth furlough – the one between Japan and Taiwan.





The crowd who saw us off at Kobe when we left, the second time.

The Church of Christ in Hiroshima, built after the first building had burned down.



The Family of Lydia (Shigeinobu) Kishi and Professor Kishi as of now, 1978.

HE
LEADETH ME —
THROUGH TWO
BUSY YEARS IN
AMERICA

IT HAS occurred to me often that most of the people in America in this day and age are greatly blessed with plenty of the three most expensive things in the world — namely, cleanliness, space and privacy. Take cleanliness, for instance. We say that anyone can be clean. But really it isn't all that easy. Most of the Lisu people had neither soap nor the means to buy it, if it were available. They made lye water, by pouring water through ashes, and used this to wash their clothes in the streams, pounding them on the rocks with their bare feet. They also used lye water in which to bleach out their handmade thread — boiling it in this water for hours and hours. But you can't use it on your skin and cleanliness, there, was nothing like we think of it here, you can imagine.

And then, take space. The people of Japan have very little of it. So many people crowded into those great cities. It is good that they are small and do not need as much space as we do. For space

is terribly expensive in Japan. Each person, on their income tax report, pays a luxury tax for using more than the minimal amount of space for living. And the tiny apartments in Japan wouldn't have the space for the big refrigerators and appliances we use here. Everything is built to the small scale in Japan — in order to preserve space. And the fact that they are short helps. Tall Americans hit their heads often in a Japanese house. It is also good that they sleep on the floor and take up their pallets and store them behind sliding doors in the daytime. For they thus need no space for beds and can make the same room do double duty as a guest room or a dining room (since they sit on the floor to eat, at a low table which is easily moved in or out). The pillows on which they sit are also easily stacked out of the way. So the Japanese have reduced truly "gracious living" to its least expensive state, to my way of thinking. (Though, of course, there are a vast number of very large and spacious houses and grounds all over Japan for the many wealthy families.)

Then again, take privacy. Lack of space also means lack of privacy. Hence — the Japanese (all Orientals) have their own ways of insuring privacy. In any house in the morning no one speaks or looks up in recognition — even though passing to and fro in the same hallway — until after the ablutions, shaving, hair-combing, dressing, etc. are over. Then, and then only, do they bow and speak and greet the day and each other. After that, they can enjoy, as it were, "gracious living." It is their way of having privacy.

I remember speaking to a group of neighborhood women in Kagoshima, one day before leaving Japan for the second time. And they asked me a question, saying, "What was the hardest thing in Japan for you to get used to?"

I told them it was the public baths, when the whole family went to the bath house together and took baths, with the men on one side of the rope and the women on the other and windows on both sides open to the street. And I said, "You are such modest people, otherwise. Your clothes are modest and your manners. So it comes as a shock that nudity in this way doesn't both you at all."

They agreed that it doesn't bother them. "But," they said, "what shocks us about westerners is the way they bare their inmost thoughts to outsiders. We would never do that. They are too private and precious. And thus you shock us."

So you see, we are of quite a different turn of mind to the Oriental. Our values are different. It is not easy to cross that barrier of thought, either, being used — as I say — to having soap and space and privacy in great abundance.

On our way home in 1962, Janet and I took the whole summer to complete the journey. She was seventeen and had still one more year of high school to complete in the U.S. So she was the right age to enjoy the new sights and sounds of each country.

The first stop was a surprise one to us when our plane set down in Taiwan for refueling, and we were asked to disembark for half an hour. For, to my great surprise, I was able to understand everything that I heard at the airport. And I said to Janet, "Honey, they are talking my kind of Chinese."

"Good!" Janet replied, "now you know where you are going to have to come next." (But inside I curled up at the thought of coming to a new place "on my own" to begin a work where I didn't know a soul.)

In Hongkong we had a few days of fun and sightseeing and shopping, with Mark's family who were headed for Europe with a charter flight Mark had engineered. They headed right out to Europe where they spent a month or two sight-seeing, while we spent our time in the Orient.

Our next stop was in Thailand where, after a few days of sightseeing with Miss Ruby Officer — dean of women at Janet's school, the Canadian Academy, and our dear friend — we went up-country to visit my fellow missionary and dear friend, Imogene Williams in Chiengkam, in the north-eastern province of Chiangrai. Miss Officer, meanwhile, went on to Ireland to visit her family and later to meet us in London. We stayed with Imogene for 16 wonderful days, during which Janet simply fell in love with Thailand and decided that this was the country she wanted to work in, if God willed. Janet traveled to all her

outstations with Imogene on foot or by bicycle (or both). And we had a lot of fine fellowship also with the Mel Byers family who lived in Chiengham also.

Then we went to Burma. We wanted to go up-country to visit the Morses and our Christian brethren there, but it seemed an impossibility. There was only one flight a week up and one back. But if we spent a whole week up-country, our visitor's visa would expire and the visa was non-extendable.

Janet had "faith to remove mountains," I'm glad to say, and she was sure that we could and would get up-country. Her faith was catching and, indeed, I wanted very much to go. (It was our only reason for coming to Burma for a 10-day stay.) So we flew up to Myitkyina to try our luck. Our plane left early in the a.m. and stopped in Bhamo for breakfast.

While we ate what they had at a little house at the airport, the pilot came in. He was Australian and he came and sat down to talk to us. We told him what we hoped to do — to go on up to Putao (Ft. Hertz). He told us that this was his last week of flying in Burma and that they were going up daily that week to bring down soldier recruits. He knew the Morses very well.

In fact, after we got back on the plane, he had us take turns in the cockpit with him so that he could tell us about the political and physical situation of Burma at this time. He also told us that the Morses had shipped out five tons of grapefruit to be sold in Rangoon that winter. (All of this the result of Russell Morse's fruit tree grafting and budding — begun after he had been released from the Communist prison in Kunming and had gone into Burma with his family.)

When we asked about the chances of going on up and coming back in time, he said there was no reason why not, except that the Burmese man in the office in Myitkyina was very anti-foreign and unfriendly, and so it was not easy to ask him.

We knew that Jesse and Daniel, our dear co-workers for so long, would come down on that plane back from Putao to see us, if we didn't arrive up-country on it, so I was resigned to waiting at the airport to see them. But Janet was not at all resigned and, after

we had landed and stood around on the ground awhile she begged me to go and at least inquire. Finally the pilot came along and I told him Janet had the faith but I hadn't the courage to ask the man in the office.

But the pilot urged us to come on in with him. And we did. There we listened to the man at the desk berating him because the office in Rangoon said the pilot was *not* to stay on and take the plane to Ft. Hertz, whereas he insisted the pilot *must* stay and go up. And finally, the pilot agreed to go (obviously to me, deliberately plotting the whole thing so he could secure a favor), and then said, "What about these two ladies? Can they go up to Ft. Hertz today?" The official looked at us and said, "Sure, why not?" But I interrupted to say, "For the very good reason that I can't afford to go up just to come back on the same plane. And we can't stay a week or our visas will run out."

"Oh," said the official, "never mind. You can come back on the plane that will fly up in 4 more days." Janet's faith had been justified. And so we went up, the pilot showing us the perfectly laid out town of Muladi as we passed it not far from the airport. He called it "The Garden of Eden" and said he had always wanted to stop and visit. And indeed it looked lovely from the air. The streets were laid out so that each family had a nice lot to build on. In the center was the church and around the square were shops and a schoolhouse. In each corner of every block there was a plume bamboo tree and the whole town was green and verdant. So we should not have been surprised when we started to the airport after the plane came over on Thursday, to meet the pilot and his crew coming (on this his last flight to Putao in Burma) to visit "Eden" and have a swim in the river there.

We turned back and waited and the Morses served an English "tea" before we went back to the plane and flew out. But to us, also, it had been heavenly to have those days with our former co-workers and brethren. Jesse and Daniel had spent all of one night looking for and buying a complete Lisu outfit for Janet. This must have cost them a lot of money because no one really has time to make cloth for "extra" full skirts, for instance.

And bead headdresses are really hard to come by. Hers was given to Janet by Amo, her one-time amah. But somehow the whole outfit *was* found and presented to Janet — the most costly clothes she has ever worn. She had a Japanese kimono, a Chinese gown and a Thai sarong and blouse. And later in India she found a good sari. But this was the most precious. Her big brother Jesse was now married and had a cute little boy and headed up, as principal, the schools we had always dreamed of, for his own people. His wife was one of Daniel's daughters. Thus, Jesse's children are the great-grandchildren of that great hero of Lisuland, Swami Pa. And I feel a great joy in knowing this.

How glad I was, and Janet too, that we had been able to spend that time in Burma. She said it felt like home to be there, even though she could remember little of her life as a child. We spoke on Wednesday p.m. to more than 700 members of the Muladi church.

When we got back to Rangoon it was the last day for our visa, but we were due to fly to Calcutta at 8:00 p.m. so that was all right. However, the plane we were to take never came in and we had to wait until morning to leave. The airport put us up at their hotel, made the visa good for an extra day and we went to India a day late, because God knew, as we did not, that our visa for India, also inextendable, was only good for 10 days and our ship from Bombay was due to leave on the 11th day. So that delay, also, was a gift from a loving Father who enjoys giving good gifts to His children (though often we, lacking faith, as I had lacked it in Myitkyina that day, lose the gift because we haven't the courage to reach out and take what God offers).

Janet and I enjoyed those 10 days in India, mostly in Calcutta where we stayed at the Salvation Army Hostel and shopped and went sight-seeing. Then we took a train across India for a day and a night — and arrived in Bombay with only a few hours in which to get mail, go to the steamship office for our tickets and board the P. and O. passenger ship for England. It was a good trip, stopping at Aden, Suez, Naples, Gibraltar, and finally London, and very educational. In London, Miss Officer met us and took us

to a rooming house in which she had rented a room for three. It included a hearty breakfast served in the basement, and all the facilities for fixing the other meals in our room: a stove, pans, dishes, table and chairs. So we had a delightful week of sight-seeing. Janet, having been attending a Canadian school for 5 years, knew more English history than American. She knew just what she wanted to see.

When we went to Paris, we were grateful for the advice her French teacher (a French lady) had given us of what to see and where to stay. For our money was nearly gone and we had to watch how we spent it very carefully. We stayed in the Y.W.C.A. very cheaply, but had a hard time finding it. No one had ever heard of the Y.W.C.A. And it was only when someone said, "Ah, she means 'Associatione Christien des Jeunes Filles' " that they finally directed us to it. I had never connected "Young Women" with "Jeunes Filles" — which to my mind means "teenagers". But then, Janet was a teenager so I guess that let us in. And we appreciated it.

After three days in Paris, a truly beautiful city, and a sight-seeing trip that included Versailles Palace and then the fabulous water and light show held there at night 6 times every summer, we left for Stuttgart, Germany to visit our dear friends from China days, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Siering. What a happy 24 hours we spent with them! They took us up in the original space needle revolving restaurant, set deep in a verdant woods, for the noon meal. And then put us on the train for Luxemburg from whence we flew the next day, via Icelandic Airlines, to New York.

In Luxemburg, to save our almost non-existent last money, I went to a delicatessen around the corner from our beautiful old-world hotel, to get bread and ham for sandwiches. But when I left, I left my coin purse (with my last \$5.00) on the counter and had only taken a few steps away when I remembered and hurried back. But everyone insisted they hadn't seen it. So I arrived in the U.S. without a single U.S. coin and a slightly bitter taste in my mouth. But my dear forwarding agent, Margaret McGinn and her sister Ruth were there to meet us and provide us with

whatever we needed. The biggest problem we met there (and it met us in every city or town we entered for the next month) was the U.S. Health Authorities. Someone on the P. & O. ship we had traveled on had come down with smallpox and they had asked on our plane if any of us had been on that ship. So we had inoculations awaiting us in New York and a check-up of how we felt everywhere we went, for the period during which we might have come down with it. And so does the U.S. Health Dept. protect our population from contamination. I thought you would like to know that.

By fall we had settled in, in Louisville again, and Janet was attending high school. I was keeping a pretty full schedule myself. We had decided to ask Mr. Lee, formerly of Yea Chi, Yunnam, to do our John sermons, but he was so busy himself he could hardly find time for it. He was attending Cincinnati Bible Seminary and speaking often. We did manage to record him several times that year, however.

And also I recorded my nieces, Judy, Marilyn, and Linda (Tibbs' three oldest daughters) during several 2-week sessions at the Cincinnati Bible Seminary studios. Each time they recorded 39 songs (enough for a 13-week stint). But since each of them was married and two of them had nursing babies, there were sometimes complications which the radio engineer, Bruce Webster, seemed to take in his stride — though I'm quite sure he never had quite such an odd recording situation before or after. Judy is Mrs. Don Clark; Marilyn is Mrs. Don Lewis; and Linda is Mrs. Roger Chambers.

The year was busy but we did enjoy our home a lot. It was good to have a snowy Christmas. Janet took a course in Homemaking which was exceedingly good and taught her how to enjoy and furnish a home and how to plan and prepare meals, so she practiced a lot at our house — to my joy. We had the church secretary stay with us so that Janet would not be alone when I was away — as I often had to be. And finally in May Janet graduated from high school. Very soon afterward we headed west for a series of camps where she and I would be teaching and speaking.

The first of these was in Iowa, near Ft. Dodge and my sister, Mary Ellen's husband, Alvin Giese — minister at Storm Lake, Iowa, for many years now — was the camp manager. The church there had offered to pay for dental care for us both during the week and so, nearly every afternoon, we drove the 75 miles each way to the dentist in Storm Lake. And then we had an accident.

Of course, when one has been the cause of a bad accident, she (or he) tries to rationalize why it happened. That week and even before I left Louisville, I was so tired I kept wishing I could just go somewhere and sleep for a week or more. But the summer was booked solid. The camp was for high school students and they were normal, happy teenagers, but sleeping in the same cabin with about ten girls meant very little sleep for me.

I spoke each evening and taught a missions class each morning and, in the afternoon, drove 75 miles to the dentist. So I guess I was really not up to par that week. My sister, Mary Ellen, thought we ought to take advantage of a sale at a discount store in Ft. Dodge on Thursday afternoon, as we would be leaving Friday afternoon. So we started out to shop — Janet asleep on a pillow in the back seat and Mary Ellen beside me up front.

We were on a paved country road heading for the main highway when it happened. Our road seemed to have the right of way and I didn't see a stop sign at the highway, so I kept right on, expecting traffic to stop for me. But it didn't. I hit the end of a car and remember only jamming on my brake and I saw that the road beyond was only gravel. When I came to, nearly an hour later, they were putting me in an ambulance and I was saying, "I'll pay them for it, if they'll put a stop sign there."

It developed that my injuries were all lacerations of my head — front and back. Mary Ellen had seven broken ribs and a gash over her left eye to match mine. Janet was slightly injured in the leg. But she had taken over after the accident, by propping Mary Ellen's head on a pillow and opening an umbrella over her, meanwhile sure that I was dead under the car. Then, for some wonderful reason she began to collect the sheets of paper

scattered all over the highway — many soaked with oil, but all very important to me. And she didn't miss a one.

The people in the other car were a retired minister and his wife. Their car was banged up but they weren't injured. But they had a quiet week in the same hospital with us, at my insurance company's expense. Janet had proved to be the kind of nurse any hospital yearns for — a cool-headed, capable person. But she wondered what to do with herself when they took both of us into the emergency room and left her standing. Then she remembered to call her Uncle Alvin and he came post-haste to "take over."

Those of you who knew my mother, with her bubbling sense of humor, would say my sister (as well as my brothers) is Mother all over again. She is always ready to meet any situation with a fitting joke. People came to the hospital (70 miles round trip) by the carload every evening to be entertained by Mary Ellen — whose seven broken ribs cried out in pain whenever she laughed. But, as soon as it was safe, we were sent home to Storm Lake where I spent a month getting well. (A wonderfully restful month which I had desperately needed.)

And during that month I was able to finish editing all those sheets of paper Janet had saved and to send back the corrected manuscripts to my secretary in Louisville who was cutting the stencils and mimeographing all my 46 Acts dramas that summer. Also I was helping Janet prepare to teach missions classes for me, for the month after I could travel again. She also was learning to wash and iron men's shirts for her uncle Alvin and cousins Brian and Gary Giese and cook new dishes — all very practical experience for her and a great help to us.

Janet decided, that summer, where she wanted to go to college and she chose Ozark Bible College. The camps where she taught helped her enough to pay her tuition and she was really happy that she not only passed her entrance exams with flying colors but, after try-outs, was chosen as a soprano in the concert choir. And I, preparing to spend that year getting both the John and Acts programs recorded and assembled in English, headed for

Claremore and rented one of my step-father's apartments so that I could see a lot of my wonderful mother that year.

My first priority was with the Platte Valley Bible College, a college with a missionary medical course started, after my husband's death, in answer to his own dreams of having such a course and with the dedication of a "would-be missionary" doctor, Dr. Ellis Baker and his brother Dr. Paul Baker of Scottsbluff, Nebraska. The president's wife and my dear friend, Mrs. June Beeman, had a very successful daily TV program in Scottsbluff, and she was the drama coach at P.V.B.C. So I took my drama scripts to her and asked her to rent the studio at night, after the station went off the air, and record her students once a week doing these dramas. I paid the students and the studio for their time and gave them the whole school year to complete it.

If you work in radio, and especially if you are looking for a particular talent, you listen to voices. I had chosen a preacher to do the John scripts, Eugene Barbee, who was preaching and teaching in Oklahoma City. As always, with such a man or woman, time is valuable. So we had to have several sessions, during which we recorded ten to twenty of the series each time.

There were several women's trios who really thrilled me also. One was in Colorado Springs (and I went to Colorado Springs in the spring and spent 2 weeks recording them in 39 songs). The trio was Mrs. Bob Lillie (Chloe) and two other ladies in the church there.

One was in Tulsa, at the East Tulsa Christian Church. Mrs. Roy Blackmore (Martha) and two other wonderful singers in the church there made up that trio. I recorded them once a week, every week I was at home — doing three or four songs each time and asking a very capable man in the church, Charles Burgett, to be our engineer.

In the same way also I chose a mixed quartet of excellent voices from the Ozark Bible College faculty and recorded them once a week, every week I was there. They were Mr. and Mrs. Willis Harrison, Mrs. Bob Stacy, and Mr. Donald Fream. I even persuaded Woodrow Phillips to do a few solos I wanted "Paul" to

sing. He had never thought he could sing, but he really does “make a joyful noise unto the Lord” as I had noticed, standing beside him on the platform several times. I also got tapes of several good college choirs, but I asked the music director at Nebraska Christian College — who had a famous radio background — to ask his choir to make me a tape of particular songs I would need, as congregational hymns to fit in with various dramas.

As you can imagine, then, I had a very busy school year. And in the summer I accepted an invitation to Casper, Wyoming to put my program together there — taking nearly a month to do it.

And so time flew by and my furlough neared its end. That Easter, Janet and Alan Bemo announced their engagement at a meeting for which they had been singing and which I attended that night. It was really not a surprise to me for I knew she loved him and I knew, from him, that he loved her. Each of them had a job for the summer. He was to be Associate Minister in Treaty, Indiana. Janet was to be a nurses’ aide in Christian Hospital in St. Louis, Missouri. (She has always wanted to be a nurse.) Janet stayed in the Old Folk’s Home there and whenever I was nearby, I did too.

One day, knowing she had a long weekend free, I asked her if she would like to go to Treaty with me (as I was enroute to Toledo, Ohio). So she did, staying with the couple who were keeping Alan. I came back for her on Monday and the two of them told me they had decided to have their wedding in August before I left for Taiwan. And so they did — with the help of “Miss Wedding, Illinois” — Florence Douglas of Flora. And it was a lovely green and white wedding in a park, with her roommate, Jean Morris, and her cousin, Paula Maxey, as bridesmaids. Both bride and bridegroom were nineteen years old, but Alan was twenty a few weeks later. The wedding was August 17, 1964.

We had taken the bond which I had purchased years before from the gifts (\$750) given for her when her daddy died and which had accumulated to \$1000, and put it with Alan’s savings to buy them a second-hand mobile home they liked. They bought it

in Indianapolis. Alan had driven it to the campus at Ozark Bible College 2 days before the wedding, and now, exhausted — as most young couples are by the time all their preparations for a wedding have been completed — they left for their honeymoon. And, I left the next day for Taiwan.

Yes, I was going to Taiwan. Hadn't I told you? Well, I will tell you how the Lord brought it about in the next chapter.



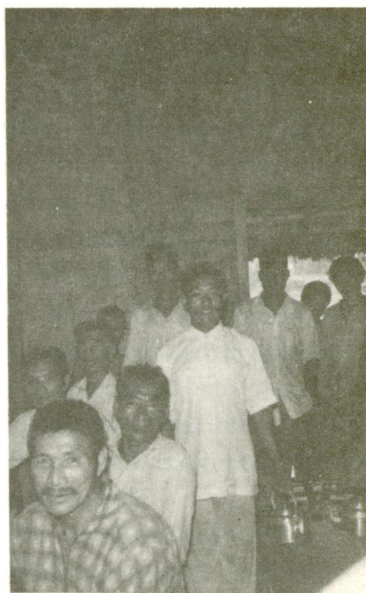
*The home of the Eugene and Russell
Morses in Muladi, Burma.*



*Eugene and Helen Morse in 1962 and
their 3 boys and 3 girls.*



*Shaking hands with the long line of 700
welcomers.*



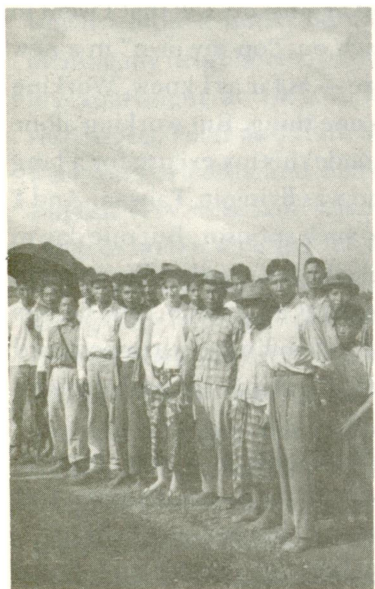
*People pouring into church to hear us
speak our first night there.*



Russell and Gertrude Morse and Drema (Mrs. Jesse Yangmi) and their adopted son, Samuel.



Janet and Jesse Chu, school principal in Muladi. She is wearing the Lisu outfit he and Daniel spent all night looking for.



At the Putao (Ft. Hertz) airport just before our plane took off.



In India, with Philip Ho, Janet in Indian sari she purchased there.

HE
LEADETH ME —
TO
TAIWAN

TO TELL you the truth, it was almost against my will that I went to Taiwan. I was really afraid to launch out “on my own” in a new place. And I didn’t know a soul there — as far as I knew. Working with experienced missionaries was one thing. But working alone was another. In addition — and I made this my excuse for a long time — I had to have a sponsor who was living in Taiwan. And I could not go there because I had no such sponsor. But one day in Latonia, Kentucky, after I had spoken for a youth rally, a young man came up behind me, as I looked at an exhibit, and he was talking Mandarin Chinese. I was exceedingly surprised and whirled around to confront a man in U.S. Air Force uniform who smiled at my surprise.

“Where did you learn Chinese?” I asked him. And he replied, “Uncle Sam has been teaching me. I’m on my way to Taiwan. And I came by to tell you that I will sponsor you to get into Taiwan.”

And so, God showed me His will in the matter and I was reminded in my heart of His Son’s promise that if we would go

out into the world to preach the gospel He would be with us right up to the end of the world. My conscience had been bothering me for a long time anyway, because I knew I had been rationalizing — looking for an excuse to keep from doing what I knew I ought to do.

For if I, with my years of experience, was afraid to go, what about young, untried missionaries going out? At least, if I opened the door to this new field others could come in, with me as a sponsor. And when I capitulated I came to terms with God and with my own conscience. So on October 3, 1964, I arrived in Taiwan and was met by Mr. and Mrs. Dan Nee, my sponsors. I was here at last.

But on the way to their apartment from the airport, I heard that they had just been transferred back to the U.S. and would be leaving in 3 weeks. I had arrived just in time.

In order to begin with the help of the Nees, into whose apartment I planned to move the following week, I had cards printed in Chinese and English and wrote a note on several dozen which I slipped under doors of all the apartments on my street inviting my neighbors to join me for a morning worship service in my apartment at 10:30 a.m. the next day. And one family responded. Peter and Ruth Suen and their children all came and were very friendly and helpful. Furthermore they understood English very well. And when, some weeks later, Shu Chen Lee came to hold a meeting for us, Peter and Ruth became our first converts and were baptized by Mr. Lee (who later went to Hongkong to begin work among refugees from the mainland).

Peter Suen was an officer in the Chinese army but had quite a lot of free time. Soon he was working for me as a translator, both for oral teaching and radio script writing. When their family moved into a house they had bought in a nearby suburb we rented a hall near their home, there in Shih Ling, and began to worship there. I also moved to a house farther into town and had my office there and many classes and, later, with our Christian students and older men, as well, began the recording of the Acts dramas in Chinese, in my home each Friday evening.

We served either fried rice or noodles to the cast, so they could come from class or work and eat and then record with us for about 1½ hours — allowing for practice and mistakes, corrections and so on. In later years, however, when they were better at it, we found it easier to rent a studio and do several dramas at a time.

During the first 2 years in Taiwan I went often to Hongkong, taking scripts or recordings (or both) and putting together the John programs in the Far East Broadcasting studios, giving them one copy for Okinawa (where we had put our Japanese programs on also) and to Manila where our programs in Chinese were beamed to the mainland.

After a year of heavy work on the Chinese programs to be beamed into Mainland China, I was keen to begin airing them in Taiwan and that is what we did, beginning in 1965. And of course, when you begin going on the air you begin having responses and that means church growth. English Bible classes also result in souls saved and our local church was a busy place in Taipei.

In 1966 Janet and Alan decided to come spend a year in Taiwan as missionary interns. What a wonderful thing this turned out to be, both for them and for us.

Many people have asked me how the Chinese and Japanese differ from each other and which I prefer. Well, of course, my first love has always been China, since I felt the Lord's calling to that country for so many years. It was in 1937, only a few months after my arrival in China, that the Japanese began to march into China and my sympathies were definitely with the Chinese, as refugees poured into Yunnan from eastern China and whole universities moved, student bodies included, into our province.

But of course, once I went to Japan and lived and worked among the Japanese, I learned to love and respect them very much indeed. In fact, I discovered that followers of the Master — Jesus Christ — all begin to “have their being in Him” — to “take after” Him, as a child “takes after” its parents. Thus Christians, of whatever race or nationality are alike — being all of “one family.”

Still, it was like coming home again to come to Taiwan to live.

The Japanese are a complicated people. Even their language is so complicated that it is the hardest in the world to master (with the possible exception of English). And to make it even harder, there are three degrees of speech in Japan — one to speak to people of your own rank, one to people of lower rank and one to people of higher rank. Men speak “down” to women and women speak “up” to men. And life in Japan follows that pattern all the way through.

They say also that there are always two ways to take any sentence spoken in Japanese. But whether or not that is so, it is true that there is a “set” phrase or sentence that is correct for any occasion. One learns by rote to say the “polite” phrase and it never changes. So we were often asked to teach *the* correct phrase to say in English for each situation and they couldn’t believe that we simply said what we felt. For they *never* do. And therefore, I came to wonder if any politeness was actually what they felt — and to feel that I had no way of knowing for sure what people — especially non-Christians — were really saying.

In China, although it is a Buddhist teaching to keep an impassive face, no matter what one feels inside, I have always felt a greater openness and willing friendliness from the people. Too eager and too obvious and unshuttered a face is nearly always to be doubted, there as well as anywhere, but I find myself more at ease there.

As in every land, people everywhere are lonely — lonely to know the Giver of Life, the God Who is Love. And I found the Japanese — who are truly repressed by their culture — easily moved to tears by kindness and, as a result, always returning gifts “with interest.” The Chinese are not quite so lonely. They are a gregarious people, family people who enjoy eating together and are gourmet cooks. Gifts are often food — which they love to share and to receive.

People often tell me they get the impression from my newsletters that I do a lot of entertaining. Well, hospitality opens doors that make for deep and lasting friendships and brotherhood. And perhaps that is why this virtue of “hospitality”

is one of the requisites for an elder *and his wife*. Anyway, I grew up in such a home and have always had such a home, to my great blessing and joy. This has been the way of the Bemoses, as well as of the Ted Skiles and Johnstons. We get together to confer, to relax and to encourage each other, often around a table. And I think our Christian brethren all find this their greatest joy — relax together.

The people of Taiwan are really friendly and they made Alan and Janet so welcome that the year went by all too quickly. Just 2 months before they left Taiwan, their first child, Elizabeth Bryan Bemo (whom we call Beth) was born in April, 1967. In China, it is the custom to give a feast when your child is one month old and what a crowd we had that night. We had it served by a Chinese restaurant and they brought the round tables and stools and set them up in our yard and carport and then brought the food, keeping it hot on small braziers full of charcoal.

The thing which made that year memorable to the young folks was that so many university students (for Alan had gone to coffee shops near the universities and sat and talked with students, winning them to Christ) told him they owed their souls to him.

And so I really was not surprised when I went on furlough in 1968 to learn that Alan and Janet were making plans to return as missionaries to Taiwan — and not alone. For their fellow schoolmates, Ted and Beverly Skiles, Chuck and Molly Johnston, and Sam and Virginia Hazelwood were all ready to join us in this venture for Christ and — one after another — did so in the years to come.

The church of Christ in Taipei had not only helped in the production of radio programs. They had *been helped* in the process. For they learned as they helped teach. And, in addition, we had translated and printed Fred Kratt's course of instruction for new Christians and Sharp's "Training for Service" — a course which has been taught at least three times to leaders in the church in Taiwan. More than 200 were baptized between October, 1964, and March, 1968.

Alan had also worked very effectively in Hsin Chuan, in the

home of Homer Liu and his wife. Homer became a Christian in Oregon when, as a graduate student at the University of Oregon in Eugene, he had roomed with David and Rozelle Henry. Now he is — and has been for many years — secretary to the President of the Republic of China.

Mr. Liu has twenty-nine interpreters working in his office, translating the news of the world for the president each day. Until the spring of 1973 the President was Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek who, as the general under the first president Sun-Yat-Sen, overthrew the Manchu dynasty in 1909, to bring the first and only democracy to that ancient land. Now the mainland is held by Communist war lords far more tyrannical than any dynasty ever known in China's history. They call it "The People's Republic" but actually "the people" are slaves who have no say whatever as to their destiny. And the seat of government of the Republic of China (Free China) has had to move to Taiwan, pro tem.

But to get back to Homer Liu. He and his wife Lulu were married after I arrived in Taiwan. She is a devout Christian, raised in a Christian home, and happy indeed when her fiancé became a Christian. He is a scholar and teaches in several fine universities in between his secretarial duties (which include speech-writing). And he is a Bible scholar, as well. So the services in their home have always been inspiring.

When the Lius first child was born, one month after Beth, they asked me to name her. I called her Rachel because they had to wait for her so long. (They had been engaged for all his years of study in the U.S.). Their son, born 2 years later, is named Joseph, and Homer likes to claim me as his alternate mother because his own mother is no longer living. So the children call me grandmother. (The Suen children, now all grown, do the same.)

Lillian Martin was my first co-worker in Taiwan. However, she originally came to Taiwan to work with Gladys Aylward — the "little woman" of the movie "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" fame. She is a black nurse and physiotherapist and was diligent in her study of Chinese. But her personal relations with Miss

Aylward were unhappy and she went to Puli, in the very center of Taiwan, to work with a Christian hospital there, after her first year in Taiwan. Shortly after I arrived in Taiwan, however, her minister, Bro. Gallagher of the Kaimuki Christian Church in Honolulu wrote to her about my coming and she came down to Taipei to meet me. As a result, about 6 months later, she moved to Shih Ling to join me in the work and to further her language study. She was truly a soul-winner and led quite a few into our church fold in Shih Ling, while she looked around for a new field of her own to open up. After my furlough and later hers, she moved to Kaoshiung, in southern Taiwan, and began a new work with crippled children.

The work of proclaiming the gospel can be done by so many methods that there is no list which could contain them. Every individual person has his own personality and therefore his own approach to people and, in turn, he must fit his approach to the background and personality of the person he is approaching. The message must, of course, include the gospel and must exalt Christ to convict the hearer to belief in Him as God and Savior. It must bring the hearer to repentance and humility — as I think Christ knew burial in the waters of baptism itself would do. But the result must always be the measure of the worth of the method.

The work on the border of Tibet was, to my mind, the most like that of Paul's of any. I had worked for 10 years in one of the most sophisticated countries in the world — Japan. There people worshipped the god "education" and also a million other gods, even the rocks and trees in their gardens, but they knew far less of the real meaning of life than the newly literate, but open-minded mountain people in the Himalayas. Each person converted in Japan came, literally, through prayers, sweat and tears of the one who led him to the Lord. And I can recall many nights in Japan of beating my pillow to a pulp as I worried and wept over the barriers I could not see how to break down.

But Taiwan was different again. For the god of the Chinese is "money" and, as the Scripture says, "the love of money is the root

of every kind of evil.” Thus, one of the greatest difficulties in Taiwan is not in winning them to Christ (although this is never easy in an idolatrous society like Taiwan’s), but it is in keeping them in the church. There are just so many inducements to work *every* day and far into the night to keep ahead of their competitor, for their job or for their clients. It is — as they admit — hard to be honest and keep ahead of their scheming rivals. And this realization of their own failures to do so makes them ashamed to come to church and worship God, once they leave school and go to work.

One way I tried to strengthen the faith of young men who were especially brilliant was to have them translate books of outstanding Bible scholars. I had David Wang translate “The Divine Demonstration” by Everest; Jonathan Chen worked on Milligan’s “Scheme of Redemption” and Dr. Luke Ling, all through medical school, worked on and completed the translation of J.W. McGarvey’s “Evidences of Christianity.” I think we owe it to scholarly men to provide profound and scholarly books of faith in their own language for them to “chew the cud” over. They need it.

Thus, after some years of struggle with a society based only on the dollar, again one needs to come back home and be refreshed with fellowship of brethren who are “older in the faith.” And I deeply felt this need that year of 1968.

We had ordained Peter Suen, our first convert who had been unfailingly faithful through the years, and Homer Liu as church deacons. Also a military couple, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Smith, were active in the church. Joe Garman had come to hold meetings and, later in the year, Exie Fultz (who had come from Japan to visit us before) also made a speaking trip to Taipei during my absence. So I felt the church was doing well in my absence. But it was really a great relief when Alan and Janet returned to Taiwan in the summer of 1968 and found a good location and began language study (and a busy place in the church) before I arrived in October. For that was one busy furlough time for me, I can

assure you. I felt it vitally important to challenge an America that didn't seem to understand the score (Communist-wise) to pray for the Republic of China.

One reason I felt it so important to speak on this 9-month furlough in 1968 was that in 1967 the United Nations had voted out one of its charter members, the Republic of China, and had replaced her with the Communist nation, the People's Republic. This was a bitter blow to free China and another victory for the Communist bloc in that Tower of Babel called the United Nations. I had every sympathy with my host country and, although they seldom spoke to me about it, I knew they felt our country had let them down. (I felt so too.)

But I never really understood how deeply the free Chinese felt about the ramifications of this denouement until Homer Liu called me one day and asked if I would talk to his wife. He said she was spending three to five hours each night on her knees praying because she was so worried. And he wondered if I could help her find peace of heart.

Of course, I talked to Lulu as soon as we could arrange it. She told me why she felt impelled to pray so earnestly.

"Do you realize," she asked me, "that if we lose our country we in Taiwan, as well as all the millions and millions of Chinese people in every country — who have fled the Mainland in search of freedom — will automatically become citizens of that slave-state? We will lose this land that gives the people of our race a passport to freedom. I cannot bear to think of what it will mean to us all. And so, I pray earnestly for this country — the Republic of China — which is the true representative of the Chinese people and which the Chinese of the Mainland consider their only hope of freedom."

I had not really realized before, myself, the true state of affairs in Taiwan. For truly, this small island is not the Republic of China. It is only one province of the Republic of China and is ruled by its own elected governor and has only two senators in Parliament, as every other province of the Mainland has. On election years Chinese people from all over the world come back to Taiwan to

vote for the senators from their home province. And no matter what country they are citizens of, they may do so. For some day (when America releases them from their restriction forbidding them to try to take back the Mainland), the free Chinese hope and plan to take back the Mainland.

“But,” continued Mrs. Liu, “that is only half my concern. The other half is for my children. For if we lose this land, they will grow up in an atheistic society — not allowed to hear about God and His Son, Jesus Christ. And whenever I think of that, I must fall on my knees again to petition God to spare us. And then, I remember my country again and must pray anew. And then, my children. And so, hours fly by as I pray.”

It was with this earnest Christian mother’s anguish in my mind and heart that I spoke all over the U.S. that furlough.

My first two furloughs from Taiwan were short — only 9 months long, from January to the end of September, because the terms were shorter than 5 years. That is because I have always had such a hard time getting through the hot summers there. Taiwan is really in the tropics. The Tropic of Capricorn goes right through the center of the island. And it is very humid also — as in Japan. That is also why the winters seem worse than they really are. Since the buildings are not heated, when the temperature goes down to fifty degrees and stays there, the dampness soon chills you to the bone and people who live in these countries find wool underwear almost a necessity in winter. Certainly I wear woolen dresses or sweaters and skirts all winter. But in summer, it is another story. Being allergic to synthetic or treated fabrics it is not always easy to find the cotton garments I require and were it not for airconditioners I would have a very hard time getting through a summer.

The typhoons help. Even though we batten down everything we can before they come, everyone welcomes the wind and the rain to cool us off. Actually, it is considered a bad year when we have no good typhoons. Even the word “typhoon” comes from our island. The “ty” being the T’ai of Taiwan and “phoon” coming from the Chinese word for wind or “fong”. So a

“typhoon” is a Taiwan wind. And, indeed, there is almost always a wind blowing in Taiwan. I guess we just blow up the storms for Southeast Asia — which Asians welcome.

During my first furlough from Taiwan, Alan and Janet were in Joplin (where he graduated that year from Ozark Bible College). I decided that spring to refinance the home we had bought in Louisville (with my husband’s insurance as down-payment), and buy a house in Joplin where the children could live. We did this and Alan moved our furniture from Louisville in a U-Hall truck. Thus I was also near Mother Maude and she came often to be with us for long or short visits. Even after the children returned to Taiwan in June, she was with me much — riding with me to attend the wedding of Walter Maxey and Mary Shane in Murphysville, Illinois (which was the last time our family was all together) and having her eighty-fifth birthday here in my home (with eighty-five candles on her cake). How she did enjoy these “occasions” and always was the “life of the party.”

In September that year we traveled together to the missionary convention with Mr. and Mrs. Gary Meyers of whom we thought a great deal. He had been a radio engineer when I recorded Ozark talent the furlough before, and now was married and was enroute to be a missionary in South America (where he later gave his life for the Lord). The convention that year was in San Antonio, Texas, and Tibbs and Norma were there also. I was so glad they were there, because I was to leave from there for the West Coast and Taiwan and I wanted someone close to be with Mother for what I felt sure must be our last parting.

But that was a precious time together. We had booked a suite of rooms right close to the convention hall. And people came to see us. The T.K. Smiths, retired and staying with their daughter in Texas, came up to spend a day with us — the same Bro. Smith who had been so incredulous at my faith when I started to China with only \$40. We had such a happy day and evening at the convention, and the convention gave him a standing ovation before he left. And, the day after I left, the convention had Mother come to the platform, speak of each of her children and

what they were doing in the Lord's harvest field, and gave her a standing ovation. I remember Mother's last remark to Janet and Alan as she said goodbye to them in June — and which she repeated to Bro. Smith as they parted. She said, "I'll meet you on Cloud Nine when we get to the other side." And I knew that when we parted at the airport, she would have said the same to me, if either of us could have stopped sobbing as we had to part and know we would not meet again on this earth. If I had known that within 2 months she would be gone, I'd have waited. For everytime I called her — as I did each night until I flew out of San Francisco — she was crying — of simple loneliness for the "fellowship of kindred minds" which she did not have in the Disciples church in Claremore. There was no one to whom she could talk of the wonderful convention in San Antonio. She had had some dear friends there, but — one by one — they proceeded her in death and she was bereft. I'm sure, when the time came, Mother was glad to go and be with the Lord she loved and with many friends and loved ones over there. Frank Elrod, her husband, erected for her a beautiful stone over her grave, right at the entrance to the cemetery, which reads:

Maude Maxey Elrod
Mother of Ministers
1883 to 1968
"Let her words praise
her in the gates" (Prov. 31:31).



Taipei Church of Christ just before I left for furlough in 1969.



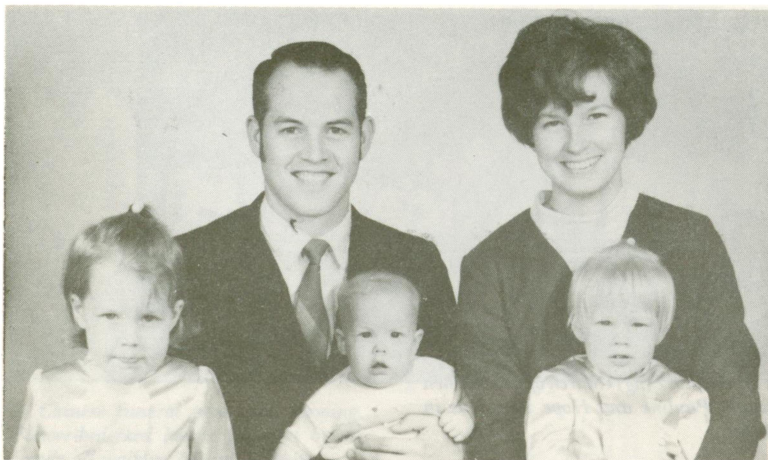
Lillian Martin, myself and Exie Fultz, three widow missionaries, taken when Exie came from Japan to speak to us.



Medical students of our Shih Ling Church, now doctors in New York and Chicago.



My forwarding agents, Helen Marshall and Margaret McGinn when we three visited our dear friend Althea Hamlin in Etna Green, Indiana.



The Alan Bemo family at the end of their first term of service. Children: Beth, Jonnie and Becky with Alan and Janet.



D.V.B.S. in the summer of 1970.

Recording Acts dramas in my home on Friday evenings.





Taipei (Shih Ling) Church of Christ when Mark, Pauline and Hope visited us in 1966.



My teenage Bible Class singing a special for church.

Sunday School conducted weekly in my carport by Jonathan Chen.





A Chinese funeral procession forming. Flower-bedecked hearse followed by the family all walking behind in white.



A High School English Bible class in Puli, in the home of the principal. Puli is five hours south of Taipei.



Our first Christian Service Camp in Taiwan in 1965.

HE
LEADETH ME —
BACK TO
TAIWAN

SOMEONE has said that there were as many people living on the earth at the time of the flood as there are now. I don't know how they figure it out, but I wonder . . . everyone talks continually about a population explosion and the need for smaller families. But somehow God has always had ways to cut the population down without our maneuvers to do so being necessary.

What worries me about the vast number of people on the earth though, is that God told us to "preach the gospel to every creature." And so many of them are seemingly "unreachable" behind iron or bamboo curtains, or behind walls of prejudice, false gods or fear. And I honestly believe God gave us radio — for such a time as this.

Radio reaches in behind the walls, in the language the people are familiar with and without the barriers of a different colored skin or an unfamiliar dress or customs which grate. It comes into the home as part of the furniture and, if a Christian witness comes through it, it is a "voice crying in the wilderness." One listens or

turns it off of his own will, but what he has heard he will be held responsible for.

Our radio ministry in Japan finally became so expensive that we had to give it up, but it had been a means of reaching into millions of homes there. Now, it is still the means to reach the millions in Taiwan, and is not only still financially reasonable but acceptable even in a seemingly idolatrous nation. That seems to me to make it our responsibility to *use* this mass media of communication to reach the “exploded” population there. (For there are more people per square mile living in Taiwan than anywhere else in the world.)

Accordingly, when I returned to Taiwan in the fall of 1968, I was eager to again go on the air and try to really reach into every home with the stories of the Bible. This time I contracted to pay for six mornings per week for half an hour — from 7:30 to 8:00 a.m. This new series of programs, called “Bible Story Time,” had been in production for many months and I was several books ahead. One of the reasons I had chosen to do this was that I had heard and read that the coming of Jesus into the world could not really be understood by the idolater unless he had also heard, or read, the Old Testament.

And I remembered men like Bro. Mori in Japan who had asked me to show them what God had to say about idolatry in the Bible. It had been an eye-opener to him to see how very intensely God hates idolatry and how scathing is His denunciation of worshiping the creature (or the created lump of wood, earth, brass, silver or gold) rather than the Creator Himself. He is a jealous God and He will have *no other gods* before Him. Now, I was determined to let God Himself speak to the people of China — through His Word. And this has been my task during these last 10 years.

When I arrived back in Taiwan that fall, Lillian Martin was preparing to move to Kaoshiung to live and to open up a new work. She planned also to work in a children’s polio hospital as a physical therapist. And this she did. Meantime, the Ted Skiles family had gone on furlough after completing a very **thorough**

Chinese language course. And the Chuck Johnstons and Sam Hazelwoods who, like the Skiles, had English Bible classes in their homes, were winding up their studies.

My big old house was still there waiting for me and I was very soon as busy as ever with scripts to write and classes to teach. Actually, I was busier. Because now I had a seemingly endless task ahead of me — completing the stories throughout the entire Bible. There were 76 stories in Genesis, for instance. But little by little those 76 stories did get written and then translated, translations checked and then, once a week, I recorded six stories in the studio along with an announcer. The format for these programs was quite unlike those for John and Acts, however.

I had done the John programs in Chinese (30 minutes) and the same program in English (30 minutes). And for Acts I had done the same thing. Thus, I was able to use the English programs separately when we put them on in Manila for a year — buying time once a week. (We also used our Chinese programs in Manila.)

But these programs, being daily, were only 30 minutes long. We early decided to do them in Mandarin and Taiwanese both. So, for 7½ to 8 minutes I tell the story, phrase by phrase, with a Mandarin storyteller saying the same phrase after me in her language. Then we teach a chorus (which fits the theme) in English and in Mandarin. During the second 15 minutes, the same program is repeated in English and Taiwanese (the language spoken by most of the people in Taiwan).

I say all this in the present tense because it is still being done and will be for some years yet before it is completed. Thus those who use it to help with their English can also hear the story twice in English. Quite a lot of each story is read directly from the Bible. No one can say it better than God does and if it is read with real interest and intelligence it is really very easy to understand. For truly “a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.”

What surprises me is that this idolatrous nation will allow me to put this program over the air. But the owner of the station assures

me he listens to it every morning in his car on the way to work. And many others listen to it in the public buses on which most of the working people of Taipei ride to work. Thus the Word of God is being given a hearing, whether or no, by the public.

For the New Testament books — which I feel need to be interspersed, from time to time, into the long stream of Old Testament stories — I decided to do a chronological account of Christ's life from the three synoptic gospels and also, sometimes, just to use John's gospel, which is quite different, by itself. I also redid Acts, this time in story form, and always follow the biography with this book.

Of course, I keep an office staff busy. And in 1968 I began to publish a Chinese-English magazine called "The Courier" which we continued, monthly, for 8 years.

For this magazine I needed, each month, an equal number of Chinese and English contributors. We had a theme for each issue and, although it was sometimes like pulling eye-teeth to get them, and on time, the various missionary men and wives tried to "keep faith" when their turn came. The Chinese seemed most happy to write for us when asked and tried very hard. For each issue, however, we used excerpts from one Christian Chinese scholar and one American — the two scholars I consider the best of the Restoration Movement. These men are J.W. McGarvey whose book *Evidences of Christianity* Dr. Luke Ling of our Taipei Church had translated; and the Chinese scholar, a man whom I call the "Alexander Campbell of China," Watchman Nee whose books are not only doctrinally sound but inspiring to the Christians and convicting to the non-Christians.

For myself, I have no great achievements to brag of. My ministry is over the air waves and on the printed page. If I were a man, like my father before me who felt that no preacher should be sitting, Sunday after Sunday, listening to someone else preach, I would be preaching somewhere every Sunday — no matter where. Since I am a woman, however, I'm doing what I can, my way. (And I am not usurping the authority of any man. In fact, my

husband is the first one who hoped I would use this means of spreading the Word of God and I like to feel I'm doing it for him, as well as for my Lord.)

Meantime, Alan and Janet Bemo have been busy teaching and/or preaching nearly every day of the week. In January, 1969, they presented me with my second granddaughter, Rebecca Leigh Bemo — a dainty little blonde. Then on July 31, 1970, their first son, Jonathan Douglas was born.

Jonathan was the first of three Formosa Christian missionary babies born in Taipei that year. With three expectant mothers, a lot of teasing had been going on as to who would be first. In October, Chuck and Molly Johnston had their first son after three girls, and in November, Ted and Beverly Skiles had tiny little Holly Sue, their fourth child after two boys and a girl. So every family, including the Hazlewoods who have two daughters born in Taiwan, has had several children "made in Taiwan."

In the year of 1971 the Skiles began to plan an orphanage building to be built in Lo Tung (pronounced Lo Dong). Through one of their students whose home was in that town (about 3 hours from Taipei) and to which they went for several visits, they met two doctor brothers who worked especially with children. These men were worried about the many homeless children or children uncared for because they had only one parent who had to go to work and left them alone. They told Ted that there was no orphanage in their county and they would furnish the land if he would begin one. This seemed to be God's will for them for they dearly love children and have good managerial ability as well.

The slow gradual processes of finding the right place and getting all the legal tangles unravelled began. Ted and Bev moved to Lo Tung and so, after her furlough, did Sue Rhodes and the beginning of the Church of Christ in Lo Tung, as well as in other preaching points around the area was under way.

In June of that year Alan's father, Douglas Bemo, came to Taipei and spent 6 months. He is a professional electrician as well as a preacher and between us all, was kept very busy during that time. But he developed a ringing in his ears that made every

sound echo in his head unbearable and by the end of the year felt he must return to the States for treatment.

Meantime, I was having increasing problems from gallstones and finally, after an x-ray showed my gallbladder full of stones to the bursting point, I had an operation in November, in Taipei. Afterward I was not to lift a suitcase for a month, so I planned my furlough to begin on Christmas Day, 1971, and spent the a.m. with my dear ones in Taipei, flew to Japan, and spent the evening in Kanoya with my brother Mark Maxey and his whole family. Douglas Bemo accompanied me and helped with my luggage and thus had a taste of Japanese life also, before going on to the U.S. Before the operation I had moved out of the house I had lived in so long and had stored my things until my return.

The church in Kagoshima, Japan, had built a new building which was to be dedicated on December 26th and had asked me (since the church had been started in my home) to deliver the dedication address. So I had that great joy, the day after my arrival in Japan, which was Sunday, and was given a lovely Japanese vase by the church. The new building was three stories high with the pastor's home and study on the top floor, the church on the second floor, and the first or ground floor was a parking garage which they rented out during the weekdays and thereby made enough money to make the payments on the building. It is on the same corner lot which we bought for \$1100 in 1955, and that piece of land would now be worth at least \$50,000. Such is inflation in the Orient as well as in the U.S.

After my birthday in Kanoya on January 3rd, I traveled to Tokyo with Walter and Mary (his wife) — Mark's oldest son — on an overnight car ferry. What a new experience *that* was — to drive several hours up the coast and onto this huge four-decker ferry boat with room for all the passengers to sleep on its tatami floors (with pillows and blankets) or eat in any of its four large restaurants while the boat cut across the triangle of water to Tokyo in 8 hours (avoiding 30 hours by train) and landing us in Tokyo early Sunday morning. I went to church there with Paula and Kiyoto Yanagimoto (Mark's oldest daughter and her

Japanese husband who came to meet the ferry). At 3:00 p.m. that day I flew off to Seattle and arrived at 7:00 a.m. the same day — to speak in Seattle both a.m. and p.m.

And so another term of missionary service ended and a new furlough (my sixth) began.

During my second short furlough from Taiwan I spent as much time as I could at my home in Joplin. It had fallen into disrepair because the last tenants had been that kind. They were also thieves who stole my personal things out of my locked attic, leaving me not a sheet or a towel or a tablecloth, much less my rugs from China and Tibet and even some of my furniture — all this in addition to paying no rent for 4 months. I have had to learn, throughout my whole missionary life, to “take the spoiling of my goods cheerfully” and *not* to put my treasure in earthen vessels. The house in Yea Chi, the one in Dratsilo are delightful memories — and that is all. And yet, being a woman — and, moreover, one who delights in having her own home — I keep on trying. With day by day help of several Ozark Bible College students, a good deal was done that summer to make the house more livable.

I had done most of my traveling and speaking in the winter and spring of 1972 and when I planned my trip back to Taiwan that fall, I had a great longing to see the Holy Land. All the months into years that I had been telling the stories of the Bible over the radio made me long to be able to see for myself the hills in which David hid from Saul and those where Jesus preached to the multitudes. It seemed to me my stories could be told better if I had walked beside the Jordan.

When the Charles Pucketts of Camden Avenue Christian Church in Louisville, Kentucky asked me if there was something I particularly wanted or needed, I said, “Yes, if I had extra money to go back by way of the Holy Land, I’d like that very much.” And they gave me that extra money, plus an extra \$100 to buy gifts with. Bless their hearts! So I ended this furlough by going back from New York through Rome (that much over-rated city), stopping over a day to meet the Charles Troys who came up to

meet me and show me the sights. Then, going on for 10 days in Israel — precious days to me of reliving scenes in my mind from both the New Testament and the Old. From there I traveled on to Singapore (a place I had never seen), and to Manila, P.I. for my first visit to that fruitful field. There I stayed with my niece and nephew, Paula and Kiyoto Yanagimoto (transferred to Manila by Japan Air Lines, Kiyoto's employer), and their three small children and went to speak at Manila Bible Seminary and visit the Willis Hales. I went also with Mrs. Hoffman to the Cruzada Church at night on Sunday, after attending an English service in the a.m. Then Koyoto put me on one of his Japan Air Lines planes, with all my excess baggage and V.I.P. treatment besides, and sent me straight to Taipei on October 10, 1972.

Furloughs are especially precious times between missionaries and their ropeholders, and I have been very blessed in the people who have stood behind me all my missionary life. It seems to me that we meet the best Christians in the world — those who have a vision of a whole world lost and the unselfishness to do something about it themselves. So it is always like “coming home” to meet and greet again and to answer their questions. And I'd like to say thank you, here and now, to every individual one of you who have had a share in this work God gave me to do, before going on to speak of my third term in Taiwan.

I am also bound to say that God has blessed me, too, with wonderful co-workers on the mission field — and I have great love and respect for them. The fact that I'm related to Mark Maxey does not lessen my admiration of one of the straightest-thinking, completely dedicated, self-sacrificing and hardest working missionaries I've ever known (and the wonderful wife who has helped and inspired him to be that way — from her own example).

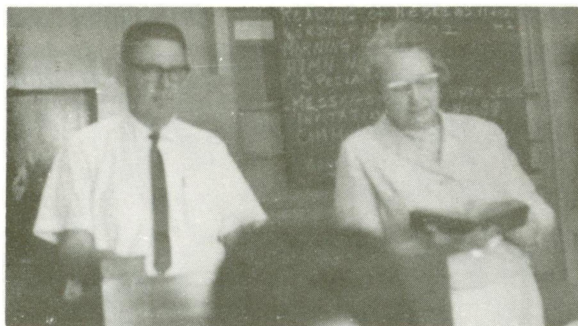
Neither does my love of my daughter Janet and her husband, Alan Bemo, minimize my admiration and respect for this couple who “sold” this field of service to their fellow students and thus opened it to our brethren. They have served there in the face of repeated frustrations until the church has grown strong enough

in the Lord to “stand alone.” And only now do they feel free to leave and go where doth have always longed to serve — a primitive field where they can reach areas so far completely untouched (and still use their excellent Chinese) — that is, among refugee Chinese on the borders of Thailand. They go with my blessing and my prayers.



Our Formosa Christian Mission men in 1970 (with Jonathan Chen): Alan Bemo, Ted Stiles, Jonathan, Chuck Johnston and Sam Hazelwood.

Translating for my brother Mark (Maxey) when he came to Taiwan and our regular interpreter could not be there.



Below: Sitting between Pauline and Mark who were in Taiwan (in 1966) to celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary Christmas week.





Mr. and Mrs. Homer Liu, singing with a Chinese instrument at a service in their home. He is a professor and also the secretary to the President of the Republic of China.



Beth and Becky Bemo begin to grow up in Taiwan.

With my first grandson, Jonathan Douglas Bemo.

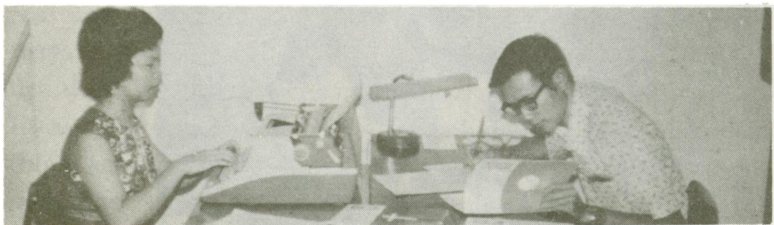




Alan and Bro. Loh (right) teaching Mr. Yoh, a happy Christian (even though a spastic) won thru our radio broadcasts.



Once a week, I record six Bible stories with a Mandarin announcer and once a week (here) with a Taiwanese announcer, Julia Chen.



Julia and her husband, Mark Chen, worked for Alan and me as translators,

typists and co-editors of our "Courier" magazine (a monthly).



Janet and I among the Christian guests at the Chinese wedding of one of our church members.



My weekly Japanese-English Bible class held in our apartment.



One of our radio listeners telling us her story, after her baptism.

HE
LEADETH ME —
INTO
THE FUTURE

WHEN I arrived in Taiwan that fall, I had to find a new place to live. And that isn't easy. I hoped to be closer to my family than where I had lived before and so Janet helped me look. There are almost no private houses left anymore in Taipei. Everything is apartments. And even though whole buildings may be empty, the prices on apartments keep going up and up and up. Nevertheless, we answered ads and especially in their neighborhood. Finally one afternoon we looked at an apartment very near them, but it was so dark I didn't like it.

Then Janet noticed an open door across the street and walked across and went in. It was not a door into a house but into a courtyard, for all houses in China are surrounded by walls in which there is a gate which is kept barred, especially at night.

I was shocked at her audacity of walking into this courtyard without knocking, but she said it was a new apartment and probably for rent. So I went in also, and on into a lovely new

apartment, just finished, on the ground floor. Pretty soon the landlady came in and right then and there I was able to seal the bargain and rent the apartment which — until June 18, 1977 — has been my home, and then the Alan Bemos' also. It was light and bright and new and had a big storeroom in the basement to go with it. Also, the courtyard went around three sides of the house and there were two baths — one of which doubled for a utility room.

So in December of 1972 I moved in, paying 6 months rent in advance, and it became my home and office and, as always, the meeting place for my classes. And with the new year 1973 I went on the air again in Taipei.

That summer Alan and Janet, after completing their first 5-year term of service in Taiwan, left for furlough and spent 7 months in the U.S. They had planned to spend a year but got so homesick they came back in 7 months, arriving in January of 1974. By this time the cost of housing had gone up so much and was so scarce that finally we all talked it over and decided we could all live together in my apartment.

The apartment stretched comfortably. While the children were away, Marie (Mrs. Harry) Poll, from the U.S., had been living with me and I had become used to sharing my home. In the big house I had almost always had one or two single women renting rooms and sharing the kitchen. So now, I let the children "take over" and I became the renter. However, I kept the master bedroom and bath-cum-utility room and they had three bedrooms and a bath.

It was amazing what a difference this made with the Chinese. In their opinion married children should live with their parents, or else parents should live with their children, and when we lived apart they thought it was because we were incompatible. Now they noticeably breathed a sigh of relief and took us more closely into their hearts. And, I admit, I liked it too. It was good to watch my lovely and fascinating grandchildren growing up and see them every day. Little Nathan Warren was born that year and I could rock him to sleep and sing to him — as I had done occasionally for the others. Maybe that's why he and I became

close. But it is also because he is so like his namesake, my husband Warren, that it was like watching Warren, Sr. grow up.

It was this year too, that I became eligible for Social Security and, as of January, 1975, at age 66, I began to receive it. That meant that I could no longer work “full time” and also, being semi-retired, could no longer receive rental help from the mission. Therefore, renting only part of the house and sharing our downstairs office and storeroom with Alan and Janet, I could get along all right financially.

Being “retired” also limited my activities, but — for some strange reason — I don’t mind at all being limited. My speed has slowed down considerably and I find the new tempo is paced about right for me and I am as busy as I feel physically able to be.

My radio programs continue to go on the air every morning and, until October, 1976, I continued to publish “The Courier,” but I had about perfected my methods of putting programs together so that I can do it all in less time than someone not so experienced at it.

What made me doubly happy was that Alan began a very extensive follow-up of our listening audience that thrilled me exceedingly with the results. It was his follow-up, for instance, that brought us in touch with Bro. Ioh — a spastic with a good mind but a terribly deformed body which is wracked with pain.

One of the brightest spots in my life in Taiwan was the day Bro. Ioh was baptized in cold water in the deep Japanese bathtub in their home. How very happy it made him — and us. For his has been *such* an unhappy life. He is over 30 now. But he was born of blind parents who were never really kind to him. His father drank himself to death and his mother adopted a girl so that, when she was 16, she could sell her into prostitution. They kept their son, really, so that they could teach him to beg — until he was imprisoned for doing so. And after that, they didn’t care what happened to him.

If Mr. Ioh had been treated as a child, he could have walked all his life. But now it is entirely too late. Nevertheless, we have helped him have some much-needed surgery and Alan has built

him a little partitioned area that includes toilet facilities and hot water, shelves for the things that help him occupy his mind and his time. For instance, we got him a cassette recorder and he records our program every morning, then plays it back about 10 times that day until he has memorized the song we teach and the story we tell.

Through him also, as well as through another blind listener, we became acquainted with blind Christians and this, in process of time, led Alan to begin a service for the blind each Monday.

And finally, the church itself has become interested in the follow-up of those who have written in from the program. This is also the result of the church beginning — as they did more than a year ago — to take the responsibility on themselves of doing the preaching and teaching and making all the plans for leading their own work — so that they have become indigenous and are no longer depending on us for support of the church. They have no building as yet. But when they are ready to have one enough to begin one I would certainly like to help them find the funds from friends and brethren here. Until then, it's better as it is, I feel. And they have leased a very good place until that time.

Many people have come to the Lord in Taipei and have moved elsewhere later. I dare say one-fourth of them are in America or have been. Many others are like the people Jesus spoke of in His parable of the Sower. They withered and died from persecution or became entangled in the cares of this world. But there are still "the faithful."

And for their sakes and, in order that the Word of God shall continue to go out to the Chinese people (numerically the largest race of people on the earth), I shall continue to tell the stories of the Bible over the air for as long as I am able. I feel that they must keep on hearing what God thinks of idolatry and how He has sent His Son to save them from their sin and free them from their awful fear of the power of the devil — Satan and his demons.

People ask me all the time to explain my status. Am I retired? Where do I go from here? What do I do next? So let me try to

answer your questions as well as I can — always with the reservation, “If God wills it.”

On December 31, 1976, I left for a one year furlough in the U.S. Miss Kathleen Smith accompanied me as far as Japan where we had a few busy days with Mark and Pauline Maxey. It was especially nostalgic because on my birthday, January 3, I received telephone calls from Osaka, Hiroshima, Tokyo, and Tannagashima Island from my dear brethren in Japan who had remembered it was my birthday. I also received gifts of money enough to buy myself a Seiko automatic wristwatch — which I needed. It warms the heart to know that you have not been forgotten by those you have worked with in years gone by. Heaven will be like that, I know.

I got home to 10° below zero weather in Toledo and Defiance and, even so, spoke a.m. and p.m. in Ohio and visited Helen Marshall, my personal forwarding agent for so many years, and Bryan, my youngest brother who was soon to have open-heart surgery. I had expected him to be in the hospital when I arrived, but the operation was scheduled for February. By that time I had been to Cincinnati with Victor and Lois Maxey, the brother who is librarian at C.B.S. I had been unable to get to some of my scheduled appointments, but could fly to the cities. So (except for 3 days in Ann Arbor, Michigan at the hospital with Bryan and his family — ministers of the Defiance, Ohio Church of Christ) I went east to the Pittsburg vicinity and down the coast from New York to Virginia to Georgia and back to Kentucky.

Everywhere I went this time, I explained that this would be my “last time around,” and I tried to give a brief resume of my life, which would clarify *why* I had moved about as I have. I had rented Tibbs and Norma’s home in Louisville as a “resting” place between trips but it was so far into the suburbs that I would have felt stranded if brethren had not carted me around as I needed. Then in Atlanta, Georgia, I bought a used car, a “Hornet” — which my dear friend Mrs. Jessie Engle helped me to drive to Kentucky (since I had not driven a car since the last furlough).

With it loaded to the gills with my baggage and things I'd been "picking up" for my home in Joplin, I left Louisville on April 1st and nearly a month — and many speaking dates — later, arrived in Joplin. From St. Louis I flew to Kansas City to go to Atchison for a last visit with Mother Dittimore — who was dying at age 91. (Father Dittimore had gone home to heaven during the furlough before.) I am so glad I visited with her then, because when I got back to Atchison to speak later that month, she was unconscious and died that night.

In Louisville my living-link church had given me a special gift of \$200 which I used for curtaining my home here, and in Wichita, Kansas — my other living link church — the women gave me enough money to get a lounge-rocking chair. And there, the Merle Seaveys decided to help me "move in." Accordingly, Bro. Merle drove my loaded car to Joplin on April 30th, and Vera drove me in her car to Muskogee, Oklahoma where Douglas Bemo, Alan's father, loaded his truck with my furniture stored there and all three cars met at 406 N. Pearl Street at 1:00 p.m. next day (Vera and I spending the night before at Cookson Hills).

How good it has been to settle in here — for I hope the Lord isn't going to ask me to move again. But almost immediately I flew back to speak in Kentucky and Cincinnati and to bring Judy Casey of Kentucky Christian College to Joplin to be my secretary for the summer. I wanted to write this book. And I did — with Judy typing it from my longhand. I set myself a stint of two chapters a week and — even though we did a lot of traveling (for I spoke in 10 states that summer) we kept up the pace. Judy did the driving for me also.

Then she went back to school and I started to school here at Ozark Bible College — taking Old Testament Prophets for the fall semester. I had completed the Old Testament stories through II Chronicles and had done Job. Now I have written the scripts for many of the prophets as well.

On December 31, 1977, I arrived back in Taiwan and early in January arranged for my programs to go back on the air — beginning in Genesis. (They had gone off the air at the end of II

Chronicles in July, 1976, when the Bemos came home on furlough.)

After 6 weeks in Taipei — having reorganized a radio office in one room of the church apartment, and found a place for or sold my furniture there — I came back to the U.S., touring the southwest as I came. Now with some stenographic help I have the final draft of this book done.

My family, the Alan Bemos, have gone to Thailand to work among the refugee Chinese there. I expect to join them, for several months, in December, after spending another 6 weeks in Taipei this fall, during which time I'll have my prophecy scripts translated and recorded and assembled for fitting in with the history of the kings to whom they prophesied.

Next spring, the Lord willing, I'll finish up the Old Testament recordings in Taiwan and come home again — to study and write scripts for the New Testament epistles. And so, I hope to be kept busy “until He comes” or until I go.

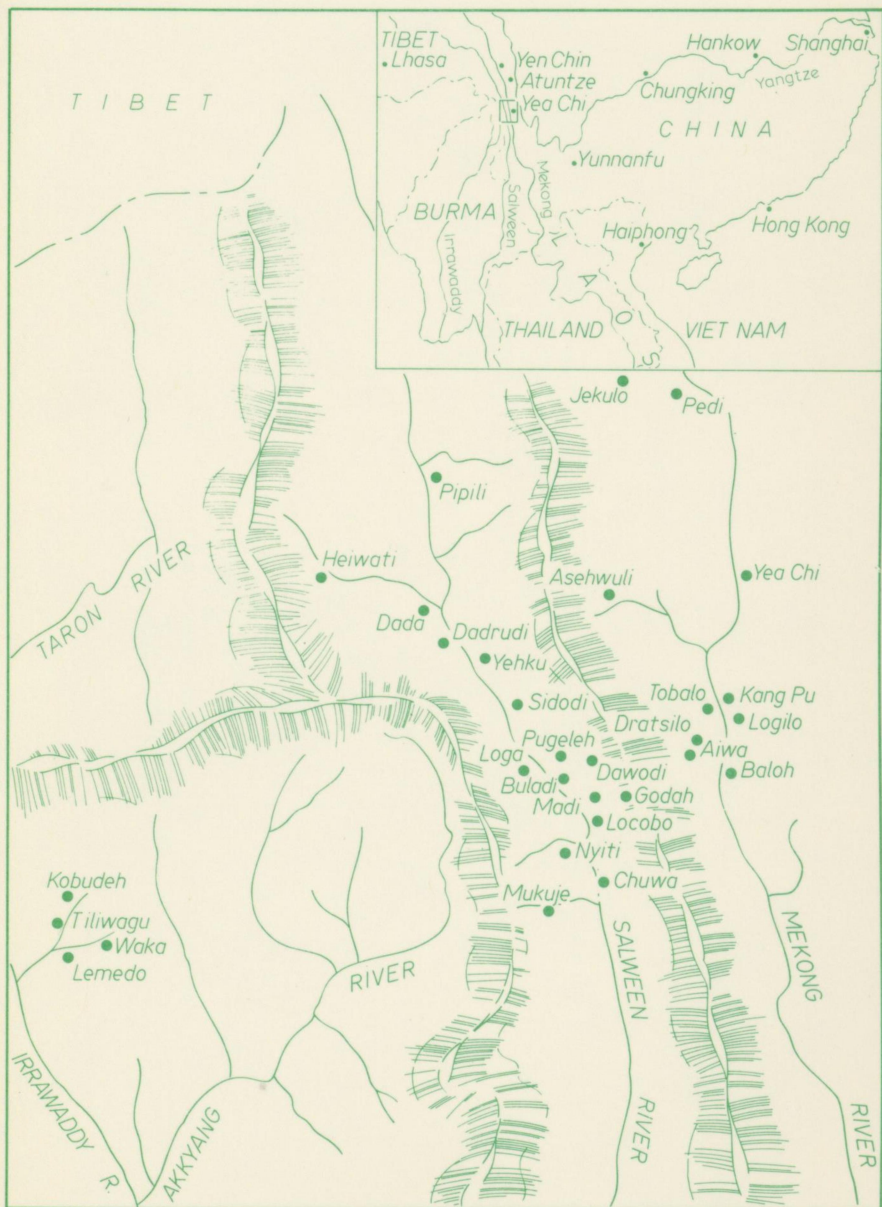
What a precious way to end a busy life — telling the stories of the Bible to multitudes over the air waves, as long as He gives me breath and the power to move a pen. And what joy in seeing the younger generation move in to the field and enter into the vineyard with enthusiasm! It is a thrill to my heart. In all things and in all ways, may His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven!



Jonni's 6th birthday party in 1976.



***Front row: Nathan, Sarah and Rachel Bemo.
Middle row: Alan and Janet Bemo and Beth.
Top row: Becky, Grandma Dittimore and Jon.***





The terraced rice field of Taiwan

THE LEADEN ME

College Press

ISABEL MAXEY DITMORE